

# THE LISTENING POST



6<sup>th</sup> Duke of Connaught's Rifles    11<sup>th</sup> Irish Fusiliers    88<sup>th</sup> Victoria Fusiliers  
02<sup>nd</sup> Rocky Mountain Rangers    04<sup>th</sup> New Westminster Fus.    West Kootenay Rifles.  
Reinforcing -    Battalions -    11<sup>th</sup>, 30<sup>th</sup>, 47<sup>th</sup>



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. ODLUM, OFFICER COMMANDING 7<sup>th</sup> CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION  
CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, 1<sup>ST</sup> CAN., DIV. — CAPT. W. F. ORR, EDITOR CAPT. G. GIBSON, NEWS EDITOR.

**No 4 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE SEP. 26. 1915. PRICE 1 d.**

## EDITORIAL

Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1915. — The King, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, visited the South of England yesterday, and reviewed the Canadian Troops. The men, who looked very smart, marched past His Majesty, to the music of Canadian Massed Bands and after the ceremony three hearty cheers were given for His Majesty.

Toronto, Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> 1915. — Toronto, by the medium of its civic street naming committee, decide yesterday to abolish the German names of a number of the streets and, incidentally, to honour the British Premier and War Secretary. Bismark Avenue will in future be known as Asquith Avenue, Albertus Avenue as Kitchener Avenue, Hamburg Avenue as Bristol Avenue, and Schmidt Place as Tracy Street. It is to be hoped that all other Canadian Cities will follow this plan.

### No Regrets

*With apologies to the C. F. A.*

I have never regretted joining the artillery and never ceased to wonder why anyone goes into the Infantry which after all is only a target for our own or the enemy's guns sometimes both, but everyone to their taste. Of course at times we are criticized but that is only a form of jealousy. The other day for instance, a foolish mudbrusher told me his grievances which caused me some amusement. He said in part, "We were being shelled somewhat heavily one day last month and I tried to phone the gunners to give them a bit back. Of course their batteries are a long way off and it takes some time; however I connected two days later and explained the situation. I was told that as we were to be relieved next day it would be better to wait until we were again in the trenches and that arrangements would be made to bombard the enemy lines opposite on the first day after our return.

All arrangements were completed. We were to take precautionary measures, so we sent our men into the support trenches leaving as few sentries as possible, not wishing to have more casualties than necessary, and then awaited the bombardment. Four days later, we returned and found four dead sentries and one subaltern, three had died of starvation the fourth of disappointment. The subaltern said it was not his duty to divide up rations anyway but that he had not heard of any bombardment".

This was really a stupid sort of complaint because if they had waited another day we should have had some ammunition, and after all a man in the trenches should expect some little inconveniences, he is not in the scientific corps and cannot expect to much. I told him a few things of this sort for his good, he took them quietly merely remarking that he thought I would make a becoming casualty.

I. S. P.

### Ka - hoo - chi.

"Did the M.O. patch up the wounded the other day with a corkscrew and a pair of sissors."

"Are No. 1 Co. still drawing rations for the mother and four catlets in the front line trench?"

"Does our canteen change its present high prices, in order to keep the men broke so that they cant buy any booze?"

Do the company officers go to X..... to play poker and is it true that C... P... opened the jackpot with a pair of queens?

"No darling the C is pronounced hard as in Cat, Kipper, Kiss, and Quick."

Over heard in B..... Square.

"Mother what makes L... C.....'s knees bend so?"

"That darling is the cavalry stride".

"Then he must be a great horseman".

"Yes darling he has ridden a great deal".

We are glad to know that our genial acting adjutant had a very enjoyable week on leave in England.

Sergt. to soldier looking through periscope "What are you looking for?"  
"Peace".

### Lost

Somewhere in the Transport Lines a pea out of a whistle. It sounds horrible without it. Finder will be rewarded with a pass around the billet.

"A Vancouver paper gravely informs us that the Canadian Troops are supplied with thousands of lacrosse sticks with which they catch the bombs and throw them back to the senders."  
B. S. Ed.



Extract from a British Columbia letter.

"Imagine the surprise of Fritz as the stalwart Canadians advance at the double, lacrosse sticks at the ready deftly returning the bombs hurled at them by the infuriated Huns. The 7<sup>th</sup> Battn are eagerly awaiting their issue of sticks to show what they can do."

"I hear that you are now down at the base enjoying a well earned rest, I hope you are having a good time, as you deserve one." Extract from a letter from England.

We dont know who starts these rumours such as our correspondent evidently got hold of; he should be kept under restraint. How we wish his words were true and that we were having a well earned holiday. But "Apres La Guerre" as we say out here.

We hear that it is intended to issue blankets to the troops, in readiness for the cold weather, which has already set in, one lot to be kept in the trenches and the other in billets. The scheme is very considerate but there are decided objections to it from a military if not sanitary standpoint. One Tommy points out that if the blankets in the trenches took a liking to their users they might follow them out on relief night, perhaps making unnecessary noise and placing the party in a situation of extreme peril. Fancy a lot of blankets clattering down the cobbled road and giving the position away.

### Reinforcements

One of our new "Folkestone Favorites" and "Shornecliffe Soldiers", after being in the front line trench for six hours, was heard to remark. "Gee but I'm fed up with this."

What about us, surely after six months we might also be allowed to murmur.

Of all the sloppy things we've curst  
A love sick swain I think's the worst,  
There's Jones who's got a girl at home  
Of whom he'll sit all day and moan  
I love you darling fond and true  
That we're far apart I rue  
The days are simply trying.  
If on the battle field I fall  
And even if I'm dying  
My heart is with you all.  
My spirits to you flying  
Even from the depths of hell  
That's where I think I'm going  
With fervent voice your praise I'll tell  
With rapture that is glowing  
You told me once to go to . . . .  
I've gone there as you see  
So if you want to meet me, well,  
My phone number will be 773H.

### "Bill Wont Mind" a Canadian's Epitaph

Poor old Bill he left this place  
With a smokin gun and a smiling face  
But Bill wont mind if some good chap  
Will follow up and fill the gap.

Bill was a Canadian who died fighting for his country. He was buried in France, and his comrades have erected this wooden cross above his grave, bearing the epitaph shown.

### Poem of Constancy. A Fragment

(Dedicated to L..... Phillphaht.)  
Tune the "Merry Widow"

She wears her pink pyjamas in the summer when its hot,  
She wears a flannel nighty in the winter when its not,  
But, sometimes in the spring time  
Sometimes in the fall,  
She's known to creep between the sheets  
(I'm sorry but, that's all. Ed.)

We understand that this is not original - we seem to remember it, Ah. perhaps the Winning Post. If so, why not the "Listening Post."

We dont give a d....  
For Will, I, am.  
For we know the Blighters balmy  
For General Kluck  
We dont give a hang,  
And the whole of his blooming army.

### What About it ?

Join in the loud chorus  
And sing with might and main,  
The night's are long before us.  
"Give us our rum again".

The trench is damp and muddy  
With no shelter from the rain,  
The bombardment may be steady.  
"Give us our rum again".

Winter fast approaches  
With lots of frost and pain  
And e'er the cold encroaches.  
"Give us our rum again".

We Canadians are willing  
For glory to attain,  
But if there's any drilling,  
"Give us our rum again".

The roads are hard and dreary  
And there is'nt any train  
So lest we all grow weary  
"Give us our rum again".

When we return victorious  
From mountain or from plain,  
We shall feel inglorious  
"If we get our rum again".

Of grub and smokes there's plenty  
Of such we cant complain  
So keep the "Kick Book" empty.  
"And give us our rum again".

C. S. MULLENS.  
C. S. M.

### "The Macmillan Farewell"

Adieu, a heart - warm fond adieu ;  
Dear brothers of the trenches high,  
Ye mud besmeared, defiant crew  
Companions of my joys gone by  
Tho' I to bigger jobs must hie,  
Pursuing Remounts, fat and thin,  
With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
I'll think of you, when you reach Berlin.  
"With apologies to the immortal bard."

"The trenches reply"

And you, farewell. Whose merits claim  
Justly that Canadian badge to wear :  
Heaven bless your honour'd noble name,  
To Seventh Battalion ever dear ;  
A last request permit us here  
When war is o'er, we assemble a',  
One round we ask it with a tear,  
To him, the Q.M. that's awa.

The DRONE.

### The Macmilans Lament

When bursting shells, around us fell  
We tried at least to serve you well,  
At Ypres and Plug Street Wood  
At Festubert, Givinchy too,  
Delivered nightly goods to you  
Your three square meals of food.



The horses all I knew to teach  
Rhubarb and Buddy too,  
The problems of the Gaelic speech  
A taste for whisky too.

Adieu kind friends, my heart's with you  
On Flanders blood red ground  
My hearts desire my wish most true  
Good luck for you abound.

Farewell to Belgiums war-ing plains,  
Its countless odours, pungent drains.  
No tins of chloride quell  
Farewell, a brothers blessing dear,  
A scotsmans sigh, a parting tear,  
Macmillans last farewell.

Farewell old friends though thou'st bereft  
Of my providing skill,  
A faithful brother I have left  
Who'll well your stomach's fill.

Adieu to you the 1st. B. C.  
All you my bosom friends,  
That kindly you will miss me  
Somewhat my sorrow mends.

What about the Paisley Militia?

HERBERT RAE.

### Beaucoup Fumais

There's a PARK DRIVE somewhere in my flat,  
There's a MOGUL in my chair ;  
The CHAIRMAN presides at the table,  
While the PLAYERS have got their share.

The BLACK CAT roams midst the wild WOOD-RINES  
The GOLD FLAKES gleam in the dusk ;  
Whilst dosing I dream of THREE CASTLES,  
Through the smoke of : wait ; ARF A MO.  
Some bloke's gone off with that BENDIGO  
On the trail of my dear OLD CHUM.

The SWEET CAPORALS trying to banish,  
The cloud from ABDULLA'S brow ;  
While the BEST D - - VIEW (B.D.V.) of this mixture you'll  
Is in DURHAM not BULL bow — wow. [get,

But now whilst the LIFE RAY'S are in us,  
And we lis't to the call of ALL ARMS,  
We'll all go and visit TUXEDO,  
Or in PALL MALL allay our alarms.

Now the persian for MURAD is hope,  
And I feel that you're hoping I'm through ;  
When the NAVY CUTS out the CAPSTAN,  
We'll all go and sail on the blue.

With all due respects to the reader,  
We'll give him the choice he prefers ;  
And with patience await his decision,  
While DE RESKE shall be judge, lest he errs.

And now my dear people I'm finished,  
There's nothing more ; but look here,  
For your trouble in reading this matter,  
A HAVANA, apres la guerre.

### A Canadian

The glad and brave young heart  
Had come across the sea,  
He longed to play his part  
In crushing tyranny.

The mountains and the plains  
Of his beloved land  
Were wine within his veins  
And gave an iron hand.

He scorned the thought of fear,  
He murmured not at pain,  
The call of God was clear,  
The path of duty plain.

Beneath the shower of lead  
Of poison and of fire,  
He charged and fought and bled  
Ablaze with one desire.

O Canada, with pride  
Look up and greet the morn,  
Since of thy wounded side  
Such breed of men is born.

Frederick George SCOTT.

Vlamertinghe, near Ypres,  
April, 27<sup>th</sup> 1915.

### Funny by order.

This is meant to be funny ; prepare for the worst. In fact to explain the situation fully and at the same time preserve the atmosphere I might say "Put on respirators." There is nothing to be gained by taking unnecessary chances. Anyone who has ever attempted to be funny by order will appreciate the dire despair in which I attack this article.

Almost anything may be manufactured in these days and nature herself become unnaturally real in the making. Only a few of the real old things run without wheels ; models without dates or possibility of reproduction. And of these the choicest, I think, is old rum, with wit a close second. and good N. C. Os. a doubtful third. There are doubtless others but at present I have forgotten them.

The point of the whole thing however, in writing a humourous article is to give a really humourous subject ; and here at least I have no complaint. No. 1 Co. of the 7th. Battn. elbow-room, pencils, paper, and possibly credit at the canteen, and verily I believe that I would turn out a best-seller.

No. 1 Co. at Valcartier, coyly concious of its own inapititude, with a "kiss-me-sargeant" expression on its face intended to be propitious but singularly annoying to that worthy N. C. O. and black rage in its heart. No. 1 Co. at Lark Hill, full-fledged soldiers ; able to present arms by request, and not by numbers, and right turn at the first attempt. Also with knowledge of its own ability, a growing blood-thirstiness and desire to get at them, preferably with the bayonet.

No. 1 Co. at West Down South with mud its natural element and cerebro-spinal meninhtitis its favorite hobby, pleasantly diversified by words with the doctor. Blood and beastliness its principal topic of conversation, and one desire in its heart. To get to France, And above all things at Valcartier, at Lark Hill, and at West Down South the authoratative voice that came and led them forth and told them thiags ; officially told them things, but on account of the censor staff, in a lower tone and with a hint and a wink ; when they were going, and when they were going, and when they were going. In fact told them when they were going.

And then No. 1 Co. in France and coffee and eggs in French farm houses and talks with Fritz on a fine spring morning ; wet trenches and sheep skins which — well, which were all these and more. The Ross rifle and blasphemy. And enough casualties to make it a dangerous but exciting game.

And then Ypres — but as I am not writing an encyclopedic history of the war — (we have Sir Max Aitken) — but am merely mentioning a few incidents out of which I might squeeze a little fun, if I had space and pencils, and paper and that credit at the canteen I mentioned, I guess I'll quit.

In fact I know I'll quit for I have forgotten just exactly what I started to write about, and if there is any joke in this article it is on me for ever taking the thing on.

### Medical Detail Weekly Grouse

The M. O. emerges from the dug - out with an expression on his countenance which must be part of the medical profession. He wears a worried look and greets the first patient with, "Whats the trouble with you?" The patient then commences a heart - rending discription of his com-



plaint and suffering which would bring tears to the eyes of any ordinary doctor. Historians who like to read or write about martyrs and what they suffered for their pet cause, should attend a regimental sick parade. Here he could get more "copy" in one hour than they would if they spent the rest of their lives reading Encyclopaedias or "John Bull". The patient may say he has a pain in the stomach. "How long have you had that?" is the next question. "Oh quite a while" the victim says. And believe me my dear reader that answer "Quite a while" is quite the wrong thing to say to an M.O. It works, like a red flag waved in front of a Texas bull. The censor wont allow me to say one small portion of the stream of language which that "Quite a while" brings forth from an M.O. "What do you mean by Quite a while" Six hours or six months?" "Be very careful or you'll probably get the later." The patient does a little mental arithmetic and wipes the sweat from his brow, then stammers "About a week, Sir" "Why didn't you report yourself sick before this" is the next question. "Well Sir I thought the pain would go away". "Thought be damned — who told you to think, I (emphasis on the I) will do all the thinking that's to be done around here." That one little sentence "Quite a while" has ruined our hero's chances to get "light duty" or anything else barring castor oil or the famous N<sup>o</sup> 9's.

The other members of the sick parade who have heard the above conversation and have been secretly enjoying themselves, (at the expense of the government) now resume their former attitude and expression of expectant martyrdom. "And what can I do for you today?" he asks the next sufferer. "I've got the toothache Sir". "Alright, you go down to the dressing station I'll be down there after this parade, and I'll pull teeth, toe nails, or anything that begins with a T". About this time the appetising smell of steak and onions hits the M.O. in a vital spot and he begins to show signs of impatience. "What's wrong with you?" he says to N<sup>o</sup> 3. "I've got very - close veins Sir." "You probably got those through resting the wrong foot on the foot-rail in some Vancouver bar-room, you require plenty of fresh air and exercise. Sergeant, give this man six hours drill every day." "How about you?" (to N<sup>o</sup> 4) "I cant sit down Sir". "Why? I got stung by a wasp Sir". "Sergeant, give this man 14 days perpetual sentry go, and then he wont have to sit down".

Next week we will compare a doctor in civilian life with a doctor in the army. Order your copies at once. No insurance coupons. Full weight without wrapper.

### The Diary of a Real Soldier

*Thursday.* — "Prisoner and escort. Shun- Right turn.- Quick march. Halt. — Left turn." Yes, I was the prisoner referred to in those manoeuvres, and the very thought of what followed are almost too painful to relate. In fact, what did happen, after that fatal command "Left turn", appeared to me like some horrible nightmare. For it brought me face to face with the one man in the regiment (above all others) to be avoided - the colonel. Then the room began to go round and I could see Sergeant Majors, Adjutants, Colonels, orderly room clerks, escorts, policeman leg-irons, handcuffs and chains everywhere. I felt faint and raised my hand to my head thinking my hat was on, when a voice like thunder, brought me back to earth, by the command "Stand to attention there". Then the drama proceeded. "Number umpteen forty nine Private O'Ddger is charged with, whilst on active service on Aug. 10<sup>th</sup> entering an estaminet, and drinking Cafe au lait whilst carrying important dispatches. Then the Military Policeman proceeded to give evidence. And of all liars next to a German War Correspondent, a Military Policeman is the best, or worst I should say. He told the colonel how he had noticed a green coloured bicycle leaning against the wall of the estaminet for fully ten minutes. At this point I interrupted the proceedings by asking the M.P. what was he doing hanging around the estaminet for ten minutes. But it just goes to show how small a prisoners chance is, for I was called to order and told to wait until he had got through with his deadly evidence. (If Wolffs' agency ever have a vacancy for reporters I would highly recommend ex-military policeman.) Then he went on to say how he had walked into the estaminet to investigate and had found me sitting close to the proprietor's daughter and saying foolish things which he didn't wish to repeat. Then my turn came. I dont remember what I said except about a sprained ankle and resting, but I got away with it, for I only got soaked five days pay, which is a mere trifle compared with the loss of the job, for I have to go back to my company.

*Friday.* — If it hadn't been for the good news that I had been ordered to report to the O.C. of the Transport when we leave the trenches, I believe I should have gone clean "dotty". For last night, the sergeant of my platoon whispered in my ear in the most casual manner "You're for listening post tonight". He started to walk away with just as much unconcern as though he had said "Keep a sharp look out tonight". I raced after him and tried to explain how bad my rheumatism and toothache was, but he said he expected that tale from me. Then I protested that I didn't know a German when I saw one. "That's alright" he said "They'll soon introduce themselves to you if you only so much a let them think you're there, let alone see you." Again I protested "Where do I get off at supposing that the German listening post surrounds me and I cant get back here."

"Berlin probably, I guess", the brute replied. "But I have no desire to go there, after seeing those pictures of Huns in the Daily.... and besides I haven't been on leave yet and there is a big parcel waiting at the P.O. for me, and — But I got no further with my protestations, for he blew cigarette smoke in my face and said, as he walked away, "You make me tired, why man I've been out there and gone to sleep on the German barbed wire many a time". When it got good and dark a corporal told me to get ready and follow him. He gave me some deadly looking bombs and I asked him what the were for. He told me they were souvenirs for Germans if they met us at close range. This cheerful news made things look worse and worse. I dont know whether it was bravery or just recklessness but that corporal stole out into the darkness like a man bent on committing suicide. When we had got out what appeared to me hundreds of miles, I told him I had got cramps in my stomach and I couldn't go any further. He made so much noise, trying to get me to go with him, that I expected the Germans to open rapid fire or trench mortars any minute. Every time I think of that scene and the noise and the way that fool corporal bawled me out, I come to the conclusion that the Germans are either stone deaf or else they were fast asleep. Anyway he either got to the end of his swear words or gave me up as a bad job, for he told me to lay quite and listen while he went closer to the German barbed wire. After I had laid there about ten years I heard a rustle in the long wheat. My heart stopped beating for a few seconds then started again. "On the double" my tongue flew up to the roof of my mouth and I took up a bomb. I had been warned beforehand that a bomb must be thrown 30 yards. Now how the dickens do they think that a man can throw a bomb 30 yards when he is lying full lenght on his stomach. Just as I was trying to decide whether to throw the bomb or jump up and beat it back, I heard a voice say "come here and give me a hand with this prisoner", and this roll of barbed wire". That fool corporal had been and stuck his bayonet into a German and stolen a roll of barbed wire. When we got back to our lines the boys thought I was a hero, but before I left for the transport, that corporal had five good francs of my money in his pocket which was the price of his silence.

*Saturday.* — Once again I can breathe easier and straighten my back without fear of damaging my hat badge. No more filling sand bags or dodging starliguts, at last I am in the right place the transport. My back aches for fair, through loading and unloading wagons but I will have to be much worse before I see any M.O. about it. None of the fellows on this job ever go sick and I dont blame them. I have found out that sick parade is a good place to stay out of, unless they have run out of castor oil down at the dressing station. Got into hot water over that prize team this morning. The boss said it looked dirtier than I did. How was I to know that this precious team was the one they always showed the General for inspection. He got madder than a wet hen and told the Sergeant to put me on cleaning up the lines, rotten job, but it is healthier than the listening post. Carrying feed and water is very tiresome work but I prefer it to carrying bombs and barbed wire. Compared with the firing line this job is one continual round of pleasure. There is a long row of stone jars in the Quartermaster's tent and there is quite a space between the tent and the ground. Maybe they contain lime-juice and then again maybe somet'ing better. Wisu it was dark.

