

# THE LISTENING POST



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION  
OF  
LT-COL. W. F. GILSON.



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## A REPLY TO GERMANY DRASTIC ACTION BY U. S. GOVERNMENT. SIGNIFICANT STEP.

We are informed by our special correspondent at Washington that the series of alleged pictorial comics « THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS », (for long a feature of the comic section of one the great New-York journals) is to be revived as a proof of America's determination not to be dictated to by Germany. It will be remembered that this series was suppressed at the request of the late German Ambassador as being a slur on the character of German children, and, in effect, a grave breach of neutrality.

We cannot refrain from commenting on the remarkable change in public opinion in America which has made such a drastic step possible, and we rejoice to note that United States independence — of which we have heard so much in other years — is once more about to vindicate itself.

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## THE BALLAD OF THE MUSHROOM MAJOR.

We got our promotion far over the ocean,  
The farther the quicker, you know,  
The battalion disbanded, and here we are landed;  
All dressed up and no where to go.

Lieutenants abuse us, the Captains wont use us,  
We're welcomed like blizzards in May ;  
We may be old staggers, but we draw Majors  
wages,  
And we've got to have some where to stay.

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## SOME ARMY !

Major : « What cigars have you got ? »  
Canteen man : « Only Demi-Coronas at nine-  
pence, sir. »  
Major : « Too rich for my blood. »  
Private : « Give me a tin of pineapple, two  
francs worth of chocolate and half a dozen Demi-  
Coronas. »

## SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF FOOD IN FRANCE. KILOS NO LONGER OBTAINABLE !

A close scrutiny of the food question in France extending over many months leads us to conclude that the shortage is of a much more general character than officialdom has seen fit to disclose. The following incident is significant.

One of our most efficient valets was sent to procure turnips for the Officers' Mess.

« Get two kilos. Here's half a franc ! » said the cook.

The wielder of clothes brush and polishing paste returned saying :

« They haven't got any. »

« But I saw them in the window. What did you ask for ? » enquired the chef.

« Half a francs worth of kilos. »

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## IT'S AWFUL ! BUT

This front line stuff  
Is pretty tough  
In spite of what the papers say.  
Newspaper bluff  
And kindred guff  
Make out we re ALWAYS feeling gay

SOMETIMES we are.  
We never bar  
A hearty laugh in camp or trench,  
But it would jar  
An armoured car  
To take it ALL without a wrench.

And we are men,  
Just merely men,  
NOT creatures made of stone or steel  
The specimen  
The « Special's » pen  
Describes is just a shade unreal.

But if old Fritz  
Thinks he commits  
No crime in making war his aim,  
We'll give him fits  
Till he admits  
We've got him beaten at THAT game.



PRINTED TWICE MONTHLY (Huns permitting)  
and may be procured from the following agents  
**LONDON**

GEO BURCH, MILITARY TAILOR,  
420 Strand, London, W. C., Eng.

**IN THE FIELD.** (note new address).  
Canteens of most Canadian units.  
Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area.  
Y. M. C. As. in " " "  
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

### EDITORIAL

#### The Union Jack.

« Good banner ! scarred by huriling war,  
But never in dishonour furled ;  
And destined still to shine, a star  
Above an awed and wondering world. »

#### Unconditional surrender !

See to it that no political trickster or financial self-seeker so pulls the strings as to bring about an inconclusive peace. The Huns have proved themselves absolutely unfit to wield power. Hence they must be crushed. They must not be suffered to go unbridled at the end of this war. They must lose their navy ; their Army must be reduced They must pay in BLOOD and in MONEY for the wrongs they have done. We must smash them or they will smash us. Anything less than an unconditional surrender would be defeat. This is the will of the fighting man who would rather die now than be robbed of victory by some be-fogged old fogies who call themselves some fancy name peace league, but who are really only crazy lunatics who may thank their stars on bended knee that their fellow citizens suffer them to roam at large with out let or hindrance — STAND FIRM. British EMPIRE, STAND FIRM, our Allies, and we will have real PEACE, following a sure VICTORY.

#### Books We have received.

« CANADA IN FLANDERS »,  
by Lord Beaverbrook.

This is volume II of the Official Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and continues the narrative from volume I.

Volume II covers the period from the sailing of the 2nd. Canadian Contingent in April, 1916, up to, and including the battle of Sanctuary Wood, or, as known to the Canadian Soldiers as « The Third Battle of Ypres ».

Every citizen of the Empire who is interested in the Canadians fighting at the front should purchase this book, the profits from its sale being wholly devoted to the Canadian War Memorials Fund.

Price 1/3 net.

Hodder & Stoughton, publishers,  
Warwick Square,  
London, E. C.

« A Soldiers Sketches Under Fire »,  
Harold Harvey.

A « Soldiers Sketches Under Fire » is a Soldiers Book of exceptional interest. The sketches are extraordinarily vivid and lifelike depicting actual happenings, and actual scenes drawn under fire. Not less interesting (particularly to those who have been in the line in France and Flanders) is the racy and spicy narrative that accompanies the sketches.

Price 3/6 net.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd.,  
100 Southwark Street, London, E. C.

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« The Beautiful Alien »,  
by Silas K. Hocking.

This book will appeal to the politician as well as to the man in the street, or to the boys in the trenches, (if they are lucky and get a copy), and als to women as well. It is a careful analysis of German (Bosche) character and the German (Bosche, philosophy of life, and a merciless expose of Bosche methods. The story abounds in exciting situations and is full of dramatic interest.

Price 3/6 net.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.,  
100 Southwark St., London, E. C.

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#### WE HAVE HEARD PEOPLE SAY.

That the war will end soon.

That the rum issue is going to be cut out. (If you don't believe this, ask the busybodies who try to run every body elses business).

That the mud WILL dry up.

That all the old boys are going back to Canada for 6 months rest. (I don't think).

That the Bosches have no ammunition. (guess again).

That the « Listening Post » ought to have a « WIRE ». (Yes, our own leased wire).

That little Willie is dead - (We don't think he is but we KNOW that a lot of his army is-take a look at Verdun).

That they won't take fat men on the kite balloons (Probably because the parachute isn't calculated to carry the weight).

That many of the boys are going to get married when they go on leave. (Lucky girls).

That the Canadian women in England are going to be sent back to Canada. (Pooh Pooh).

That Tom Longboat finds communication trenches excellent for running as he can get the full « Long distance » in most any of them.

That potatoes are scarce.

That « après la guerre » the popular residence in Canada will be a deep dugout. (But what will the wife say ?)

That the paymaster is broke. (Always is).

That the « Listening Post » will get out a big Birthday Number. (Wait and see).

That the new chaps can't write like the old boys. (Just get a pencil and paper and show 'em, boys. If you're careful we'll print it.)

That the Bosche says the battle of the Somme is finished. (So he thought but he found it wasn't).

That we'll spend next Xmas in Canada. (Hope so).

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Description of a bullet in flight, given by one of our Scouts who claims to have seen thousands ;

« Yes, you can see a bullet throughout its whole flight through the air. The best way is through a telescope it curves 'round and 'round in a spiral motion — smater of fact, its just like a long curl of hot air ».

## MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

We have received the latest addition to the Trench Journal family, « The SHELL HOLE ADVANCE ». This neat little paper is published by permission of Brigadier General V.W. Odum, D.S.O., our own former Commander whose kind permission started the « Listening Post » on its varied career over a year and 7 months ago. We wish for the « Shell Hole Advance » the same success that has attended the « L. P. », and we will read its every number with growing interest — and why not? We feel we are entitled to a parental interest in the new paper. We wish the Editor and his staff every success in their new venture.

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We recommend the newspaper « CANADA » to any one wishing to keep well informed on Canadian news, and about Canadians in general. It is a bright paper and its pictorial section is worth a year's subscription alone.

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Our friends on the « other side » have done their first graceful act since the war started; they are retiring! But please don't give the Hun too much credit for that — He is only doing it because he has too, regardless of what his official excuse is.

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Did you ever read « Maple Leaves In Flanders Fields »? Well you should read it. Its good! And it was written by a real Scotch Canadian — Hop into the next book store and get one — take it from us, you won't regret it.

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Gee! That was a great fight that Air-man put up; three to one are great odds, but he fought and won, and we foot sloggers admire that air-man — He is a real « Britisher ».

Nuff said.

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We hope that Lt. Col. Gilson had a good time on leave to blighty; the Boys did the best they could to give him a good send-off.

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The first « Drums » to be brought to France by Canadians are still « going strong ». Sergt. Keatinge and Corp. Loughton deserve great credit for the success of the band and some of the tunes are real « stunners ». Stick to it fellows.

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Sergt. H. Rose has gone to Blighty to get a commission. We wish him the very best luck and hope to see him back with the battalion again before long. Drop us a line occasionally Harold.

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Well! Well! Well! Here's our old friend again — Old Mucky MUD — Cheerio!!!

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## LA LANGUE POILUE

« Fine blessure ». — Blessure assez légère pour n'être pas inquiétante, assez sérieuse cependant pour motiver l'évacuation, c'est-à-dire le repos dans des draps blancs, et la convalescence.

Les poilus belges disent « avoir la carotte ». Pour les Tommies, la fine blessure, c'est la « nice blighty » ou « blighty wound »; le mot blighty désignant l'Angleterre.

Remarque. — Cette expression « fine blessure » est toujours précédée de l'article défini « la » et jamais indéfini « une ».

(L'Echo des Guitounes).

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the major of manner severe  
Who deplores S. R. D.  
And decries even beer?  
And what are these words that to his lips come  
When he lifts the wrong glass  
And he finds he's drunk rum?

~~~~~

Who was the estimated person who felt that life would be incomplete unless the balloon went up, toute suite? And did he put the wind up the R. F. C. men?

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It's unsafe to interfere with the parabola of a Hun offering! So thought one of the boys as he eyed a Minnenwerfer on the down grade. He took immediate steps to place a reasonable area of trench zone between himself and immortality, but the mud was dreadfully deep and terribly tenacious, so much so that he left his boots far behind and arrived in safety and his socks.

Name and number, please!

## WE NEED ALL THE OLD BOYS.

(Tune: « When you wore a Tulip ».)

I met you in the trenches fifteen months ago today  
You have not gone away. The reason is, they say,  
They cannot spare you, no; they cannot spare you  
from the line.  
And so you see the system's running fine.  
You'll carry on, old boy, up there and linger day  
by day  
Till you with rheumatism or fever pass away.

## CHORUS

We can't spare the old boys,  
We need all the old boys  
To hold down the old front line,  
At Brigade schools and bomb schools,  
Corps schools and Base schools  
The new men they'll do fine,  
They'll tell you of Stokes guns,  
Of bombs and machine-guns,  
And also of trench warfare.  
Though they've never been « up there »  
They'll let you do their share  
And hold down the old front line.

~~~~~

We came into the trenches fifteen months or more ago,  
Playing the game, you know, through rain and mud and snow.  
We played the game at « Plugstreet » and also Ypres, long  
And then they moved us south down to the Somme  
When we returned from there we still had a few old boys  
Who thought their time had come to rest awhile from war and noise.

~~~~~

Another fifteen months have passed, and still the war goes on.  
You'll find the old boys there and find them going strong.  
They're getting old, decrepit, and their hair is turning grey,  
But still they linger there from day to day  
Till Father Time comes passing by and says:  
« What! You here still »  
With mournful eye you will reply: « Oh, well, I've made my will. »



There is one man at least in No. 4 Company who is truly polite, Courtesy must be habitual with anyone who will stop another member of a raiding party in the German wire after the « Recall » has gone and ask :

« Pardon me, but do you know where our trench is ? »

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We learn on indubitable authority (indubitable authority — the « Coal King ») that the C. Q. M. S. are going over the top on the next raid for the purpose of obtaining a first hand knowledge of the requirements of our prisoners.

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« Flappers — Signalling ». This cryptic description in the approved style of the Ordnance has nothing whatever to do with giving « Flappers » the high sign. All that is necessary for the latter pastime is opportunity and nerve.

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The unquenchable optimism of the troops is exemplified in the case of the man who wrote :

« In the way back I fell into a shell hole. It wasn't very deep. I managed to keep my head out. »

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When the sergeant of the battalion that was « taking over » was checking up the trench stores along with the company clerk, he failed to find one of the articles enumerated.

« Has anyone seen the food container ? » he asked.

« Oh, you mean Sergeant So and so. Just went round the bay, » was the unexpected answer.

~~~~~

Henry : « Gee « I wish this war would finish soon. »

Peter : « I don't. I want to get my leave first. »

~~~~~

Old Gentleman : (looking up from his paper)  
« I see wete the French have taken more of Verdun. »

Canadian : (slightly deaf).

« I wish they would take some of mine. »

Old Gentleman : « Some of what ? »

Canadian : « What you just said — vermin. »

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Sanitary Corporal to Medical Officer :  
« Please sir, can I have a tin of « corrugated » lime and a tin of « Crusoe ? »

Private Stoop. :

« Ask if he knows where the « desecrated » vegetables are kept. »

~~~~~

Water was short and the boys in the line were washing five to an empty jam-tin. One of them carried his economy to such a noticeable length that his section commander said to him : « If Lloyd George saw that neck of yours he'd put a land tax on you. »

## SOM(M)E RUM.

Have I been over the top, sir ?  
Umpteen times — though that may sound tall ;  
(Well, thanks ! I don't mind a small drop, sir.)  
And now I will try to recall.

The time our battalion went over  
Near Courcellette, down on the Somme ;  
But wait. Where's my pipe ? That Westover  
Smells good. (Same again, please, some rum).

You see the gold stripe on my arm, sir ?  
That means « wounded » — Oh ! only a scratch ;  
It didn't do very much harm, sir,  
To me, but poor — Have you a match ?

'Twas a whizz-bang that landed between us ;  
Nappoo'd Slim — he was close beside me  
In the shell-hole we'd picked out to screen us ;  
(Yes ! Fill her up ; that's only three.)

Then up went the signal we wanted,  
Three red lights way down on our flank ;  
We were off — the first wave — clean demented ;  
Sweating on in the wake of a tank.

My wound I'd had no time to dress, sir,  
And the bone stuck (hic) out through my arm.  
(Would I care for another ? (hic) Yes, sir !  
Perhaps one more won't do me harm.)

Now Minnies were thumping and crumping,  
And machine-guns rattling like hell ;  
It certainly (hic) kept me humping  
Dodging Whizz-bangs and H. E's as well.

We finally reached Fritz's lines, sir,  
(All right — only one, sir — just one)  
And first thing I knew by the signs, sir,  
I was tangling up with a Hun.

I finished him off in a minute ;  
Yes, him and twelve others as quick ;  
Bombed a dug-out with fifty Huns in it,  
Then turned to go back again (hic).

So I marched 'em across single handed,  
And got safely back to our lines ;  
Fifty-five husky Huns (hic) I landed  
In the raid we made (hic) at Messines...

Sho thatsh why I cannot forgetsh (hic)  
When we charged up the hill at the Bluff ;  
(Don't think it's quite twelve o'clock yetsh (hic)  
By Heck ! (hic) I've had (hic) enough.)

Thatsh how I held off a division,  
That ni' (hic) Moun' So'l — alone ;  
I shert'nly (hic) earned deshishion ;  
(Bartender (hic) wheresh m' frien' gone ?)

~~~~~

Let us hope that after the war the simplicity  
and directness of army English may replace the  
cumbrous and involved wording of, say, the  
marriage ceremony. Instead of : « Wilt thou have  
this woman ? » etc., what could be better than :  
« Dating from the 3rd inst. Jane Smith is attached  
to Thomas Jones for rations, duty and discipline. »

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We are informed from a reliable source — that  
the shortage of whale — oil is due to the German  
submarine campaign. Whales carrying cargoes  
of spermin in their for'ard holds are expressly for-  
bidden by the Hun naval authorities to enter  
British territorial waters on pain of being torped-  
doed without warning.

## CAREERS FOR EX-SOLDIERS

Editor's Note — A correspondent has suggested that we print a series of articles on the subject of careers suitable for soldiers when the cessation of hostilities shall have reduced them to the unhappy necessity of working for a living again.

### No 1. TOURIST'S TRENCH GUIDE.

The end of the war will no doubt be followed by an inrush of neutral tourists to view the scenes of havoc and bloodshed and to scramble for such souvenirs as may be found in the great line of trenches.

Any man who has shown the good taste and sound judgment to refrain from being napooed or permanently blighted should have an excellent opportunity to act as guide to parties such sight-seers, and by a judicious mixture of fact and fiction, make capital out of his strenuous days as a Strafe Artist.

In the first place it will be well to avoid falling into the careless habit of the Civil War veteran who used to declaim — « This, ladies and gentlemen, is the exact spot in which I fought, bled and died dozens of times. »

### AMERICAN TOURISTS

Our friends from the Other Side will require tactful handling. An American will be eager to impress on you just how much more quickly, thoroughly and economically the most progressive, and the most peaceful people in the whole world, could have cleaned up the Allemans if they had not preferred instead to hand down to posterity an unrivalled reputation for the literary excellence and lawyer like evasiveness of their diplomatic correspondence; and for the resource, even anxiety, they have shown in maintaining a profitable neutrality.

It will be to your advantage to agree with him instantly and utterly, and to point out the deepest crump-holes in the vicinity as evidence of the awful power of American munitions.

American ladies will want to know all about hand to hand fighting and dark doings on Norman's Land in the light of a fittful moon, so it will be up to you to have a charge every few minutes, a desperate affair of bombs and bayonets, with plenty of bloodshed and the most horrifying details. Never on any account let them know that the R. F. A. did all your bayonet fighting.

### ESTAMINETTS

Plays up the estaminet business as it ought to be played. Instead of a group of grubby warriors in stained and crumpled khaki attempting ingloriously, yet with admirable persistence, to accumulate a « glad » on the native product dished out by an unlovely slattern of sixty — paint a beautiful summer evening — swallows swallowings gnats over the verdant hop fields — all the glamour and glory of the sort of wars they used to have before men made moles of themselves — soldiers, seated in picturesque groups at little round tables under the verandah awnings of the estaminet, exchanging merry talk and laughter with beautiful French maidens — Suddenly a thunder of hoofs is heard ! ! ! ! (just like that) « The Uhlans are upon us ! » — brave soldiers take cover under tables, while beautiful maidens do devotional stunt before adjacent shrine. (Note—Have shrine handy) Uhlan officer makes free with Village Belle, who screams and not in vain, for here is Lee. Cpt. Burnaby armed with a « Mills » (Village Belle owes him change for the last round, hence V.C. rashness) Perfect bomb delivery follows — one, two, three, up to five — napoo Uhlan officer — balance ride off in hopeless disorder — mass singing and waving of Tricolor and Stars and Stripes — brave soldiers disperse to their little white tents in meadow opposite — « Taps ! »

That's the way to run a war, but then we haven't had so much experience in running fictitious, moving picture fights.

### MUNITION WORKERS

The gentlemen — and ladies — who are serving their country so admirably and so profitably in the manufacture of munitions will be anxious to see the fruits of their efforts in the shape of the numerous duds which dot the landscape of this fair country.

Having first found out the exact locality from which the particular munition worker, you are working on came from, it only remains to go to the nearest abandoned gun-emplacement and assure him — or her — that by special arrangement this particular battery fired exclusively shells manufactured in their area.

Show them the architectural beauties of as many estaminets as possible (interior views) and encourage them to practise the local language, in such simple phrases as : « Encore de la bière Anglaise, deux fois, s'il vous plait. »

Whenever you are hungry lead them into the humble homes of the peasantry whose houses bear the placard :

EGGS  
CHIPS  
BREAD  
COFFEE

### WASHING FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

Here a phrase-book will come in handy containing short sentences like this : « Six œufs pour deux hommes, tout-de-suite. »

Every country house of any size is, of course, a « Chateau » — once the residence of the Count de Anything a Tall, who fell fighting ferociously in the retreat from Dieppe — later used as the headquarters of a very famous General — whose name you do not care to give except for a consideration.

Souvenirs will be, perhaps, your greatest source of revenue, but as it is impossible to carry more than a few pounds of them in addition to your rifle, equipment, etc., you may have to defer this matter until the Hun has got his.

By methods such as these you will endear yourself to the natives, encourage industry, give your tourists an exceptional insight into the tender home life of the people of France, put on weight and become prosperous, (perhaps)

R. de B.

### Building dugouts - memories

The Scouts they are a laughing,  
The signalers they're in tiers,  
There haven't been such goings on,  
For years and years and years.

Young talkative officer — « That rubber sheet that's already there, sir, has proved very IN-EF-I-GA-CIOUS ».

The other Sub. « Gee ! No wonder there's a draught. »

Officer : « What was your occupation in civil life ? »

Private : « Sir, I didn't work at all. »

Officer : « But you surely earned your living at some sort of employment. What did you do ? »

Private : « I was a batman in the navy, sir. »

The surest way to identify Canadian troops on the march is not by their « fine physique », « swinging step » and all that war correspondent stuff, but by the « Old Chum » bags on the nozzles of their rifles.

## THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

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

(Continued)

But we must now return to our Auguste, our villain, road-mender, spy, All the time this story has been going on he has not ceased to be any, or all of these, day or night.

At this juncture it will be well to give the Public some idea of the various methods employed by these gentlemen for the transmission of news of military importance to the parties from whom they draw their rations,

There is, of course, the time-worn method of the wind-mill, semaphoring by means of the arms. Then there is the town-clock, whereby by merely moving the minute-hand two centimetres south-south-east it is possible to inform the enemy that Lance Corporal So-and-so of such-and-such a battalion of this-or-that regiment is passing through the Place de la Mairie with the party detailed for sanitary fatigue, and interesting items of that sort.

Homing pigeons are too well known to require elucidation, although every soldier with front-line experience knows that it is now impossible for these birds to get through the clouds of poison-gas which are constantly drifting over the German lines. For that reason pigeons are out-of-date.

The traitorous, frontier farmer, also, who used to plough an exact replica of the neighbouring battery positions on his fields, so that Hun airmen could photograph them, is now generally discredited for reasons which will appeal to all but war correspondents and peddlers of balderdash to the popular magazines.

The under-ground telephone and the hidden wireless are stereotyped systems which are rarely employed by really up-to-date spies.

No, Auguste had a better, a more original plan. He disguised himself as a six inch battery and fired hollow shells containing important information directly to the dug-out door of the German general with whom he was in correspondence.

Let us follow the flight of one of these missiles :  
« Cannon-fodder ! » said General Arnst von Bruhlingheit addressing his orderly, « pick up that shell, unscrew the nose and give to me the papers. » He then spread the documents on his table and read as follows :

« Herr General :

After a close study of the customs, modes of thought and manner of speech of that odd beast of burden the Canadian soldier, I respectfully submit the results of my observation :

He is sometimes large and sometimes small, and variously shaped, but, in the main, his physique is both durable and useful.

He is disposed to disdain parade-ground movements having the audacity to imagine that a man may fight fairly well in a tight place even if he cannot (or does not) spring to attention with tremendous alacrity.

His speech is vulgar, but descriptive. He talks the American language tinctured with a dash of near French and shell-zone Chinook.

His philosophy is simple and his moral is low, as evidenced by his motto : « To hell with everything — especially the Kaiser. »

His cowardice is so marked that, when attacked he is usually transfixed with fear, and often dies where he stands through sheer inability to persuade his running muscles to operate. This fact has led to the grotesque belief that he is a hard fighter.

He has an almost German liking for beer. Indeed if there is one thing he likes better than beer, it is more beer.

When in his cups he is wont to sing his favourite trench song : « Oh, my, I don't want to die : I want to go home. » This ballad he renders with deep emotion and significant fervour.

In attack he is negligible, provided one can maintain a sufficiently great distance between oneself and him.

Apart from his fondness for « ka'e », dishonesty is perhaps the most noticeable feature of his testable character. He has a disgusting habit of breaking through fences — even those constructed of barbed wire — and turning things upside down. He has been known to steal whole tracts of land, towns and villages, even, ordained by the All Highest for the ease and entertainment of his Cannon-Fodder. There is no limit to his rapacity. He will steal a march on one whenever possible.

Hoping the above may be of some slight service, I have the honour to be, Herr General,  
Your most humble servant and spy,  
Auguste. »

(To be continued.)

## BARRAGE BUSTERS.

Tell me the reason why you wear a band of red ?  
« I am a Battalion Runner », was all that Bunny said ;

« We travel fast both night and day », Micky the speedy makes haste to say ;

« Believe I, we carry notes

For Capt. Orr, « John Willie quotes.

« If I wasn't so weak for the want of food », Whispers Forbes, « I'd demonstrate, I would » ;

« Now », says Mac, « I would like to show The U. S. how to lick Mexico »,

« Go-on », from Harp, « You make me sick, A postage stamp you couldn't lick ».

« Go ahead », pipes Alice, « name a town That can compare with Fort Saskatchewan ».

« I will », cries Vance, « T'is easily done Its me for good old Edmonton ».

« Right », says Happy, « You will never meet. A town that has a longer street ».

« What », yells Scott, and smites his leg,  
« Show me a town that beats the « Peg ».

« Well », says Ferris, « tho' I choke Give me the town of fog and smoke ».

« But for a town with Girls so Gooney », Speaks up Benny, « give me Bruay » ;

« I'was there, » says Jimmy, « I'll own up, I exchanged rum for a homeless pup ».

« Ireland forever », shouts Sergt. William, so gay,  
« I'm going there on leave perhaps-some day ».

Grandpa.

## THE « LITTLE BLACK DEVILS' » PACE

Procuring « Comforts for the Troops ».

(Occasionally).

SCENE. One of the branch establishments of our noted E. F. C.

Enter a would be customer who is immediately greeted by a suave looking individual in a nice white suit firmly planted behind the front line counter of the establishment. The usual stereotyped remarks of « Bon jour, très beans », and « après la guerre », etc. are carefully gone over just to show that the staff are up to date in the language of the country. Then the white smocked one retires for lunch, after which he briskly returns to the counter and wakes up the patient retailer of dry-goods with : « What can I do for you this time ? »

## THE BUSINESS.

Customer : « Got any Players' cigarettes ? »

Gentleman behind. — « No, but we expect some in next week. »

C. — « Any candles ? »

G. B. — « No, but we have some metal polish — fine line — just in. »

C. — « Any Quaker Oats ? »

G. B. — « No, but we have a good line of Christmas Puddings — special for the troops — how many ? »

C. — « How about tomatoes ? »

G. B. — « No ! — Bad crop this year. How about jam — new line — not Ticklers'.

C. — (Exit). « And still the war goes on ! »

~~~~~

## STRAY SHOTS BY THE SNIPER.

Adding Insult to Injury.

A member of a new draft approached a corporal and enquired if « that Sergeant was the Sergeant Shoemaker », pointing to the Sergeant Cook. Perhaps he had tasted some of his steak.

~~~~~

Walking down the trench the other day, I was grabbed by the shoulder by a « straight collared » soldier who said excitedly :

« Get into that dug-out you d...fool. Can't you see that plane dropping bombs ! »

Evidently he thought the shrapnel burst around the machine were the smoke trail of falling bombs.

~~~~~

If you want to know the history of the Battalion ask the batmen. They have no end of imagination. One could almost call them the « Brains of the army ».

~~~~~

Now that water is so scarce can anyone tell us what to do with all the dope the Water Detail used to use.

~~~~~

During the recent frosty weather skates figured very prominently in several raids made by Canadians.

That is where they slipped it over Fritz. Good old hockey players !

~~~~~

What a great change has come over our Ass. Q.M.S. of F. Coy, since he returned from his last leave.

Perhaps there is a Woman in the Case.

~~~~~

Wonders never cease (fire) They say our noted sergeant is going to get a commission.

I wonder what in.

It looks as though the Sergeants' Mess is coming along famously. They only want a bible to put the final touch on things.

~~~~~

Yes, it's quite true that our R.S.M. is quite a mathematician. Anyone needs a sound knowledge of Euclid to be able to issue F. Coy's rum.

~~~~~

A certain curio collecting Captain had prevailed on two privates to move his effects prior to his departure for Blighty. They managed every thing a weighty sand-bag which defied their united efforts. As they paused to wipe the sweat from their brows, one asked :

« What's in it, Bill ? »

« A blooming Minnie, » answered Bill promptly.

(Hence the « lost effects »).

~~~~~

Tommy (in the trenches observing the sky above him thick with aeroplanes).

« And to think I paid half a dollar to see two of 'em. Darn it ! »

~~~~~

## MY FUNK-HOLE

I've stood in many bedrooms  
In a dozen different lands.  
And I've slept in many bed-steads  
Of as many different brands.  
I've snuggled deep in feathers  
Stuffed by dear old Grand-mama.  
I've enjoyed some solid comfort  
On a « Palley » built of straw.  
But the queerest bed I've ever had —  
So help me, General French —  
Is a ground — sheet in a funk-hole  
At the bottom of a trench.

It's a tiny little funk-hole,  
Just a foot above the ground,  
And so narrow in proportions  
I can scarcely turn around.  
It's not built on plans elaborate  
And the best that can be said  
Is, it shelters from the elements  
My little funk-hole bed ;  
And when Fritz, with his « wind up »,  
Starts to raise a blooming stench,  
Oh ! I crawl into my funk-hole  
At the bottom of the trench.

Some chambers have their vistas,  
Mine also has its view.  
I can see a « Swaddie » struggle  
With a « Dixie » full of stew.  
While the trench rats swim sedately  
For a feed that is in sight :  
As a flare-light splits the darkness  
With its all revealing light.  
Though my edifice « domestique »  
Wouldn't suit a chamber wench,  
Still I'm happy in my funk-hole  
At the bottom of the trench.

When I'm tired of working parties  
And of wielding pick and spade,  
And I'm weary of the struggle  
That Great Britain has essayed.  
When imagination morbid  
Makes my very skin to creep,  
And I think a grave in No-man's land  
Will harbor my last sleep.  
When I'm mud from top to bottom  
And my clothes are all adrench.  
Then I crawl into my funk-hole  
At the bottom of the trench.

Pte. Joe Sullivan. 466410.

**CROWN AND ANCHOR.**

The army's like a game of « Crown and Anchor »,  
A thing of coloured cloth and gleaming bones,  
Where temporary blokes and old time rankers  
Into the gilded upper class are thrown.

The coloured cloth of red and gold we see  
Upon the gallant Staff, a soldier bold ;  
The driving force, the leading brain is he  
Without which we'd be helpless, we are told.

The bones are those of men who play with death,  
The foolish-ones who throw the dice with fate.  
Their bones lie bleaching where the trenches  
stretch.  
All mangled by the blows of Hunnish hate.

When crowns come up the sergeant of the staff  
Is made into a swanking sergeant-major ;  
A youthful captain with a ready laugh  
Promoted to a mule inspecting major.

The diamonds show the money that is thrown  
Into the laps of Gods — or Western farmers ;  
The gems that deck the war contractor's thrones,  
Or ornament the Piccadilly charmers.

Hearts play up for love and jolly laughter,  
Sweet mademoiselles in bright estaminets  
Gay promenades, before the morning after,  
And other charms that drive dull care away.

Clubs stand for discipline, iron laws and rules ;  
The power to punish those that « get in Dutch » ;  
To hand out to defaulters, drunks and other fools  
Such things as « 1st F. P. » « C. B. » and such.

The anchor shows our navy over all,  
All Channel raids to contrary, notwithstanding ;  
The cruiser that answers to the call  
To give the soldiers home on leave safe landing.

The spade comes last, digs trenches, forts that  
stand ;  
The best friend of our sanitary sections.  
It may mean jobs for those now in command  
When Staff jobs vanish at the next elections.

Chas. J. Olson.

**ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

by « Sister Smiff. »

« Old Subscriber ». — « How are tanks made ? »  
Quite simple. A rum issue along with a drop  
of Scotch.

« Fed Up ». — « Please tell me what is the best  
thing to spring on the M. O. to make Blighty ? »  
Your question is impossible to answer. I have  
only one good idea and I want to try it myself,  
but best of luck, Fed Up.

« Original Alf. » — « I went sick a few days  
back and received a white pill. What is the  
druggist's Latin for — 4 by 2 plus 3 minus 2 as the  
M. O. ordered ? »

I am very sorry, Alf, but my education was  
neglected. Perhaps it was an asperin tablet.

« Troubled ». — « I was given 14 days pay for a  
drunk. Is it fair ? »

How much do you want for a drunk ? Consider  
yourself lucky. I have been « soaked » that  
amount. Who is your O. C. ?

**NEW MAXIMS.**

A bullet in the hand is worth two in the head.

People who live in shell-holes shouldn't throw  
flare-lights.

« All is not gold that glitters. » Remember a  
bayonet in moon-light.

Half a rum issue is better than ten beers.

It's a long communication trench that has no  
furning.

A roaring shell gathers no moss.

Discretion is the better part of R. I. P.

Let sleeping duds lie.

16264.

**YOU SHOULD READ**

« Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons »,  
Wesel, Klingelput,  
Sennelager, Ruhleben.  
by Henry C. Mahoney. price 6/- net.

« Women in War »,  
by Francis Gribble. Price 7/6 net.

« The King's Indian Allies »,  
by St. Nihal Singh. Price 7/6 net.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.,  
London and Edinburgh.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**

**Hope for sufferers.**  
**No more aches, pains, rheumatism, lumbago,**  
**trench foot, sciatica.**  
**An end to invisible ailments.**  
**Expensive cures a thing of the past.**

**Try the Lees method**  
**Instant relief through the power of suggestion.**

A Private writes :

« I have nothing but praise for the Lees method  
of cure by suggestion. The time of my deliverance  
dates from the hour I approached the Battalion  
Medical Officer with a severe case of trench foot  
of long standing.

I remember the circumstances so well. The de-  
tails of my case were already in the possession of  
the renowned medico through the kindly offices  
of the Orderly Corporal. The M.O. asked me to  
state my symptoms. I did so at some length.  
Toying idly with his clinical thermometer, he  
replied :

« IF ANY MAN COMES TO ME WITH  
TRENCH FOOT, OVER THE TOP HE GOES. »

Simultaneously with the utterance of this for-  
mula, pain left me. From that moment I have  
never had a relapse however slight. I returned to  
my dug-out with a sprightly step — cured. »

**Try the « Lees way »**  
**Endorsed by the Army and naval authorities.**  
**Consultations free.**