

THE * LISTENING * POST

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7th Canadian Infantry Battalion

(1ST BRITISH COLUMBIA REGT)

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EDITORIAL

"The British soldier has always been a marvellous man but in no period of British history, in none of Britain's wars, has there been shown greater heroism, pluck, devotion, and courtesy than in this war. The whole Empire can be proud of those boys". This is the tribute paid by General Sam Hughes, our Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, to the British Troops in general after an eight day visit to the British Front. "The spirit which seems to inspire them is not merely a desire to thrash the Germans, but to thrash them to preserve the principals of liberty. They "plug" the Germans every time, of course, but it is not because of hatred of the men themselves, but through hatred of the horrible principles that the Germans are fighting for". We are proud of the organiser of our great Canadian Army — a force undreamt of in Canada a year ago, and the greater portion of the credit is certainly due to the untiring energy and strenuous work of General Hughes. He must have felt a great amount of pride in seeing the first portion of the King's Canadian Army at work holding their link in the great trench chain. We hasten to assure General Hughes that Canadians will continue to do their "bit" in a manner befitting the men from the "Land of the Maple".

During his recent visit to France Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, planted Maple seeds around a number of the graves of Canadian heroes, and he wrote to the hon., secretary of the Overseas Club;

Dear Sir; — I have learned with much interest of the idea of some Canadian Members of the Overseas Club to plant Canadian Maple Seeds over the graves of Canadians in Flanders and France, where practicable, and of your intention to arrange to plant an avenue of Maples at Langemareke after the war.

The idea seems to me, a very pleasing one, and I have no doubt that the relatives of all those who have fallen, will appreciate our attempt to beautify the graves of those who have given their lives to the Empire. I have had much pleasure in planting some of the seeds myself. — Yours faithfully, (signed) R. L. BORDEN.

The Overseas Club now proposes to extend the idea to the Dardanelles and other battle - fields, where ever practicable, as a memorial to our heroes of the Australian and Newzealand Forces, substituting in their case the Wattle for Australia and the Te Tree for Newzealand.

A Hospital for the wounded from France is to be built by the Ontario Government at Orpington, (where the chickens come from), Kent, at cost of 50,000 pounds, Colonel, the Hon., A. R. Pyne the acting Premier of Ontario, has selected the site, which is only 15 miles from London. The Hospital will contain 1,050 beds.

What does a war loan of a thousand millions mean? How can we get a thousand millions into our minds? We have never had any - thing so big since the world began. It is equal to;

- The National revenue for five years.
- All our gold coinage for twenty-five years.
- Eighteen months exports.
- Total national revenue of the six Allied Nations.
- All the British investments in America.
- Gross receipts of all American railroads for 3 1/2 years.
- It can buy one - third of Italy and pay for thirty - five Panama canals, and in the States they thought paying for one Panama canal an expensive job. It is equal to: Profits of Monte Carlo for 700 years. (If there is a gambler here willing to talk about gamblers he will know that at Monte Carlo they are pikers compared to the people floating this War Loan).

One hundred steel plants as large as Krupp's.

Nearly all the gold coin in the world.

Fourteen shillings for every human being on earth.

Nine hundred car - loads of silver, twenty tons in a car.

As much as seventy clerks can count in eight years, counting four shillings a second and working eight hours a day.

Enough gold, if beaten out, to cover a million acres - 1560 square miles - a field of the cloth of gold.

To carry this gold, from the nation to the war chest would take 200,000 men, each staggering under seven stone of gold, 5,000 pounds each.

Marching four abreast, two yards apart, it would take a procession of thirty - eight miles long - from Vancouver to Nanaimo.

That's the War Loan.

Robinson's roll call.

"Sergeant Robinson, call the roll"

The officer said to Pat,
And in salute the sergeant's hand
Flew upward to his hat;
He called the roll and counted all
The men he'd got in line,
Then said, "There should be forty, sor—
There's only thirty-nine."

Sergeant Robinson scratched his head,
And counted all again,
He murmured, "Forty can't be made
From thirty-nine, that's plain;
One rascal is an absentee,
Some scum not worth his salt;"
"Find out", the Captain sternly said,
And tell me who's in fault."

Sergeant Robinson in two twos
All smiling in delight,
Came running to his officer,
"If ye please, sor, it's all right;
There's no one missing, not at all,
And no one's bruk the rules,
But I forgot to call myself —
It's you and me's the fools."

The Private's Litany*

From three days fatigue under the name of rest; from parcels on the last day; from fog till 8 a.m. or after, and from all things that prolong stand-to; from flies; from sentimental songs an from "Tipperary"; from trench inspection by staff officers and the Colonel from French beer; from people that refuse to lend and from people that borrow; from listening patrols and from dead Germans; from the lady who takes your money and says "no compris" Deliver me.

No pleasure in it

M'Tavish and M'Pherson sat solemnly in front of the fire, and slowly puffed away with one eye on the fire and the other on the end of the pipe to watch if any tobacco fell out. After a long pause M'Pherson removed his pipe and remarked gloomily: - "There's no muckle pleasure in smokin' after aw'."

"An' hoo dae ye mak that oot, mon?" inquired M'Tavish, drawing up a huge mouthful of smoke and nearly choking himself.

"Weel, ye see," replied M'Pherson, still more gloomily, "if ye're smokin' your ain' bacca ye're thinking o' the awfu' expense aw the time, and if ye're smokin' some ither body's yer pipe's rammed so tight it winna draw."

Sing me to sleep

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the world and all.
Damp is my dugout, cold are my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
A dozen rat holes around my head,
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops from the roof.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot at me.
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for sergeant to sing me to sleep.

Stop Press News.

We hasten to welcome back to our midst Capt. L. E. Haines.

Capt. Haines returns to us (after being wounded at Festubert) to take temporary command of the Battalion in the absence of Col. Odum.

"GOOD LUCK" to him.

Mentioned in Despatches.

We regret that our guide, philosopher, and friend Col. V. W. Odum has been ordered across the water for a few days holiday. Put the blame on the Medical Authorities. He is Quite the most unwilling emigrant that ever left Belgium, and the most cheerful. We have good news about him; he says he will be back in a very few weeks and wild horses won't hold him when he makes up his mind to come.

We are pleased to welcome among us Major Ormond from the 10th Battalion. The "10th Legion" was always Caesar's Favorite and we know the 10th Battalion, are carrying on the good work.

Major Ormond has already made a hit, and we know that the Battalion will derive much benefit from the fostering care of one of Canada's best soldiers.

We beg to congratulate Capt. Humble on his new dignity. We humbly submit that it has certainly not come too soon. Every inch a man and thirty years a soldier is our best description of one, who, before many of us were born was taking tea with Louis Reil at Batosh.

We would sympathize with Lieut. Gilson, who has also emigrated perforce. Those d..... Doctors again. We hear he will soon be back: We hope so - We miss him sorely.

Major Bruce Powley rejoined the Battalion on 28th July. He was wounded at Festubert on the 24th May, and has been in hospital in England.

We cannot forget the serious loss to the Battalion and personal loss to Officers and men, of Major Cooper who has left on duty to England - "Bon Voyage" Major and a quick return is our fervent hope.

One of the most important events in the last fortnight has been the return of the genial, ever - young Sgt. Robinson.

We felt a thrill of pleasure in again shaking him by the hand and seeing him looking as fit and well as ever.

Rich in the spoils of war, that men call glory,
Oft at his country's call in battles gory,
Both brave and cheerful, filled with a fearless wit,
In the midst of shot and shell, ready to do his bit.
Now after five campaigns under a southern sun,
Swiftly in his country's need returning to see the fun,
Others may turn and fly, sick with the German gas,
Never will Ireland's Spirit yield while foemen pass.

HERBERT RAE.

Returning to duty at his own request,
Out here in Flanders with the boys from the west
Brave as of old, and in spite of his years
Into the thick of it, No German he fears.
Notice the ribbons on his manly chest
Several engagements he has fought with the best
One more medal he's ready to win
Now you Bosches, when you're ready, start in

Despatches regarding Naval and Military Manoeuvres, usually run to considerable length, but a few in existence are noticeable for brevity, if for nothing else. Caesar dismissed a small campaign in three words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered), and Clive, after capturing Scinde in India, was grimly humorous when he despatched the one latin word, "Peccavi", (I have sinned). After defeating a French Squadron in the 17th century, Admiral Blake made a sort of invoice of his despatch and wrote "Please your Honour, met with French Fleet; beat, took, killed, sunk, and burned as per margin".

Our thanks are due to Miss. F. Davidson, (Windsor Ward Branch of the Q. M. N. G., Belfast, Ireland), for the gift of eighteen dozen sun shields.

The local shooting season for Cranes, Herons &c; opened successfully on wednesday July 29th, and a fine specimen of the Heronus Belgicus (accent on the cus) was brought down behind No 3 Coy's trench. The man who brought it in gave a life-like imitation of a well trained black retriever. The shooting season for Germans is continued indefinitely.

A form of racing which is prevalent along the British Front is in several ways quite interesting. We refer to going into or coming out of the firing line via a long communication trench, particularly the coming out. A platoon or company in full kit led by an officer, an N. C. O. or a guide enters a trench and proceeds to race through to the other end. When the order "Move on" comes we get away nicely to a good start. At first progress is steady, but before long the leader steps out and the pace increases: with little or no equipment he easily negotiates telephone wires and bad boards, but the seventh and eighteenth men get tied up in wires and number twenty-six stops the way by stumbling at a bad hole, so there is a delay of five to thirty seconds in parts of the procession. This delay has to be made up or the men will lose touch, so every one hurries after the man in front. Not only this, but trench racing fever has now attacked the leader. It always does. He imagines he is just out of reach of a bomb-throwing German in the trench behind and must strain every nerve to reach the open where safety is his: in aggravated cases the patient has extraordinary delusions, such as that he is unarmed and naked and being chased along the trench by a piece of brown paper, but fortunately these instances are rare, and occur principally among the kilted regiments. The men are by this time at good racing speed, but still have to make up that lost time, and, as the bomb-throwing German is getting nearer the N. C. O. in front, it is not long before everyone is dashing along the straight bits, making two cushion cannons off the corners, and scraping equipments on the sides where the trench is narrow and never quite catching up with the man in front who is always disappearing round the corner. It is curious that the narrower the trench the greater the speed; a wide bit of trench and the speed decreases, a narrow trench and the speed increases. It makes quite a nice little mathematical problem, Let's see. If the speed is 2 miles an hour in a trench 4 ft wide by 7 ft deep on a fine day, what will the speed be at night in a trench 2 ft wide by 4 ft deep, slippery underfoot, with shrapnel every 3 minutes, for a man 6 ft 3 taking No 13 boots, and what will he say when he rushes round a corner and places his eye against a rifle muzzle, owing to a sudden halt? The answer may seem difficult but is really very simple. It is X the unknown quantity, but Ha: Ha: what is X? (See note at end) The race in now in full swing and all are running violently along the trench: the man in front gets two traverses ahead and is lost, and Oh, horror there are two diverging trenches. Which is the one to take - Left? Right? Left? Right, Left, - Say, dont "marktime" but "move" and quickly.

We crowd madly past a ration party coming the other way and speed on with laboured breathing. At length the stragling line breaks into the open and the strain passes

from every face and we close up, perspiring and panting. Nobody has won the race, but we are through, we are "out", and as the road is wide we drop into a moderate walk and listen to the rapid fire away behind. (Note: The Editor has kindly arranged that the first private that sends in the correct answer will be tipped the winner of the Derby for 1917.)

Our M P.

Where do you come from Albert dear?
Out o' the reg'lars into ere.

Whence take your eyes such depth of blue?
Defaulters feelins' is of that hue.

Lose they ever that innocent stare?
When I walk with the Girls in Vancouver Fair.

How came you so rotund and fine?
I perseveres when I starts to dine.

Why do you wear that scarlet band?
Only because it looks so grand.

Bogey are you, or fairy feat?
Or a plain M.P. upon his beat?

No fairy I ain't, nor plain d'ye see,
But a pleasant, popular, plump M.P.

A Challenge

The Medical Detail send their compliments to the Officers and suggest that the following games may be more suitable, ie, Marbles, Checkers, Dominoes, Ping-Pong, Billiards, Hop Scotch, Ring-a-Roses, Nougts and Crosses, Croquette, and snap. Should any of the above games meet with your approval we are prepared to meet you at any suitable time or place.

Nº 1 Company's notes

Had President Wilson seen Nº 1 Co. leave its billets yesterday, he would have felt that, representative of a great neutral nation that he was, the time had passed for him to remain inactive. Undoubtedly he would have sent another Note.

The company as it straggled along - each section of N. C. Os led by their one remaining private - was a bitter illustration of what modern warfare means. Pale and panic stricken ravaged by an unrelieved thirst they fled the accursed spot. The beer was doped.

They had come from a spot - somewhere in France - where nothing of the lighter side of life remained; where even the realities of life, such as mulligan, had faded into forgetfulness; they had come from a place of battle, murder, and sudden thirst, into a land where beer might be bought; and lo: the beer was doped.

It was too much, they were betrayed. The few surviving privates have resigned their commissions, while the great body of the N. C. Os. have volunteered for active service in the Scilly Isles.

It was but to be expected. They could not face again the commonplaces of a countryside wherein they had been so grossly deceived.

R. I. P. The were brave men.

M. O. — Well what's the matter this morning?

Boozy. — Very queer Sir, want a tonic.

M. O. — Why not try beer?

Boozy. — Oh that's too - tonic (Teutonic).

Courts of justice.

Private (applying for leave) "Sir, would you please sign this pass for me"?

Major. "What do you want it for?"

Private. "My mother wants to see me before I go to "somewhere" in France".

Major. "How old is your mother"?

Private. "Sixty two Sir".

Major. "Sixty two Eh: Why I have a mother eighty two and she wants to know what the hell I'm doing in England instead of somewhere in France".

Things are looking up in Nº 1 Co. The Stars and Stripes have come out in force. Beef will be served after the next pay day.

Nº 2 Company notes

Pay Sergt. R. Lamonby has returned from leave wearing a worried look. After making enquires we find out that the genial P. S. has taken unto himself a better half. Good Luck and God speed you "Bob": over the stormy sea of matrimony' And may all your troubles be little ones.

We wish to welcome Sergt. (Cock) Robinson back to our midst. (Hamish) has had the honour to be mentioned in dispatches and I am sure the honour has been well earned. May good luck attend you, and a safe return home to Portadown is our earnest wish. So "buck up you young 'uns - take an example from the old war horse".

Sergt. F A. Ladd has returned from what he terms, a somewhat short leave. We wonder who the fair damsel was, who helped Forrest to spend such a pleasant, altho short leave.

Will someone kindly tell me,
Will someone answer why?

What caused the working party from Nº 4 to beat such a hasty retreat for the shelter of their trenches?

What proved to be a cracker jack of a game, was pulled off on Sunday, for a side bet of 600 francs, those who missed this game surely missed a treat; after a brilliant game lasting one hour and a score 1-1, the fate of the 600 still hangs in the balance, but I am sure that the coin will be reposing safely in the pockets of Nº 2 Coy. This game will be replayed on Sunday the 22nd. A cordial invitation is extended to the Officers and men of the 7th and judging from the splendid game played, a treat is in store.

A challenge is handed out to any team in the 7th for any amount. Come one come all. We have the money and the time.

Medical Detail please note.

OBSERVER.

Nº 3 Company notes

Things we want to know.

What our Officers said when they heard that Nº 3 Co. had only won the sympathy of the other companies, at the sports.

What the fatigue party, whose heads were showing above the communication trench, said when the sportsman, thinking that they were rats started pelting them with brickbats.

What wit, on hearing that rifle grenades cost 3 pounds each, said, "Let's sell them."

If the R. G. A. really look on trench mortars with the same loving pride as the Imperial General at Givenchy.

What the Officer, leading the charge, said when the engineers asked him to wait until they had finished the trench before taking it.

If Nº 1 Platoon would be sorry if they heard that Jak Johnson had knocked out "One round Hogan".

Here you fellows!

What is the matter with Nº 4 Co? And where are all the writers from Headquarters, Machine Gun, Signallers and Transport? Oh Yes, and then besides there are a lot of "clever" critics in the Quartermasters Dept. — Why dont they spread their cleverness on paper for "The Listening Post"? Dont let Nos 1, 2, 3 and the Medical Detail do all the work — Come on boys send in your contributions, and lets make our paper better — We are waiting.

Medical detail weekly grouse

To continue our journey down the trench with the M. O. it will be necessary to wait a few minutes until he has fully recovered from the shock caused by that innocent piece of cheese. I guess you have all been scanning the casualty lists during the past two weeks; especially those under the heading "Suffering from Shock". If so, you must have forgotten about the secretary. He takes in the situation at a glance. Passing a message down the trench for the sanitary policeman "on the double", takes but a few minutes. These intelligent creatures arrive fully armed with pick and shovel, creosol and chloride of lime. They sprinkle the cheese and flies with their dope and look for a suitable shell hole to bury it in. You see sanitary policeman is part human anyway, and, like the rest of us, he loves this country. He will disinfect the country, perhaps die for the country, but he hates like H-11 to dig it up. If there are no shell holes close to the parapet they pretend to dig a grave for the cheese, that is if the M.O. is looking, but immediately he passes by the proposed funeral, the strongest sanitary policeman places the cheese

on the point of his shovel and huris it into the enemy trench. Judging by the aroma of welsh - rarebit, which, a few minutes later, floats back to our lines we may call the incident closed.

By a system of wireless telegraphy which was in use long before Marconi's, the message has gone down the firing line, that the M.O. is on the war - path. The Infantry are as busy as the Crown Prince on a looting expedition. Some are hiding dirty mess tins, others are hiding butter, condensed milk, jam, bread, bacon and Maconochies. The Stretcher Bearers are busy dusting their faces with boric powder to cover the real estate and probably a two or three days growth of fungus, or picking up very small pieces of cigarette ends and match stalks around their dugout.

The M.O. recognizes the S. B's instantly by their smart soldier - like bearing. "Are there any sick lame or lazy in this company?" he asks. "I dont know Sir", reply the S. B's in chorus. "What are you here for?" is the next question. The S. B's are unable to answer this, so they suggest going around the trench to find out if there are any sick, lame or lazy.

"Yes and bring them to headquarters if there are any, and look sharp about it." It may be as well to explain here that the headquarters he refers to is not the palatial building that its name implies, but merely a spacious dugout somewhere down the trench where the Battalion Officers do all their thinking, eating and sleeping. There is a difference of opinion among the ranks about, how the Officers do put in their time. If you asked a cook or batman, he would say, "23 hrs. eating and 1 hr. sleeping". Ask an N. C. O. he would say, "12 hrs. sleeping, and 12 hrs. writing orders." Again if you asked a private he would say, "24 hrs. finding us something to do." But the Sgt. Major who is "The power behind the throne" as it were, would say, that the Officers put in all their time worrying the life out of him, of drinking lime juice.

It may be by accident or just a remarkable coincidence but the M.O. usually arrives at headquarters just when the occupants are about to eat. Very often it is lunch time. The Officers pretend not to notice this, and invite him to have a cup of tea. The cook hearing this, whispers something to a batman about a "hungry scotchman" and unearths a nice beef stake which he had previously hidden away for his own dinner.

Whilst this is being cooked, the M.O. goes through sick parade. This trying ordeal would take away all desire for food from any civilian doctor but an army doctor is too hardened to allow all the tales of suffering he hears, such as headache, toothache, earache and pains in the back, to even reach his heart let alone his stomach, the men are lined up outside and each one is rehearsing his own symptoms and a few he has borrowed for the occasion.

— NOTE —

If the readers will stand for it and the circulation manager will permit me, I will endeavour to get the rest of this thrilling adventure finished in our next issue.

If it is only half as painful reading it as it is writing it I know how you feel. But we need the money.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Sunday. — Walked several miles in the blazing sun to interview the transport officer. The result was very discouraging. He asked me if I understood Gaelic. When I answered in the negative, he explained that Gaelic was the only language used around his outfit, and the horses had forgotten any other language they may have known in their youth. After a glance along the lines I gave a sigh of dess pair, for it was plain to be seen that if that bunch of quadrupeds ever had any youth it must have been about the time St. Andrew was driven out of England for stealing them. As a drowning man grasps at a straw I asked for a cook's job on this precious transport. With the usual contempt that a rider shows for a footslogger he started to walk away and I fancy he said something about his horse-having a preference for uncooked food whilst on active service I must have looked as disconsolate as I felt, for as I was starting back to my company, one of the fellows whom I had been desirous of cooking for, left off grooming a horse to tell me to cheer up and try again when the regular transport officer returned from leave. On my way back I had a brilliant idea literally knocked into my head by a man on a bicycle who pushed me over into the ditch. As I scrambled out to look who the rider was and incidentally to cuss him, I recognized him as a "runner" or orderly. Why had I not thought of it before? For running is my long suit. I once heard the fellows say that I raced my own shadow when the Huns dropped a Whiz - bang at the door of my dug - out. I don't doubt their statements for a minute, for when that Whiz - bang dropped I wasn't worrying much

about my shadow. I didn't care if I never saw it any more. I don't care now even, what they do with it. The Huns may shell it, or bayonet it, or bomb it, or gas it, or mine it, or torpedo it, or if it were possible, they might even take it to Berlin, which is the last indignity any respectable shadow would submit to. What I was Worrying about was my precious neck. Must find out how to become an orderly, or runner.

Monday. — Had quite a time locating the "man higher up" in charge of the runners. Some of the runners appeared surprised when I asked them who their officer was. The various uncertain answers I received inspired me more and more to get myself attached (ore semi - detached would be more appropriate) to this bunch of nomads. After a piece of detective work which would have roused the professional jealousy of Sherlock Holmes or Arsene Lupin I foud that the only man who can appoint a runner is the Sergeant-Major. This military looking person had evidently heard of my running abilities, for instead of timing me on a hundred yards dash, he told me to stand to attention, button up my tunic, put on my hat straight, throw away my cigarette, also several small Union Jacks which decorated my hat band. He also told me I looked like a Christmas tree, and the enemy would make a special target of me if they saw too many Union Jacks. The result of this trying ordeal ended in my being accepted as an orderly, and if I can hold on to this job the enemy will have to use a powerful X ray if ever they want to make a target of me, even should I be wearing nothing else but Union Jacks. I was shown an ancient looking bicycle for use ont the highways. If I could make a getaway before, I ought to have no fear now for anything less speedy than a Zeppelin.

Tuesday. — Barring the batman's job (which I wasn't fitted for any way, and only a piker would mourn over) this' orderly job is the most "Cushy" berth I've had since I undertook to defend our mighty Empire. If a message has to be taken to the trenches I wend my way cautiously through the communication trench, taking observations from time to time just to make sure that I am not in danger of being cut off, should the enemy nave gassed every body in the front line. When the message is delivered I can go back at my leisure but I prefer to go as quickly as possible as I have a huge pile of magazines and books to read, including a thrilling tale by Jules Verne, entitled "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea". Had a difference of opion with a fellow in the firing line which accounts for my eye being in a sling. Just because I tripped over his feet which were sticking out of a dugout, he made some rude remarks about runners in general and me in particular. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good though, for the Mamselle at the estaminet thinks I am a hero. She thinks I got my eye closed by a Hun during severe hand to hand fighting. I hate to tell her the truth for I have such a good standing with both her father and mother. Since I have had this job, my French is improving wonderfully and I have asked several of the girls to "promenade" with me, but the one I like best always says "Aprez le guerre", whilst the others are a little more encouraging, though they always fix the hour for a promenade when I can't possibly be away from the battalion. Some of the fellows must feel jealous when Mlle., smiles at me. Oh if only the "old man" could see me now, or when Gabrielle shakes my hand and says "Au revoir".

Wednesday. — Life is just one dam thing after another. Only 24 hours ago I was as happy and contented as it is possible to be on this side of the English Channel. But all is changed now. I feel like a thief who has been "caught with the goods". It all happened through leaving that accursed bicycle at the door of the estaminet. Just as I had got to the most important part of my story and had told the Mamselle how I, alone, singlehanded, had captured a German trench and 200 prisoners, who should walk in but a Military Policeman. Yes, that green colour red bicycle resting against the door, had attracted his attention, and in he walked. Before I had time to make my getaway, or say "Bon jour" to Mlle, he had his big ugly hand on my s'oulder. I tried to explain that I had only been in there minute, ju t to get a drink of café au lait but he pretended not to hear me and guided me to the door. I caught just one last glimpse of Mlle, and since then I have lost all faith in the opposite sex. She was stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. The military policeman has my name and number and the only sentence I am not up against "snot at dawn". One thing I'm sure of, and that is that the boys in the company will hear of a vacancy for a good runner, married man preferred.