

THE LISTENING POST



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7th Canadian Infantry Battalion
(1ST BRITISH COLUMBIA REGT)

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EDITORIAL

Introduction

Greeting!! Men of the 7th Battalion, I, in the form of this little Journal make my grand Bow. — I'm here to try and break trench monotony — with your help.

Please do not judge me harshly — I am still young — but read me thoroughly — and laugh. — If I am not funny enough this time, then tickle your paper with pen or pencil, tell me the funny things that happen and I'll do my bit. But dinna forget that all contributions must be in the Battalion Orderly Room on the 15th and 30th of each month — make them as short as possible, but long enough to get all the fun in. I am sorry that many contributions had to be left over for later issues for lack of space — but don't let this discourage you for remember "Weep and you weep alone" — "Laugh and the 7th Battalion laughs with you"!

The Canadian Prime Minister has attended a meeting of the Privy Council by special summons of the King. While Sir Robert Borden has been a P. C. for some years, and though it has been the custom for states-men in Overseas Dominions to be made Privy Councillors, it was mostly considered an Honorary Appointment, so, our Prime Minister has been accorded the honor of being the first Overseas Statesman to attend a meeting of the Privy Council.

It is scarcely too much to say that the recent admission of the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert L. Borden, G. C. M. G. Prime Minister of Canada to a meeting of the British cabinet marks an epoch in the history of our Imperial relations. Never before has a Minister from the Dominions been invited to share the inmost counsels of the Empire, and I am encouraged to hope that the precedent of war may become the settled usage of peace. That the end of strife may witness a mighty re-awakening of Imperial Sentiment — the beginning of a great co-operation of all branches of the Anglo-Saxon race — and a wise consolidation of the Empires resources is my fervent hope.

On July 29th Sir Robert was presented with the freedom of the City of London in the presence of a large gathering at the Guildhall, the guests including the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Austen Chamberlain, Mr Arthur Henderson and the Bishop of London.

On Aug 1st President Poincare of France conferred the "Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour" upon Sir Robert Laird Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, in honor of his visit to the Canadian Forces at the front.

Newfoundland has raised by a fortnights campaign 5000 dollars to provide two aeroplanes for Imperial service, and the three brothers Reid, Railway Contractors, will give another.

REUTER.

A tip to our Editor.

Printer : "The report of that assault and battery case lachs seven lines to fill the columns, Sir."

Editor : "H'm! How many times do the words 'man' 'woman' 'stranger' 'bystander' or 'Medical Officer' appear?"

Printer : (After counting) "Thirsty seven times".

Editor : "Good! Just insert the words 'well dressed' before each of 'em".

"The call to Arms

'Tune-Maple Leaf).

- 1 From North and South, from East and West.
Rang the bugle, a clarion call.
Come men, non you must do your best
With England sland or fall.
For Freedom's cause yourselves deny
The comforts you moost chevish
The British flag non floats on high
And tyranny must perish.

— CHORUS —

- For all those rights we hold most dear
Those ties which none can sever.
We'll fight and conquer without fear
Beneath our Colors ever.
- 2 Men who well know the Empire's night
Whose heasts ase filled with love
Op justice, liberty and right
Are waiting this to prove
By going fosth ni name of king
When duty calls to service
Tbey'll make the woods and valleys ring
And londly chant this Chorus.
 - 3 Now when the foe woned her assail
Canada will l'er stand time
To do her duty without fail
Her sons are real true blue.
Then let us cheer for Britain dear
Whose glory fadeth never
We'll join our hands from far and near
And firmly stand together. L/Cpl W. J. COOK.

There was an old teamster named Barge
Who thought is unhealthy to "Charge"
When he thought he saw "Trouble"
He went home on the double
And lied to the folks wide and large.

He'd a nasty large sore on his lip.
Which the doctor said gave him the pip
So he asked fir a "Board".
And thats where he scored
For the board he desired was aboard ship.

He looked so healthy and strong
That the "Board" enquired whas was wrong
"Well the best part of me
Is my face dont you see
My liver I'd sell for a song!

Gone has our Adjutant to "Blighty" we know
After some strenuous fights with the foe
Respected by all of our O. C'S and men
Dauntless and fearless time and again
Never a German with gasbombs or fire
Ever was born who could make him
Retire. "The DRONE"

Well we Guess

A recruit in the Canadian Field Artillery
(Whose parents had Christened him Hilary)
Went dotty with joy
When they told the poor boy
He'd be billeted in a distillery

Heat

We are sorry to hear that our troops in Egypt are feeling the heat. A trooper with a gift of vivid description writes home: "At the present Egypt has two principal sources of irrigation.

(1) The River Nile (2) Me!

Things we want to know

Why does Lieut. Owen stay out all night. Is he "Bringing in the Sheaves" or "Sowing his wild Oats"?
If it is true that Capt. Girson has bought so much war Loan stock that he can't afford a square meal and has to depend on his spearing abilities when he goes round the trenches?

What Lieut. Owen said about the Germans when his leave was postponed, and if he uses that sort of language when his father is around.

Advertisements

Competent Night Operators. wire men etc. Opportunity to travel, quick promotion, good wages; strong men preferred. Terms etc. apply C. E. F. France.

Generals wanted. Will known European power with international reputation, efficient system, can please men in first Class situations, references not necessary. Apply. Big Willie, Jamsport, Flanders.

Well known Western Canadian Regiment desires employment for their men whilst in billets. Speciality, trench digging and bomb proof shelters. Apply through usual Channels.

Hustler wanted, for large speciality department. Qualifications must be a small man, timid, able to prevaricate and artistically portray the lurid deeds of "Little Willie". Apply Box Q, Trench X, France.

Good Bargain. Remnants of Turkey, having been Russed out of Gay-lip-pole by a Hungary 'Contemptible' little army, are in straits. Cheap sale for Cash, Apply Australian Forces, Constantinople before Sept. 1st 1915.

Ammunition. Wanted any hour, munitions and cages for live stock hunting. Apply Canadians, billets de bite, trenches, Belgium. H. R.

Rooms to Let.

Ormrod Burrow, or Dug. Inn. Guaranteed to be 50 feet below the surface. Near modern and Historic ruins. Owner left hurriedly on account of health. Long lease. Pumps or any thing else which would not necessitate the reappearance of the owner would be installed free, as he is hoping to be absent for several years.

Apply Sanitary Deps.

The BASE.

For Sale.

Antique wind vanes as used by company commanders in the trenches twice daily. Thoroughly reliable-comparison of wind reports from various sources taken at the same hour is invited.

Belgic Gardens Theatre

Time sunset

Prices asusual.

Dont fail to see THE MAD MAJOR of the R. F. A. in his hair raising aeroplane stunts, see him glide over the enemy parapet and steal their helmets, watch him pull their whiskers and unfix their bayonets. Hear the enemy "strafe" him and shower on him bouquet and confetti with shrapnel.

NOTICE

As the Estaminet in rear of the gardens was found to be 3 feet out of bounds we are pleased to announce to our many patrons that no I Company has volunteered to move it. "Boy Scout" beer may be obtained between the acts.

Firework displays will be given every Tuesday and Sundays, at 9 P.M., M.O. in attendance.

Visitors are requested not to stand on the bombs.

Hotel Hirsch

This beautiful place is entirely up to date, all the latest improvements, well lighted, heated throughout by Hot Air, comfortable beds for M. G. and other officers returning from leave Two minutes to firing line, car line will pass the door soon.

No charges, but guests are requested on leaving to take their own property only.

Under the management of O. C. No 2.

Does Anybody Know?

Why the dug outs are disinfected on the outside and not on the inside where the most vermin displays itself.

Why the canteen can't "deliver the goods".

What is the German for (1) Fatigue party (2) Working party, and do the same words translate these for either day or night (no 3 Co is particularly interested in this).

That the "rest cure" is approved by the highest medical authorities.

That Private N° 00739 is wondering when he will get leave.

That after "standing to" these cold foggy mornings a tot of rum is accepted by even hardened teetotalers.

Sunday July 25/15.

Great consternation was observed in no 2 companys lines to day when certain parties were observed renewing old acquaintances after a term at the school for prospective officers at a certain spot "somewhere in France" The parties above mentioned once upon a time were L./Cpls etc., and the S. M. seemed to concentrate all of his batteries upon them when on parade, and when he saw them return as subs!! I am willing to bet that he was shaking in his boots but happily all his worry went by the board when the news formally leaked out the subs were detailed to another co.

"OBSERVER"



"Songs and their Singers"

- Song — "Sing me to sleep the Starlights fall"
Lieut. PHILLPOT.
- Dance — "The Gaby Glide" Lieut. WHARTON.
- Song — "Roaming in the Gloaming"
Lieut. OWEN.
- Duet — "Somebody hold the horses head"
Capts. SPENCER AND MAC MILLAN.
- Recitation — "I have no pain dear mother now"
Capt. GIBSON.
- Song — "Hold your hand out naughty boy"
Lieut. Col. ODLUM.
- Sacred Song — "How'd you like to spoon with me"
Capt. MOFFIT.
- Duet — "Over the garden wall"
Capt. HUMBLE & Lieut. PHILLPOT.
- Song — "The Woodpecker pecks at the
School house door" Lieut. CLARK.
- Song — "Look out boys I'm coming down"
Lieut. LEESON.
- Song — "Put on your old Gray bonnet"
Lieut. BARTON.
- Quartette — "Another little drink would nt
do us any harm"
Company Quarter Master Sergeants.
- Song — "Please go away and let me sleep"
Lieut. JOHN HIRSCH.
- Song — "It's a fine hunting day" Pte G. NEVILLE.
- Encore — "Let me like a soldier fall"
Accompaniment by Capt. MAC MILLAN.
- Song — "A hunting we will go"
Armourer Sergeant HUNTER.
- Recitation — "Puss in Boots"
Signalling Sgt CALLAHAN.
- Presentation — Capt. BROTHERS will present to the
Suffragettes a Bomb throwing Catapult.
- Song — "Where is that dog gone dog of mine?"
The PAYMASTER.

Hirsch Tunnel.

Out of which our gallant officer launches himself each morning like a battleship while Capt Pott cracks a bottle of Bass on his forehead and mitters the magic word "Kahoochie" "Quite unnecessary" murmurs the Man-of-War, as he takes to the water, at this time in the morning, I feel that I could ram a submarine.

A Reverie

The Subaltern went for a ramble
In front of the parapet grim.
A Bomb and a hell of a scramble
Were the last that was seen of him.

T. S. P. No/Co.

In Memoriam

Quickly and quietly without undue haste
Out we file to shell trench and supports.
Whilst we wait for our guns to give them a taste
Of the hell that their frightfulness courts.

Them slowly and sadly we all file back
To our place near the parapets screen
We sigh as we wonder what stayed the attack
Of the bombardment that might have been.

"The Scratching Post" No I Co.

Kulter

The Hun he is a simple man
They kulter in him plant.
He'll crucify you if he can
And straafe you if he cant.

"The Scratching Post" No I Co.

"Medical Details Weekly Grouse"

Perhaps it will be as well, for the benefit of our numerous civilian readers to begin by explaining what a "Medical Detail" is, or ought to be. As the 1st, B. C. Regt (7th Battalion) is far superior to all other regiments (in their own estimation) we are in a position to speak with some authority on this subject. A medical detail consists of a crowd of stretcher bearers called a squad when on parade, but when on a route march the Brigadier calls it an unarmed mob. Jealous regiments say the latter name is more appropriate. The bearers were formally picked white men from the ranks, but since the commencement of this campaign it has been found quite possible to train Scotchmen to perform this scientific work. It is rumored that the theory first originated when it was discovered that pack mules could do the work of pack horses, thus relieving the horses for more important work. The writer of this article being very much English and partly connected with the Medical detail hopes that the above description of a quad will suffice.

Another part of a Medical Detail is the M. O. (Medical Officer). The M. O.'s chief duties consists of handing out sentences to the bearers and pills with advice to the Battalion. His King and Country also expect him to convince a sick man that he is not sick. When a sick man leaves the dressing station he usually has a grouse and a mixture of No 9's and christian Science. When the M. O. takes his constitutional round the trenches dear reader you see him at his best, he starts off accompanied by his Secretary who speaks the same language, which is essential. In the communication trench he usually pounces on his first victim, who may be sitting eating a piece of bread smeared over with the now famous Ticklers Jam. The following is a sample of the conversation that takes place. The M. O. — "What the devil do you mean by having that food exposed to the flies?" The victim — "Please sir I was eating it" M. O. "Dosen't matter," Dont you know that one fly carries Billions of germs". The wretch, who has now been under the withering gaze of the M. O's eagle eye for fully two minutes murmurs "No Sir" as he collapses. "Take his name and number and cremate that poisoned food" says the M. O. to his Secretary, as he looks round for another victim. In a few minutes they reach the firing line. At the first glimpse the M. O. staggers is only saved from fainting by the Secretary rushing to his assistance. No dear reader it is not the sight of the enemy trenches that is the cause of all this. It is a small piece of cheese that is stuck on the parapet surrounded by flies. The rest of the journey down the trench will be told next week if I am still at liberty.

"The Drone".

Diary of a Real Soldier

Sunday. — It must be Sunday for there goes the "Padre" and his batman carrying a bag. I wonder if its heavy? That job would suit me fine. I must make enquiries to find out how they "land" these jobs. Here I am, "Somewhere" in France after several unsuccessful attempts to get "Anywhere in England". I would take a chance in Scotland even if the opportunity presented itself. Well the only hope is try Sick Parade again, and to make matters worse there is talk of going in the trenches to morrow night for another five days and nights Brrrrr!!

I shudder at the thought of those nights. When they whesper "Pass the word from the O. C. to stand to" I lose my appetite, and all the pills that the M. O. And his bunch of body snatchers Could pack around wouldnt help me in the least. Forgot my insect powder and am up for Orderly Room for scratching whilst singing Onward Christian Soldiers.

Monday. — Went sick but couldnt make any impression on that duffer of a M. O. at all. I guess he is wise to the game alright. Must think of something original all the old complaints are played out, he even pulls teeth now. Just been reading the "Daily Mirror" pictures of V. C. this and V. C. that trying to get away from girls who want the hero's autograph. Why do they send these pictures to us? just to pile the Agony on I guess. Another picture of Lady Somebody taking wounded Tommes for a drive. I am beginning to wish those Bosches would come over — Then I might get a nice little blighty & get in on that girl and motor car stuff.

Tuesday. — Got one-days fatigue for my mis demeanor on Church Parade which placed me under the jurisdiction of that despised oficial the Sanitary Sergeant. I hate to dwell on the many humiliations I suffered during the past 24 hours, but I shall derive all the more pleasure when I get back to Civilian life and can read my diary at home. I was taken along with the other defaulters and ordered to Clean up latrines. The creature who was told off to assist me, B—ll D—s by name, claimed to be suffering from every disease known to the Medical profession excepting Housemaid Knee and Twins. If personal appearance has any thing to do with the acquisition of these Complaints I think he can consider himself immune. He whined around the trench and described each symptom in detail until I asked him if he had been reading the literature from a quack medicine almanac.

Wednesday. — Have interviewed several batmen and I find that they got their jobs by various methods. One fellow, who had several ribbons on his chest, said he was oppointed to that enviable position through being a smart soldier. My hopes went down to zero when I heard that, but not to be discouraged I tried another batman who had no ribbons on his manly chest. I may say that this type is very scarce. Very reluctantly he told me that his method was to lay in wait for a new officer and take him by surprise, or, if you lack the necessary courage to do this, the next best system is to adopt one like a society lady sometimes adopts a "Chow". It was here that I learned that all batmen are in a kind of secret society and manage to keep these jobs amongst a select few. When I had got through this interview I was the only outsider who knew about a vacancy for a batman with the Padre. My whole ambition is to land this job.

Thursday. — Landed the job alright but had quite a struggle. The Padre is very particular who he has around him. The examination of my Pay Book proved to him that I had never been in the "Clink" I also got through with the 23rd Psalm and most of the Commandments, but nearly god fired at noon for forgetting to say Grace. Worked my good standing back again by refusing a drink of rum from an old acquaintance when the Padre thought I didn't know he was around. Find it much healthier in this part of the Country. Bet the fellows in the Company are saying cruel things about me. I should worry!! Stand much better chance of dying of old age than any of 'em. The boss smokes nothing but the best, and there is a chance that he may keep a little booze around here (say just for religions purposes). Think I'll straighten his room out.

Friday. — (Deleted by the censor)

Saturday. — Got off with a severe reprimand but am back in the trenches. Things look worse than ever. Kept busy carrying bombs, ammunition, barbed wire, sand bags and all sorts of horrors. Met the M. O. in the trench this morning. Told him I had sprained my back carrying those bombs last night. Asked me where the pain was and when I said around my kidneys he nearly got me, for the kidneys are at least a foot away from the spot I indicated. I groaned horribly when he poked his finger up and down my back and he sent me to the dressing station.

Sunday. — At the dressing station the M. O. told the Sergeant to fall in the "Camp Followers". I dont like that name but I think he meant the other fellows. We all had our temperature taken: Dont think my thermometer was any good as it stuck somewhere below normal. We all made ourselves scarce except at meal times. Wish I could get down to the Base Hospital, or a job on the Transport, or the Shoemaker, or Butcher or best of all the Post Office Corporals job. Must make enquiries.

The Following Goods are for sale in the Battalion Cateen, and the low prices should be a sufficient recommendation for your Patronage.

Bass' Ale	=	7.65
Heinz's Pork & Beans	=	.60
Keivils Butter	=	2.75
Peek, Frea'n's & Co Ltd. Biscuits		
in 1/2 ll. Pkts	=	.50
Cigarettes : —		
Players Pkts	=	.40
Gold Flake Pkts	=	.40
" " Tins.	=	2.00
Three Castle Tins	=	2.50
Marcella Cigars	=	.40
La Flor de la Isabela	=	.40
Chocolate Fry's nut milk	=	.45
" Cream Bars	=	.45
Peek, Frea'n, & Co Ltd. Cakes 1 lb.	=	2.00
Chairman Lobacco 1/4 lb. tins	=	2.00
Craven " "	=	3.00
Candles	=	.10
Cafe au lait	=	1.75
Herrings, Tyne Brand per tin	=	1.00
Ink per btle	=	.20
Lobsters per tin	=	2.00
Lea and Perrin's sauce	=	1.75
Milk Nestle's per tin	=	1.00
Matches 2 boxes	=	.10
Note Books	=	.30
Perrier (large) per bottle	=	1.00
Pipes, Captain Scott	=	1.75
Pencils (copying)	=	.20
Quaker Oats 1 lb pkts	=	.70
Sausages per tin	=	1.75
Salmon " "	=	1.25
Sardines (Commodore) " "	=	.40
Lyle's Golden Syreys " "	=	.75
Williams shaving soap	=	1.25
Sunlight soap per bar	=	.50
Tomatoes	=	1.00
Tooth Paste (Euthymol)	=	1.50



Continued in the next.