

THE LISTENING POST



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BELOVED, IT IS THE DAWN!



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LONDON: Burch's, 401, Strand, London, W.C.

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IN THE FIELD: Canteens of most Canadian Units; Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area; Y.M.C.A.'s in Canadian Corps Area; Soldiers' Institute, Canadian Corps.

EDITORIAL.

OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

IN August next the LISTENING POST will complete its third year of existence as a trench paper. It is intended to publish a special anniversary number of 40 pages if the necessary paper can be obtained.

Started in 1915 as a small four-page journal with a circulation of 750 copies, it rapidly gained favour, until, about the time of the Somme in 1916, some 17,000 copies of each issue of eight pages were being printed by local printers in France and circulated throughout the Canadian Corps. Shortage of paper in 1917, and the difficulty of obtaining labour for the printing in the shelled area in which it was being produced, doubled the costs and the price of the paper. Later it became impossible to obtain either paper or printer to handle it in France, and the policy of the paper had to be changed to publishing a 24-page issue every two or three months.

This policy, with the acute shortage of paper, is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain, but it is hoped by occasional publication to maintain interest in the paper until the conclusion of the war, when our return to Canada will give us the opportunity to revert again to our twice-a-month issues.

S. R. D.

The above letters have always cast a potent spell over the minds of men at the front. They become of absorbing importance to every soldier just as soon as he gets rid of his little white ration bag and first sizes up the homely brown jar. Whenever a soldier has nothing better to do—which often happens—he tries to puzzle out the meaning of these initials. S.R.D.—is it an incantation, a prayer, or a description? What does it stand for? We append a selection of guesses:—

- Seldom Reaches Destination.
- Specially Repels Doctors.
- Sergeants' Regular Drink.
- Sometimes Relentlessly Diluted.
- Signallers Refuse Daily.
- Scouts Reject Diurnally.
- (Some'd Rather Die.)
- Subalterns Ruthlessly Detest.
- Slips Right Down.

General Routine Orders contain some rather odd injunctions at times. For instance, the one which directs that no one will be permitted to send home captured guns, mortars, arms or ammunition, or to dispose of the same, as they are the property of the Government.

Picture Private Dudhunter paraded before higher authority for the petty offence of having one of the 75-mile guns in his possession, or for trying to peddle the same to an estaminet-keeper for its value in vin blink. Also, how was Private Dudhunter to know that he might get F.P. No. 1 for, whilst on active service, having a minenwerfer in his pack at kit-inspection, or striking a non-commissioned officer with a damaged German tank when ordered to deliver up the pill-box he had picked up on Vimy Ridge?

The order does not mention aeroplanes, battleships, kite balloons, or bell tents, so we may safely assume that it will be quite in order for the troops to add these to their souvenir collections.

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DICK SMITH'S LOVE AFFAIR.

DICK SMITH was a blue strapped individual, who, during three years broken time spent at our great war, had assimilated an assortment of ironware without more than temporarily impairing his physique. In his own words he had been "just lucky." The four gold stripes on his sleeve proved that his good fortune had at least held on four separate occasions.

Since the beginning of the war Dick had thought a good deal about matrimony. Just why is hard to say,

after some deliberation fixed on the Widow Lebrun as his prospective partner.

The widow kept an estaminet, took an occasional flutter in the fish and chips industry, and generally pursued the coin of the troops with true racial thoroughness. Her first husband had been removed by some obscure complaint incidental to the beer business, and she wished to replace him. However, most of the marriageable men of her village had gone to the war, and



THE TERRORS OF WAR.

but he grew daily more keenly aware of the thirty-six hard-bitten years behind him and of the loneliness and lovelessness of his life. Had anyone accused Dick of the dreadful crime of sentimentality, he would probably have had a fight on his hands; but the truth was, Dick was in that perilous state when a man will grasp at the first opportunity of marriage. Wherefore Dick "looked around." Although his outlook was restricted, he, like a wise man, made the most of his opportunities, and

did not appear to admire the widow's full-blown charms. Offers of alliances from the cheerful soldiery of our armies she had invariably repulsed with the formula—"apres la guerre." These few words were indeed a haven of refuge to the widow, as to all other Frenchwomen. She had learned to infuse into these simple syllables a considerable proportion of coquetry, a dash of mature roguishness, a tincture of allurements, and more than a touch of tender regret.

DICK SMITH'S LOVE AFFAIR—contd.

When Dick first strode into her estaminet, the Gaiety of the Pas-de-Calais, and threw himself into the nearest chair with pay-day abandon, and demanded bottled beer, the widow said to herself, "There's a man!" She wasn't far wrong, either; not that Dick was a paragon of masculine beauty by any means, but he had a certain rough and ready heartiness both in appearance and manner which took the eye of the susceptible widow. In consequence her "apres la guerre" was decidedly more provocative than usual, and led Dick seriously to lay himself out for her capture. In reply to her formula, Dick gravely pointed out that "apres la guerre" seemed as remote as ever, and that the widow was losing valuable time and seriously imperilling her matrimonial prospects by taking cover behind a discouraging and deceptive phrase.

The widow was rather taken aback. This was the first time she had met anyone who took it for granted that her charms were not imperishable, and she was disposed to resent the implication, but it was difficult to feel really angry with a man who was incapable of understanding her shrill sarcasms, and whose eye expressed a generous appreciation of the very attributes to which he denied longevity. Moreover, the way he man-handled bottled beer aroused her admiration and appealed to her business instincts. Such a being was to be propitiated at least, so she swallowed her annoyance and devoted herself to the civilities of her occupation.

Dick progressed well with his wooing, interrupted as it was by trips into the line. The widow soon saw that his intentions were honest, and as she got to know him, began to look forward to his visits with actual pleasure. Dick, too, appreciated the situation. He developed a taste for pot-a-feu and praised and patronized the widow's cooking liberally.

At last Dick decided to "take a chance," as he described it, and proposed. The widow had been expecting it for some time, and without any unnecessary hanging back agreed to marry him. She had, she explained, a nice little nest-egg made from the estaminet, and a part interest in a tiny farm which she helped to work.

Dick heard these details with no abatement of interest.

The widow went on to emphasize the economies she had effected, and the provision she had made for the hard times she looked for. She showed Dick a variety of food-stuffs stored away in reserve. Then, as a crowning touch, she opened Bluebeard's cupboard and disclosed to his astonished and disgusted gaze piles of Maconachie, stacks of salvaged bully-beef, and tin after tin of jam and biscuit.

It was too much. Dick fled.

Strafing the Bomb-Droppers.

It was one of those clear, still nights of early summer, and Jerry could be heard high up in the air—"oo-oo-oo"—you know the sound he makes just before unloading his cargo of explosive.

The "oo-oo-oo" came closer, and then a bomb fell—Bingo!—like that, in an uninhabited part of the Pas-de-Calais. Another bomb fell—nearer. A third fell very close—a dud (good old Jerry!).

By this time aircraft shells were whining upwards into the night, and machine-guns punctured the ozone with bursts of fire.

Someone dashed to the transport gun and cut loose, and the things he did to that Bosche plane, you wouldn't believe (wisely not).

The "oo-oo-oo" sounded faint and far off, and finally ceased. Still the gunner remained beside his weapon, watching and listening.

A motor-cycle throbbed by along the main road two hundred yards away.

That did it. The gunner sprang to his post and poured a stream of bullets into the empty sky.

Dangers of Bomb-Proofing.

There are frequent discussions amongst back-line persons about the dangers that beset the path of the bomb-proofer. We feel it our duty to settle this matter once and for all by the following statistics:—

Number of bombproofers in France—2,000,000.

Total casualties since the beginning of the war due to the following acts of God and the King's enemies:—

Vin blinkitis	37
S.R.D. saturation	42
Bed-sores	29
Over-eating	18
Over-work	0
War-worn	0
Religious melancholia	1
Street accidents	3
Collapse of Billets	2
Apoplexy induced by war arguments	17
Injuries incurred through disagreements with front-liners	24

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THE RATION PARTY.

"FALL in the party for rations;
It's time you were away;
Keep well closed together,
And you won't go astray.
They're due at Napoo Corner
By a quarter after eight,
So keep them dangling, Corporal,
The transport will not wait.

"Old Fritz might start to shell them,
And of course they'd have to fly;
You'd find your rations in a ditch,
Anything but dry;
It's not they could be damaged much,
The biscuits would be soft to eat;
But some son of a gun might swipe our rum,
The dirty, thieving sneak."

Away they go in the darkness,
With a curse on the Corporal's lip:
"Am I the only 'com in the regiment
The Major has to make this trip?
It's all very well for him in his dug-out,
With nothing but orders to write;
But it's not much of a snap for any chap,
Leading the party for rations at night.

"It's 'Corporal, whose machine-gun's that shoot-
ing?'

'Don't you hear them shells go over?'
'I can hear the bullets swishing past me';
'Don't you think we'd better take cover?'

"That's only them blooming Brigade guns
That fire from a long way back;
I don't think they kill many Fritzes—
Beats me what they see in the dark.
Watch, and don't trip over that wire—
Look out!—it's right under your feet;
Keep well to the right of that shell-hole,
They say it's twenty feet deep.

"Pass the word when you're all closed up;
Holler if I'm going too fast;
You bet its best to dangle
Till the danger-zone is passed.
Ah, here's old Dead Horse Farm, boys,
Now it's safe to strike a light;
Have a look at your Ingersoll, Shorty—
Gee, we've broken all records to-night!

"We'd better go down to the corner
And wait till the waggons come;
If the corks are not tight in the jars, boys,
We'll have a wee tot of rum;

But not a word to the Major,
For he would sure get sore,
I'd be up in front of the Captain,
And I'd go up for rations no more.



ONE WAY OUT.

Shorty (discussing the ration question): "You should worry Slim, why if you keep on getting thinner you'll soon be able to shove yourself inside a green envelope and get back to Canada."

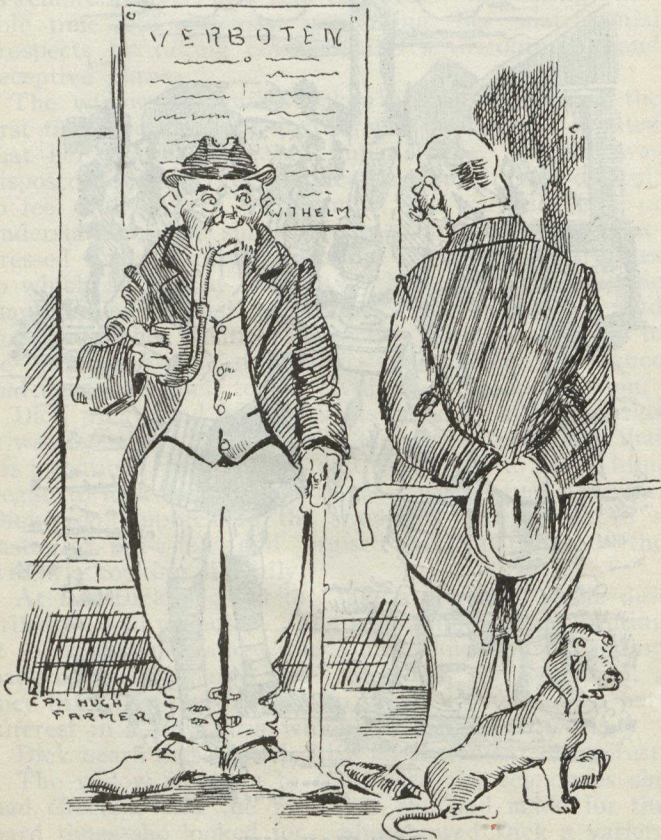
"Now, boys, here come the waggons,
Move off as you get your loads;
I'll fill up my bottle with water,
And meet you on the road.
You've got to be ready for business
When you're doing a job like this;
If you don't put something back in the jar,
It's a cinch the rum'll be missed.
Then here's to your very good health, lads,
May you live to see grey in your hair!
There's many a worse job in the Army—
Gee, she's a fine old la guerre!"

ALBERTA BOB.

ECCLESIASTICAL WILLIAM.

A MIGHTY fortress is our Gott—
 To helmet the other kinds.
 I will draw all men by their hypbens ;
 Blest be the tie that binds.
 Hold the fort, for I'm coming
 With Kultur's melting-pot ;
 All power is given unto me
 And my understudy, Gott.

In the great iron cross I glory,
 Cowering o'er the wrecks of fame ;
 And I use Eve's loose-leaf system
 To bind the deeds of shame.
 I run plagues of subs and Gothas,
 And a new munition plot ;
 I'm an economic Moses
 With a wilderness, by Gott.



KEEPING UP THE GOOD WORK.

Herr Heinnie : " I understand our long range gun very effective is."

Herr Conrad : " You may well say so. Yesterday I spoke with a Canadian prisoner who told me that when one of the shells lands within half-a-mile of a ship, it kills the entire crew, severely wounds the one about to sign on, and shell-shocks the agents of the line to which she belongs in every part of the globe. Kolossal!"

And lo, the Clown Prince was born
 With Taurus his star on high ;
 It has been unto us a sign,
 And spies from the East drew nigh :
 He's the bull onto the slaughter,
 And goes through town like Lot ;
 And little children suffer—
 For such is the kingdom of Gott.



Conscript : " What's them things for ? "

Old Timer : " Bombs to throw at the Germans, of course,"

Conscript : " Gwan, ye can't even carry it ! "

If I get fired out of Eden,
 And Gentiles come our way,
 Let treaty papers rend in twain,
 Turn the gas on ; watch and spray.
 Should a hand come strafing on the wall,
 And Kruppism start to rot,
 Never mind the Medes and Persians,
 Hoch der Kaiser—hoch der Gott !

H. M. NELSON, *Canadian Engineers.*

JIMMY'S STORY.

THE late fall had set in, as late falls have a habit of doing in this damp, dismal country, and though there may have been a slight question of the lateness, there was no room for doubt as to the fall. It was a real, long, wet fall, and it looked as if it would keep on falling for some considerable time; and the bunch of wet, miserable creatures crawling in the general direction of Passchendaele were just approaching that state of mind when a man finds real pleasure in becoming an anarchist, murderer, or going on a bomb-proof job, when they reached the pill-box.

It was a motley crowd that squeezed into the welcome shelter of the concrete walls—the Senior Blacksmith (official sawbones to the unit), with his stock of implements, including folding saw, axe, pincers, and crowbar

didn't exactly use these words, that is what he meant), "and though the wind didn't blow worth a whoop, there is no doubt it was considerably 'up' in No. 2 company the time we relieved the umpty-umpty battalion in Farbus Wood. We had the dick ends shelled out of us on the way up—oh, no! there weren't any casualties—and had just nicely got settled down in the wood and the posts relieved when Fritzie opened up showers and swarms and clouds of 5.9's (here everyone looked suitably impressed). Suddenly a wounded man came running into company headquarters and said the whole of No. 3 post had been wiped out, and I yelled to Gillie and Old Bill, and down through the village we went. We hadn't gone more than about a hundred yards when Fritzie laid down a terrific bombardment of 17-inch gas-



Corporal: "D'you know who you're talking to?"
 Jam-tin Bill: "No, an' I don't give a whoop neither."
 Corporal: "Well, you're talking to an officer—at least I will be as soon as my commission comes through."

complete; Jimmy, the pretty one, with his bag of useless documents, and eternal questions; Polly, the coy one, with his slow, shy smile, and a few yards of D.1 wire trailing from his hip pocket; Davy, the Lewis gunner, carelessly picking his teeth with a gas-regulator key; Theo, the arch-anarchist, nonchalantly removing the nitro-glycerine from a number eight detonator with a split pin; and seated in the one armchair with a more or less becoming grace, the rotund Major.

Conversation had wandered the usual weary round from girls to watered rum rations, *via* easy blighties to the best way to dodge a 5.9, when the mention of shells made Jimmy wake up and begin to tell his story. He began thusly:

"It was a dark and stormy night" (at least, if he

shells, egg bombs, and Véry lights right in front of us, and back through the village we went. We tried going down a side street to the left, and had just got to about the last house when Heinie again started in right across the street in front of us with Johnny Walkers, Minnies, and potato-mashers—and back through the village we went. We tried once more along the railway lane, when Gillie and old Bill got cold feet—and back through the—"

But at this point the howl of derision that went up from the crowd cut short the narrative, and Jimmy got peeved and refused to continue it, so what it was all about anyway we never found out, and why we all howled him down so suddenly Jimmy couldn't guess, so I suppose we are just about quits.

IDDY-UMPTY.

MY OLD TIN HAT.

WHO shelters me from rain and storm?
 On cold, drear nights, who keeps me warm
 Who shields me from the sniper's arm?
 My old tin hat.

Who, when my lips are parched with thirst,
 Will catch the rain-drops ere they burst?
 Who makes the sweetest taste the worst?
 My old tin hat.

Who wears an honour without stain?
 Whose weight and style drives me insane?
 Who's damned uphill and down again?
 My old tin hat.

Who answers to my every wish,
 From wash-hand bowl to chafing-dish—
 Or e'en a bath, ye gods, odds fish!
 My old tin hat.

If, when I leave this mortal sphere,
 I needs must choose a souvenir,
 'Tis you, my own, my first, my dear—
 My old tin hat.

JOE SULLIVAN.



Dugan: "Come up out av ut, or I'll lift the latch."

And when with Fritzie oft I flirt,
 Who on my dome looks coy and pert?
 Who keeps my brains from out the dirt?
 My old tin hat.

Who, when I do a bunk discreet,
 Provides me with a comfy seat?
 I hope the Censor won't delete—
 My old tin hat.



OUR NEW UNIFORM.

Rumours are again persistent that we are to have a new uniform. Our artist here depicts his conception of an ideal camouflage for Canadian Corps, neat but gaudy, cool in summer, warm in winter, satisfying to the artistic sense and the universal love of the picturesque, and truly representative of the varied conditions of life in the Dominion and of each branch of the Service.

“UNKNOWN.”

SON of the idle rich, or born in feudal castle,
 Dragged from the gutter's dirt, or yeoman of the
 farm,
 One of the arctic brotherhood of hardy northmen,
 Or roused by sounds of war from tropic calm?
 Who cares! His hopes and dreams are ended;
 Silent he lies midst never-ceasing roar
 Of countless guns, whose every echo thunders
 Death and destruction, the savage price of war.

In some poor cottage home a mother waits him,
 Or in some castle grey a vacant chair;
 The widow still hopes on through tears that blind her,
 And children lisp his name at bedtime prayer.
 “Unknown” he lies, an alien soil around him,
 To mark his resting-place a simple cross;
 His name amongst the “missing”; who shall find him,
 And soothe the orphaned children in their loss?



Lordling or ploughman, frontiersman or coster,
 Good man or thief—who looking on may say?
 We only know he heard the call of duty,
 And played the man when dawned the battle-day.
 Sleep on, “Unknown”! The Empire still remembers;
 And sorrowing friends—your loss is Britain's gain:
 Birth, creed, and breeding naught—we only see the
 soldier,
 The man who paid the price—but not in vain.
 IDDY-UMPTY.

THE POPPY AND THE CORNFLOWER.

A POPPY and a cornflower raised their heads towards the sky
 In a land sorely scarred by battle ;
 They thrived on the song of the shells' harsh cry,
 They laughed whilst machine-guns rattled.
 As the sun rose slow in its Eastern way,
 And the guns disturbed their slumber,
 They bowed their heads to the new-born day
 And spoke to each other as under.

The poppy first broke silence in a dreary, listless voice,
 Even yawning with his head behind a leaf :
 "I'm so tired, I'm so weary from that cruel, tearing
 noise,
 It seems to me I cannot even sleep ;
 And I suffer all the torments that my nature most
 detests,
 Insomnia, and nervousness, and pain ;
 I ache in every petal, and my very soul protests
 'Gainst the scorching of the sun—the driving rain.

"Yet I strive to do my duty on the Universal Sphere,
 I've a colour that's the envy of my kind ;
 I've no perfume, that I grant you, yet for many untold
 years
 I've brought solace to the woes of all mankind.
 And my tint is growing richer, being dyed a deeper red
 By the bodies that have fallen all around me ;
 Whilst my essence brings oblivion to the wounded ere
 they're dead,
 Yet the curses of humanity surround me."

And the cornflower answered brightly : "Indeed it
 seems too bad
 That the ease you bring the wounded in their pain
 Should so often have its aftermath—it's very, very sad
 That such beauty should be tainted by a stain.
 I live low among the corn, that's to man the staff of
 life,
 But I've never yet had reason to regret
 The humble niche I'm filling in this wicked, bloody
 strife—
 For I teach men to remember, not forget.

"Granted also, I've no perfume, and my unobtrusive
 hue
 Is not striking to the eye like flaming scarlet,
 Yet, for all that—look you upwards—'tis a true cerulean
 blue
 Like the heavens when at night they're all a-starlit.

If it's only that my colour makes you think of One
 above,
 Living up beyond there in the sky ;
 Then for just that fleeting instant I bring a little love—
 And I'm helping men to live and not to die."

C. B. SCHREIBER.



1948.

Ginger (just out) : "What, don't you know your own money ?
 Why, man, that's a dollar bill."

Old Bill (1st Contingent) : " That might be alright, kid ;
 'pears to me I've seen that stuff before, but come
 through with five francs anyhow."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WANTANO.

Que.—"Do you believe in signs?"

Ans.—Most decidedly. I've seen the day when I've
 read on a sign-board, "This Square is Registered," and
 have gone six streets out of my way to get home.

* * *

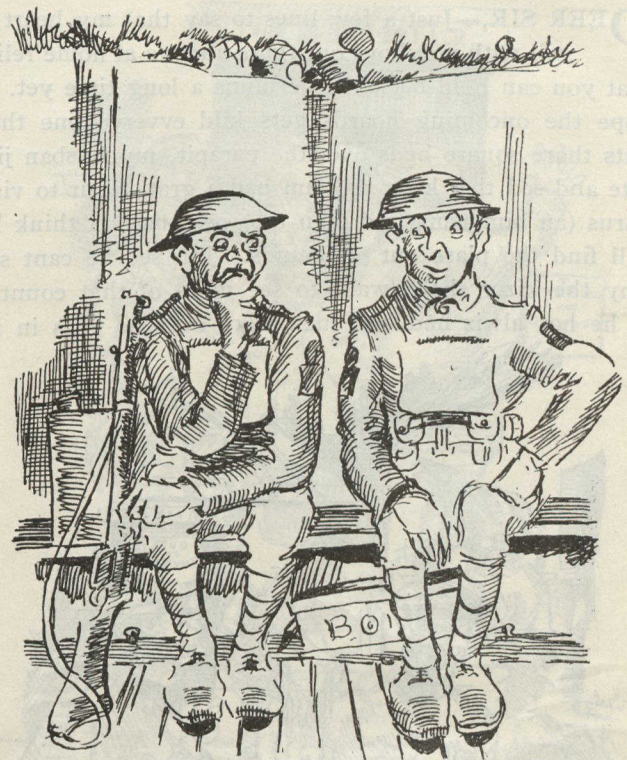
BLUE STRAPS.

Que.—"When are the single men of the originals
 going on leave to Canada?"

Ans.—There's an election every three years. We had
 one last fall.



Conscript : " Say, listen to that wood-pecker !"



Old Timer : " Come off ! D'you mean to tell me you didn't know that was a machine-gun ?"



Conscript : " I certainly didn't, Bill."



Old Timer : " Why, you poor simp, he shoots poison gas, liquid fire, an' flare lights outa them. Believe me that wood-pecker's got some sting."

LETTERS OF A PRE-WAR BRIDE.

To the Editor of the LISTENING POST.

DEER SIR,—Just a few lines to say that my heart is still with you boys out thare and we at home relise that you can hold back the germuns a long time yet. I hope the oncoming hoards gets kild evvery time they puts thare square heds over the parapit, my husban jim rote and sed that kizer william had a grate desir to visit Parus (an him a married man too) personally I think he will find the plase out of bounds. Jim sed he cant see why the kizer shood want to see more of that country as he has alwiz had bad luck ware ever he goes in it.



Sergeant (placing the draft): "I'll put you in 13 platoon with the bombing section."

Private: "Nix on that bombing section, sergeant, I joined up as an infantryman."

Jim also sed that bill cud have his plase if he wants it as he is fed up. I'm glad to heer it for Ive been afrade my husban didnt get enuf to eat. My jim sed that last week he was with a tank crew. Wotever is the A.P.M. doin to let sich a disgraseful state of things go on. I alwiz thot you cudnt get no likker in Franse that wud give you a desir to fite. Jim sez that french beer is made out of melted snow ice and a little rane water added, nothin else. I beleve him for wen he was last on leaf he come home not feelin well and sed he had ad jist wun

drink of Loid Georges camerflarge ale and it had went to his ead. You ot to heer that man the way he talks french. He refers to the Havelock Arms as a estammanay, an calls the barmade Mademersell. I woke im up the uther mornin an sed Jim its ate oclox, and he sed Sher allay toot sweet sher compree jongdarm ma sherry. All that man thinks about is booze, him lookin for sherry in wore time. The uther nite he tried sum of is french on the barmade at the Havelock Arms but she cudnt understand wot he ment then a beljum effigy wot was standin neer spoke to jim but dident seem to understand jims parissen axent. The beljum asked jim if he had bean to beljum an jim sed yes. Then the beljum asked what part an jim sed All of me, and the uther men all laffed at jims wit. The beljum sed You dont no von plase in bellsheek, so jim sed Compree weeps. No he did not. So jim sed Compree yipps. No the beljum sed. Then jim sed Compree Wipers. The beljum sed That is three plase you say you now and not one of them is in bellsheek. So jim rote down Y-P-R-E-S on a peace of paper. Oh sed the beljum you mean eeper. Wot sez jim Heaper. You aint no beljum if you cant pronounce the naim of your own towns. Thats the first time i ever herd Whypress cald a naim like that. So he left the pub cussin the illitrate beljums wot doesnt no thare own jograffy. I think I will have to clothes as I have to line up in the butter cue. So deer edittur an boys agane wishin you the best of luk

Yours Arriet Jain Awkins.

Memories.

YOUR memory is a rose upon my breast,
A sweet and lovely flower of fairest bloom ;
I wear it ever and where'er I go,
But all the while the thorns tear my poor heart.
'Tis my heart's blood that makes that rose so red.

Those dear, sweet memories with cruel thorns combined;
Why grow they so together on one stem ?
Could I not pluck the thorns away and keep the bloom ?
Might I not guard my heart yet wear the flower ?
This flower so sweet on my heart's blood is fed.

But no—my joy is mixed with pain, my pain with joy,
When, like a kiss from heaven, the thought of you
Lifts my enraptured soul to heights of bliss
It ne'er had known before ; 'tis then that sharp
The thorns upon my breast will rend anew
My trembling heart, and drag me down to earth.
Red glows the rose with blood my heart has shed.

W. J. R.



Irish: "Say, 'ain't there an egg an' chip joint in this burg?"
 Smoky: "Nothin' but hard times. I tried that old Jane for a feed an' she near bit the can off me."



Irish: "Watch the line I'll hand her—Here, Madame, how's chances," etc.
 Madame: "Fini, monsieur, napoo! Compree fini egg, fini chip. Demain peutetre."



Irish: "Have a heart, Madame, an' come through with a feed. Me sanitary man—compree—sanitary man."



Madame: "Ah oui. Tres bon sanitary man. Dat's better dan soldat. Entrez monsieur."

Play the Game.

FROM the day you first don khaki,
 And you lose your blooming name,
 There's a little song they sing you,
 Whistle, dance it: "Play the game."
 Play the game, play the game,
 From reveille until lights out it's the same:
 Take a beer, you're half-seas over—
 If you stagger you are drunk,
 If you falter on manoeuvres
 You are trying to do a bunk.
 Hear the Sergeant-Major bellow—
 White's to him a dirty yellow,
 But you're down and he's top fellow—
 "Play the game."

On the long and gruelling marches,
 When your breath comes hot like flame,
 If you totter, reel, or stagger,
 Comes the old voice, "Play the game."
 Play the game, play the game,
 Every long and weary milestone it's the same;
 But you're not supposed to grumble—
 You are here to do your bit;
 Get a move on, don't you tumble;
 No use trying to throw a fit.
 There are other men behind you,
 If you fall their heels will grind you;
 "Be a man," the voice reminds you;
 "Play the game."

When someone big has blundered,
 And they want to fix the blame,
 While they cast about for victims,
 They keep yelling, "Play the game."
 Play the game, play the game,
 While the German staff are laughing. My! it's tame.
 But Tommy, he must stick it—
 There is nothing else to do;
 Be it open ground or thicket,
 It is up to me and you;
 We must keep the line from breaking,
 Though the rocks and trees are quaking,
 And the earth with gunfire shaking,
 "Play the game."

At the best it's all one-sided,
 And to us is not the fame;
 We must carry on, not count the cost,
 Nor yell out, "Play the game."
 Play the game, play the game—
 You're a number, you poor devil, not a name;
 You must bear the brunt of battle,
 While the others win renown;
 Not for you the gilded rattle,
 Not for you the laurel crown;
 Fight on, then, for all there's in it—
 There's a pension if you win it;
 You've a yarn, but you can't spin it—
 Play the game.

JOE SULLIVAN.

We are informed that the shell from the German long-range gun is so destructive that if one drops within half a mile of a ship it kills the entire crew, severely wounds the one about to sign on, and shell-shocks all the agents of the steamship line to which she belongs.

The Private's Prayer.

FROM damp dug-outs and rumless dawns,
 From working-parties nights and morns,
 From crummy shirts and aching corns,
 O Lord, deliver us!

From dust and heat, and beerless camps,
 From pains and rains, and dews and damps,
 And from the O.C.'s gimlet lamps,
 O Lord, deliver us!

From very new and zealous subs,
 From these bomb-proof instructor dubs,
 From five-a-spray, two-minute tubs,
 O Lord, deliver us!

From M.T. drivers scared to stop
 And lift you when you're fit to drop,
 From mulligan that's mostly slop,
 O Lord, deliver us!

From Blanco mud and Brasso bright,
 From having to keep your mess-tin white,
 From Blighty-touches that ain't quite,
 O Lord, deliver us!

Old Peter.

'TIS the voice of old Peter,
 You can hear him complain;
 If you ask what's the trouble—
 "Working party again!"

As the cook calling "breakfast!"
 So he through his nose
 Blaspheming informs
 All the world of his woes.

His thoughts they are gloomy,
 His outlook is blue,
 His most frequent remark is,
 "We'll all be napoo!"

If there's no rum at night
 It's the "d—d A.S.C."
 Or the C.Q.M.S.
 Who gets strafed by old P.

If the rations are short,
 "It's a low dirty trick
 To steal a man's grub—
 Let's all report sick."

He grumbles and growls—
 "This army's a joke!"
 As he stumbles along
 'Neath the officers' coke.

In short, if there's grousing,
 You will all understand,
 'Tis the voice of old Peter
 That is heard in the land.

SILVESTER.

THE PICKLE.

"VISITORS to-night," said the 'staff.' "What have you got for supper?"
 "Just the usual lay-out," answered the mess cook; "bully-beef on the half-shell, cheese, jam."
 "Pity," responded the staff, looking worried. "This is a man who can help us out quite a lot, and I'd like to give him a good show. If the canteen wasn't closed we might do something," he added, regretfully.
 "There's always the pickle," suggested the cook.



THE SHOCK TROOPS.

Canadian: "Halt! I guess you'd better take your wind—huh!"

"Good idea," commended the staff; "we'll have the old reliable."

When supper-time came the mess table was decorated with the usual fare, and in the place of honour stood the pickle. It was no ordinary pickle—that could be seen at a glance. A war pickle, this, of triple-tested durability and of an appalling colour. In civilian life it had masqueraded as a young onion, but after going through the hardening processes of a great pickle plant owned by an army contractor, it bore no further resemblance to any known variety of vegetable. Above all,

what marked it out from its one-time fellows was its size. How it had ever been got into the bottle eludes imagination. The only solution could be that it had subsequently swelled, and yet had retained its unwholesome colour and a surface of proved impenetrability, so that neither by cunning nor by brute force could it be coaxed or dragged from its lair. In turn every member of the mess had tried his skill and wasted his temper on it. It bore the scar of many a fork-thrust, but no one had ever been able to carry a tactical success to a strategic victory.

The visitor entered, and was placed by the S.M. in the seat of the privileged.

"Now, just help yourself to anything in sight," said the 'major.' "'Tisn't much of a lay-out, but the best we can do at present. Have some pickles," he added, nonchalantly, as the visiting quartermaster-sergeant took a slice of bully-beef.

Every eye in the mess expressed an uneasy aloofness as the stranger grasped the bottle. He pressed his fork against the circumference of the pickle. Nothing happened. He pressed harder. The pickle never budged. The veins stood out on our visitor's forehead; he clenched his teeth and drove with all his might. The pickle suddenly dodged, bobbed about a little, and then went to sleep again. For the ensuing five minutes the visitor cajoled the pickle with a gentle fork. We knew that was quite hopeless. Then he became angry. He lunged and stabbed. It was useless. Supper was forgotten; the contest absorbed all eyes. Our visitor became aware of it, and his discomfiture was evident. He harpooned the more vigorously. Still no result. At last, in an access of rage such as no senior N.C.O. has a right to indulge in, he dashed the bottle on to the table. There was a crashing of glass and a deluge of watery vinegar, and the pickle shot out of sight on to the floor.

The visitor rose. "Thank you for a splendid evening's exercise," he remarked, and made for the door.

The S.M. raised his cup. "To a brave and resolute comrade," he declaimed. "Missing—believed killed!"

We drank to the pickle, standing and in silence.

The Casualty Draft.

THEY call them the "Breeze" as soon as they're warned;

They've the battle breeze glint in their eye.
 For Fritzie has terrors for none of this crowd,
 And B. C. men know how to die.

Each one of the "Breeze" is a gold-stripe man,
 And he knows what he's up against, too;
 And there isn't a one who's an "also ran"—
 There's some trouble for Fritz in this crew!

No more P.T., or in other words, "Jerks,"
 They'll be holding the line or advancing.
 They will harry the Huns or tackle the Turks
 Instead of that gol-darned step-dancing.

But they haven't all finished with jerks for good,
 For blighties are frequent, and then
 There's the hospital, leave, and some pain withstood,
 Then "Pip Toc" or "Jerks" once again.

WRATZ.

DOWN in the mysterious, evil-smelling depths of a dug-out flickered a solitary candle. The candle was not alone. Attached to it by the medium of melted wax was a table—a crude, rickety, initial-cut table. Detached from that table in a semi-reclining position sat weary, bleary-eyed Signaller Swingled. The sonorous rattles of two contemporaneous sleeping flag-waggers revealed the fact that he was not alone. The eternal buzzing of a candle-greased telephone indicated the fact that there was a war on. The hour was midnight, and Swingled was on the night shift; scratching and sneezing heard in the darkened corners told of others of minor importance also on the night shift.

Swingled was half-way to Slumberland. A pink form danced before his eyes, then blurred itself almost to extinction. The snap of the head, that nearly broke his neck, alone saved him from sliding to the floor in a state of collapse. Being thus jarred, he turned his weary, bleary-eyed head towards the door.

"Holy smokes!" he ejaculated in mingled awe and fright. Then he hurriedly threw off the receiver and jumped on to the highest bunk at hand, gazing terror-stricken at what seemed a thousand pairs of beady, green, hungry-looking eyes.

It was a rat raid, and there on the lowest and nearest step stood the C.O., a monster rat, gazing defiantly at the much rat-shocked Swingled.

"Eric, for the love of Mike, wake up," he yelled. But the sleeping Eric answered not a word, while the rats ran riot all over the place, coming down the steps in platoons, endless waves, and all formations. Over the bunks, over the telephone, over Swingled they went in all directions. One brave, would-be military medalist knocked over the solitary candle, extinguishing it. Under cover of the darkness the unexpired portion of the day's rations soon expired, even the rum-jar under the table was attacked with sniffs and sneezings. Swingled nearly expired with fright also, as he thought of the darkness and the rats, the gleaming glare of whose eyes caused his hair to stand on end.

"Eric, for Gawd's sake—" but the words stuck in his throat. With a shaking hand he struck a match—the rats were gone. He searched in his pocket for the remnants of a candle, found it, lit it—not the vestige of a rat was to be seen. With a trembling, but determined hand he grasped the rum-jar, set upon a drink to steady his nerves. But lo! the rum was not—the jar was empty, completely empty, and yet when he came on shift it was nearly half-full.

"No—no one has been here," he thought, "and I know I have not slept on the job." Even "Sherlock Holmes," lying on the table face down, could not, even with the aid of another jar of rum, unravel this mystery. And the ration-box with the day's rations had gone, not even a tin of bully-beef remained. Strange, strange, but not more strange than the ghastly, puzzled look on Swingled's face.

A sudden call on the buzzer brought his distorted mind back to normal, only to fly to feverish heights when copying the text.

"What?" he yelled, "is this a nut factory?" With the "I—emma—I" he intently waited for the repetition. Unmistakable, as plain as day, there it was:—

"252 rats complete AAA

Acknowledge please AAA."

"Ack, ack, ack, be damned," he yelled in a frenzy,

and tore the pink message into a hundred shreds—and then on second thoughts re-copied it. With feverish haste he delivered the message, only to learn from a cool, slightly bored officer that "Rats" was the code word for gas cylinders.

Swingled went back to the dismal dug-out thinking the world was making a fool of him. He sat down with superstitious fear waiting for the unknown, and the dawn of day, the coming of which would relieve him from this irksome shift.

As night follows day, so day follows night. It was in the midnight hours that Swingled pleaded the above story to a pair of cranky flag-waggers, only to learn the deep underlying truth of the song, "They'll never believe me."

Their chief theme of dispute was the rum-jar. "What have you done with the rum?" they asked. And again, "Where's our rations?" The mystery of the rum and the rat-raid on the rations was no mystery to them. "Swingled drank it," they asserted. "See, he's blue in the face, and his hair is turning grey." Even Eric, his side-kicker, figured it all up to a night's lonely carousal.

FRED W. DAGLISH.

To the Best from the West.

TO the West—the beautiful West—

We have looked, and not in vain,
For out of its broad and boundless store
Came muscle and nerve and brain.

Let some of the neutral lands be dumb,
For out of the West—Frontiersmen come.

They have come with souls as great
As the country where they were bred;
They have come with their martial blood afire;
They have fought, they have died, they have bled;
And the British Columbian pride of race
Has withstood the test they have had to face.

In the West—the damnable West—
Where the Hun has ravaged and slain,
Where the fate of the world will be settled,
From the Lys to the blood-stained Aisne,
With the trumpets' call and the roll of the drum
The fall of the Prussian Power will come.

For the manhood and will of the Allies
And the boys of the West will show
That Britons have never forgotten
Since our Fathers drew the bow—
And the face of the War Lord grows ghastly pale
As his dreams collapse and his armies fail.

A. NEVILL HAYNE.

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

IT was in the Vosges mountains, and the Americans were being trained in the arts of subduing Frightful Fritz. First-class Private G. Wizz, erstwhile resident of Michigan, proved to be a very apt scholar, following the explanations of the interpreter with the utmost eagerness, and the poilu was only too pleased to explain the intricacies of trench warfare to anyone so keen.

"Say, bo'," said the American, "does Friedrich toss many of these kitchen ranges over here?"

"I'm afraid I do not quite understand," replied the poilu.

"Minenwerfer's the handle you give 'em, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes, about four an hour," replied the interpreter.

At that moment there was a bright flash over in the German lines, followed by a faint boom, and then a whining noise overhead. Eager for instruction, the Yank turned to his companion and was astonished to see him emerging guiltily from a dug-out entrance near by.

"I was just getting my great-coat," explained the poilu.

"What was that noise?" asked the Sammy.

"That," said the interpreter, "was the report of a

high-velocity shell leaving the gun. Owing to the position of these trenches in the mountains, sound travels very distinctly."

At that moment the American heard a noise like a train roaring through the air, and was just about to turn to his companion for enlightenment when the trench fell in on top of him, and he knew no more.

The interpreter emerged carefully from his dug-out, ears at the alert for booms encores, and hastily dug him out from the débris of the parapet, unconscious, but unhurt.

As the American opened his eyes, the poilu bent over him and asked, "Didn't you hear that noise—that boom?"

"No," answered Michigan with a faint grin; "but I guess I caught the echo."

Extract from 1st B.C. Routine Orders, 30/4/18:—
APPOINTMENTS.—To be Senior Blacksmith, Capt. and Junior Blacksmith A. G.— vice Capt. and Senior Blacksmith F. W. L.— to bomb-proof.



THAT BLANKY BLANCO!

Sam: "D'ye know what the guy who found the blanco mud got?"
Ginger (eagerly): "Napooed, I hope."
Sam: "No, fourteen days leave and twenty pounds."
Ginger: "Gawd!"

Fun from the Front—continued.

REASSURING.

“What’s the best way to company headquarters?”
“Follow this road until you reach the cemetery, then swing to the right along the mud path until you reach Napoo Corner, from there take the turning that leads to Mustard Gas Grove, through Crump Lane to Five-point-nine Alley. Keep Whizz-bang Dug-outs on your left until you get to H.E. Cross-roads. Take the road to the right there leading over Barrage Hill, and you’ll arrive at Snipers’ Ruin. You’ll find company headquarters in the Minenwerfer Trench.”

* * *

P.T. Instructor: “Round me—double! Here, what are you staring around for?”

Pte. Simp: “Looking for your double.”

* * *

What kindly thoughts must have animated the breast of the Q.M.S. as he added to the ration state of H.Q. Mess: “Pea-soup in lieu of rum.”

Mike: “I’ve got a jake job now.”

Spike: “What?”

Mike: “Head janitor in the University of Vimy Ridge.”

* * *

One of our latest arrivals heard a curious and rather unpleasant noise during his first day in the line.

“What’s that making a noise like a woodpecker?” he asked.

Will someone kindly inform the gentleman, please!

* * *

Another youth with the pink of Seaford still on the nape of his neck was given a quarter of a loaf as his bread ration.

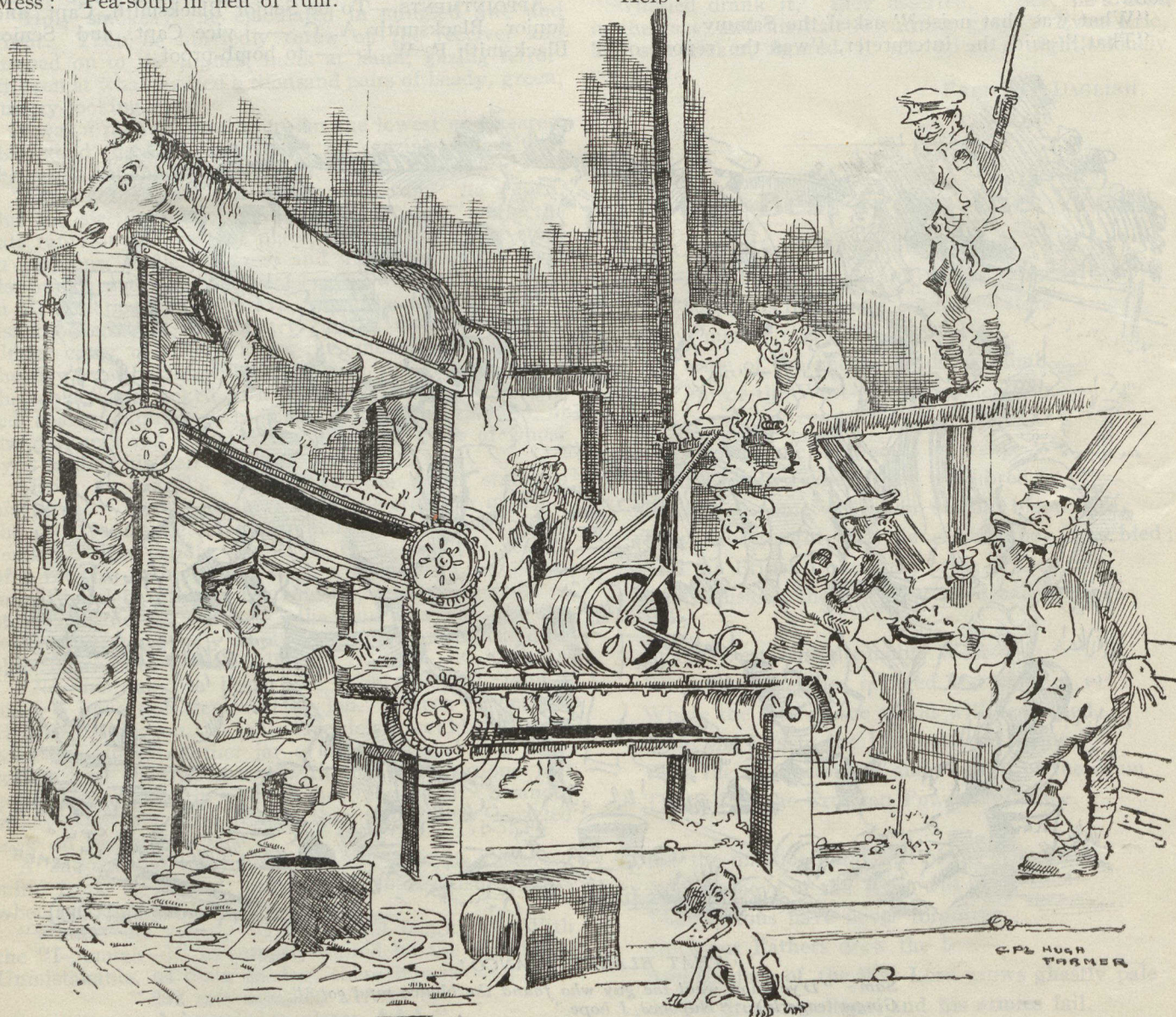
Said he: “I don’t think I’ll eat all this for supper, Sergeant; I’ll keep a little for breakfast.”

In future probably he will.

* * *

Still another accosted his company storeman for “crackers” for his “soup.”

Help!



G.P. HUGH FARMER

CRUSHING BISCUITS FOR THE 1927 CLASS.

Fun from the Front—continued.

DIPLOMACY.

"Yes," said the Town Major, "this job calls for a certain amount of tact. For instance, every once in a while two of the old ladies in my village have a falling-out. Result—they decide to lay their grievances before the Town Major and have him arbitrate. They enter my office, chairs are brought, and they proceed to pour out

their troubles in a flood of voluble French, every syllable of which is utterly unintelligible to me. But I have a sure remedy: I call for my batman and have him bring in a bottle of red wine and three glasses. After the second glass their differences are healed; the two old ladies embrace one another lovingly on the doorstep, and go home thoroughly satisfied that the Town Major's decision is the only one possible."



Private Lewis Gunn is fully convinced that for nerve-racking torture a trip to the Field Ambulance has got all the horrors he ever experienced in a bombing attack beaten to a frazzle.

Fun from the Front—continued.

IN these mining towns behind the front, laid out mathematically and duly numbered, one street is confusingly like another, especially to troops accustomed to the ordinary French village where highways and by-ways wander at will, crooked as a cow's horn. This fact led to an amusing mistake with a painful sequel for one of the parties involved.

After the fateful hour when Madame says, "Napoo—fini!" and Lucienne extends the gladsome mitt to the favoured few, two of the boys, who had only got properly started, decided to continue their celebration, and so groped their way up town to the more residential district.

"I know a joint where we can get a couple of bottles of vin blink," said one to the other. "Down this street—second house—just tap at the window."

The other did as he was told, but to his horror the window opened revealing an interior view of H.Q. Mess and an irate officer who objected to being addressed as "Madame" and told to "kick through with two of vin blink, toute suite." Certainly not. Instead of the pallid nectar for which the thirsty one craved, he got a full issue of F.P. number one, which will probably teach him to be more careful in future.



*Last Draft: "They oughter dig this trench three feet back—he's got the range."
His Pal: "No, if they dug three feet down that would fool him."*

A JUST-SO STORY.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

AND so, Best Beloved, you wish to know how Bethune got its name? Come near then, and I shall tell you all about it.

Now then, that's nice; and so we'll begin. Well, it was long, long ago, before even the war started, and Bethune—only it had no name then—was quite a small place. Indeed, it was quite an ordinary French village: there was a church, and there was the curé's house, and there were three estaminets, and two little farm houses, and about six manure heaps all arranged at intervals along a long winding narrow lane fringed with poplars. And if you want to know what poplars look like (only the ones there don't), look, Best Beloved, at the green

Now, as I was saying when you interrupted me, Best Beloved—What! you did not interrupt at all? Why, there you are again; however can I get my story finished if you don't keep quiet? Well, we'll begin all over again—but you remember the first bit, do you? Where were we then? Ah—the six manure heaps: well, well, perhaps there were seven after all, only we'll say that the seventh was really camouflaged and doesn't count. But what's that you say? Now, Best Beloved, you really mustn't interrupt; besides children should be seen and not heard. If you were heard and not seen, like Archie over there, then you would be camouflaged, so now you know all about that.



Officer: "But in applying for special leave on account of the sickness of your wife, you must state explicitly from what she is suffering."
 Pte. Truelove: "Please, sir, she fell and hurt the camouflage of her knee, and the doctor says she has eternal troubles."
 Officer (sotto voce): "Most wives have."

painted trees Mister Noah took with him into the ark—only what he wanted them in there for I can't tell you, unless it was to feed the giraffes, though perhaps he thought they were only paint brushes, and packed them by mistake. And how the giraffe got his spots is another story, too, Best Beloved.

Well, then, we'll go on again. It happened one day, when nobody had anything better to do, that everybody met together in one of the estaminets—Bon Santy Mister the Curé, Bon Santy Mister Vin Blank, Bon Santy Mister Vin Rooge, Bon Santy Mister Caffy Rum, Bon Santy Everyone Else, and talk turned on how they

A JUST-SO STORY—contd.

could make such a fine village with all its natural advantages in the way of camouflage, and so on, more important. And what do you think, Best Beloved, they made up their minds to do? Why, they determined to hold a weekly market, and so get a pull over all the other fine villages that had never thought of anything so grand.

So they told all their friends, and the day came round for the first market to be held. But everyone was disappointed, for the market was a complete wash-out, Best Beloved. For *il-y-avait des bêtes une seulement toute la journée dans le marché*; and so they called it Bethune.

But what's that—you don't know what that means? Well, neither do I, Best Beloved; but that is how it happened all the same.

W. J. R.

The Cradle Snatchers.

When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I acted as a child; but since I have put away my civvy clothes I am rushing a child.

THERE is a lady in our town,
She has a little store,
She has a daughter Doris,
Just thirteen years—no more.
'Tis there the troops buy tea and cakes,
All on account of her,
And smile around to see the child
With frankincense and myrrh:

The artillery, the infantry,
The engineers, the dudes—
The flying bunch, the medicals,
Who know the best of foods;
The transport guys and others,
In waves or forming fours,
And Doris puts on olden airs
To please her army corps.

Love changeth not; 'twas ever thus;
The world just loves a lover—
Their greatest strategy is first
To get in right with muvver.
Since tea and sugar are so scarce,
And other things are dear,
She slides the prices on light teas—
She is a profiteer.

The yard is cleared for action now
With barrels, clothes-lines gone,
And rustic chairs and tables there
Appear upon a lawn;
With friendly ferns and paper palms
Where Doris makes her bowers,
She serves the patrons and they slip her
Jewellery, candy, flowers.

They ask her to the movies,
Or a party to the show,
But muvver needs her in the trade—
She cannot let her go.
Should one get sore and turn her down,
He never would be missed,
'Cause Doris has some thousands now
Upon her waiting list.

H. M. NELSON, *Canadian Engineers.*

To a Pugilist.

YOU'VE been in the prize ring, they tell me,
You've had many a gruelling bout,
You've struggled and fought with never a thought
Of the end, be it sponge or knock-out;
You've stood knee to knee with the quarry,
Swapping blows till you felt like to drop;
But tell me, old boy, just a word on the sly,
Have you ever been over the top?

You'll know what it is then to conquer—
The joy in a job that's well done,
When you've stood out to win, and your glove meets
the chin,
And the cheers answer back that you've won;
But say, have you ever been out there,
Where it's bullets, not cheers, that you stop,
In that hideous dream where the deadly shells scream—
Have you ever been over the top?

Have you stood day by day in the trenches,
Where the hell-blast of shells ringed you round?
Have you stood in the mud, have you smelt the life-blood
Of your mates as they writhe on the ground?
Can you see that poor chap on the stretcher,
As you crouch where the shell-fragments drop;
Can you see his pale face—are you taking his place?
Have you ever been over the top?

If you haven't, then, son, you've not lived yet—
You don't know the motive of strife,
Where there's just one condition in a war of attrition—
And that's yours or the other chap's life;
As you stand in that bleak desolation,
And it wrings your heart's blood drop by drop,
You'll know then what's thrilling, the joy there's in
killing,
The day you go over the top.

JOE SULLIVAN

The Soldier of Fortune.

WHEN I think of the man I might have been,
And the things I have left undone,
The wasted years, the profitless life,
The honours I might have won;

When I think of the girl I loved and lost,
And the happiness that might have been ours—
O God! it hurts with a stinging pain
Through the long, dark, dreary hours.

A Knight of the Road, King Wanderlust—
A dreamer, idle and free;
But the dreams are those of what might have been
If the future we only could see.

And I'll go through life with a song on my lips,
With a good fellowship grip of the hand;
But in my heart there will be the ache
For the Home in the distant Land.

C. H. BURKMAN, 931436.



WOT 'OPES!

"Mercy, Mercy, kamerad! me no fighting man, me minenwerfer man."

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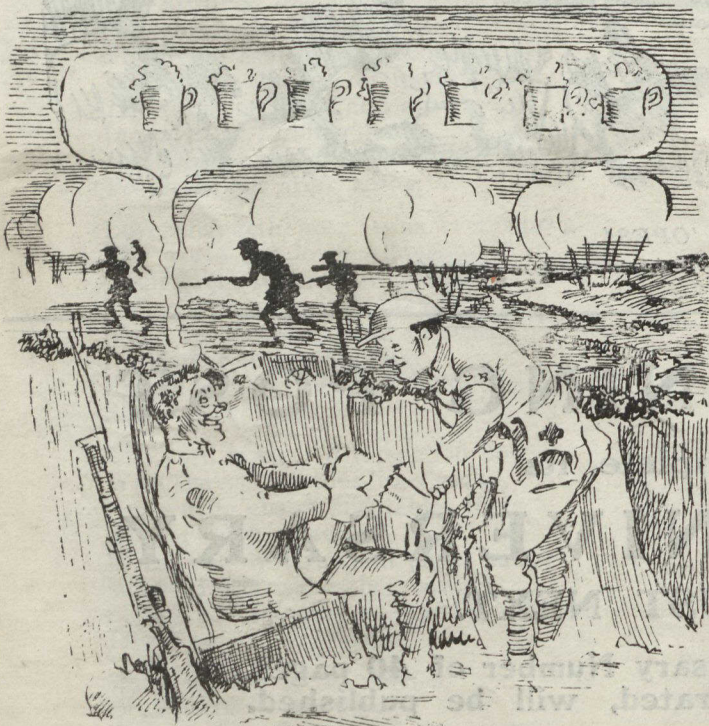
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As through this weary world I wander,



My thoughts shall oft-times be of you ;



In memory I shall see you ever—



I loved you better than you knew.