

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 4th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 02nd Rocky Mountain Rangers 04th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
 Reinforcing - Battalions - 11th, 30th, 47th



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. ODLUM, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
 CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, ISL. CAN. DIV. — CAPT W. F. ORR, EDITOR L/CPL. H. MAYLOR, NEWS EDITOR.

No 8 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE NOV. 25. 1915. PRICE 1 d.

Kold-Klouted kallous, Kruel, Kase of Kid-Knapping.

(In 7th Battn front line trench.)

Brigade Bomb-Throwers suspected of using black hand methods. Special to the "Listening Post" (by our own barbed wire)

Great alarm has been caused in the 2nd Brigade by the mysterious disappearance of the lady cat and four daughters from the front line trench. The loss has been a severe blow to the two Battalions which occupy this particular part of the British line. Our readers will doubtless remember the great event when the four catlets first saw the light of day, or rather the lights of nights. The blame is to be laid on the 10th Battalion. It appears that the officers and men of the 7th Battalion sent in a request to Headquarters asking permission to remain in the trenches until the kittens were old enough to be left with strangers. The 10th Battalion reluctantly agreed to remain at rest billets and everything went along fine. After two days of enforced idleness the 10th began to suspect something and a climax was reached when somebody let the cat out of the bag (or rather the bomb depot). The 10th Battalion crowded into the firing line forcing the 7th to make a hurried retreat and leave the kittens behind. Alas! when the 7th returned the kittens were gone. The Battalion was immediately broken up into search parties and an envoy went over to ask the enemy for an armistice, this of course they refused. A representative of the 10th Battalion when up for court martial stated that the sentry on guard over the bomb depot, allowed no one to see the kittens without a written pass from Divisional Headquarters. The only persons who had access to the depot were the Bgde Bomb-throwers. As they always carry their bombs in sacks it would be easy to conceal a kitlet. The searchers are being encouraged in their difficult task by all the experts from the Allied armies. Detective Champion of Vancouver, has received instructions, from Hdqrs to proceed to the cat and dogs home to study the habits of these animals. This is considered a very good plan. When we consider that he is a married man he should already know something about a cat and dog life. At dawn today the head office of "The Listening Post" was crowded by whole brigades of men anxious to hear of any success that

the searchers may have met with. Battle scarred veterans refused to be consoled. Staff Officers in their eagerness to be near the scene of the terrible loss have even ventured into our third line of defence. One was seen by a sentry to even look over the parapet without a periscope. An air of despondency, hangs over the whole frontier Pte Allwood nearly missed his rum issue through reading "Donts for Detectives" when the orderly Cpl passed his dug-out. We are posting a bulletin every hour and the eager throng hang on to every word in the hope that the long looked for clue may be announced. The wires have been kept busy day and night by people from all parts of the Empire. We are authorized to publish the following telegram:—

Chilliwack B. C.

"The country joins me in sending our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement".

(Signed) Ah Wong Sing
 Boss-man
 Chilliwack Cannery.

Mentioned in Despatches

Congratulations to our ever popular and beloved Brigadier, now Major General Currie. G.O.C. 1st Canadian Division is something to be proud of.

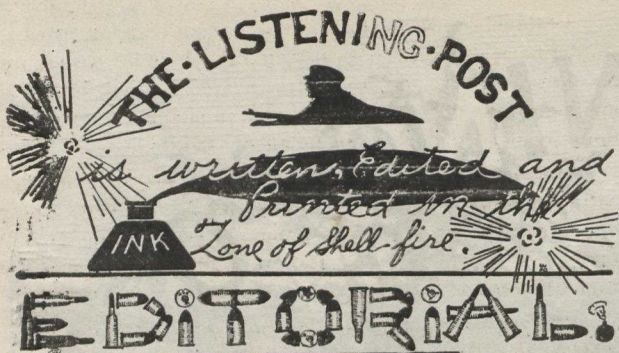
General Alderson said that the red badge of the 1st Can. Div. was his proudest possession. Canada is making history. She has shown she has not only soldiers, but generals that any nation would be proud of.

General Currie's promotion and honours are well deserved, won as they were on the field of battle. We hope that this is only the beginning.

Good luck to the "Seventh". Lt. Col. Odlum has returned from his enforced visit to England. For five weeks he has been bucking medical beards, and at last was nearly reduced to becoming a stowaway in order to get back to us. However for once the doctors were reasonable.

We welcome the O.C. back among us, and rejoice to see him if possible more alert, active and cheerful than before.

(Continued on page 31)



Who is it as a general rule
 Objection has to ridicule
 And lacking humour plays the fool
 The man without friends.

Herewith the 8th issue of "The Listening Post", which will be found greatly enlarged and improved. This has been made possible by the loyalty of our patrons, and this forward step is taken to repay in a measure that loyalty. Our endeavours have been and will continue to be confined chiefly to matter in the lighter vein, in both columns of manuscript and art and we trust that no reader — be he Field Marshal or private — would be so thin skinned as to have his susceptibilities hurt by any of our brilliant articles. If there are any of such we commend him to read the verse at the head of this column.

For the benefit of our many civilian readers at home who do not quite understand the military term that forms the name of this paper, we will endeavour to explain. In the past we have had what was known as "Out Posts" "Out Post Groups" "Mounted Patrols" "Sentries" etc. "Listening Post" in a sense represents all these in trench warfare; it is a sentry post of two or three men, usually armed with rifles and bombs who go out every night into "No Man's Land" between the enemy lines and our own where they stay all night, ever on the alert to recognize any movements of the enemy and to observe his listening post and patrols. As may be surmised by our reader this is very dangerous work; every sense of the men on Listening Post must be keen and alert; for that reason our paper has been named the "Listening Post" ever keen and alert to get all news that will, when presented to the soldier carry his mind away from the nerve racking test of the firing line to the relaxation of fun and frolic. Our title picture shows the lone listening post out somewhere in "No Man's Land", dimly visible to his friends in the light of the grey dawn, as he scans the wire and sand bag line of the enemy in front where death lurks — ever in his mind are vivid thoughts of the two works of the devil — "Barbed wire and Machine Guns" — but then, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady" — we would rather have our readers think of the enemy trenches as a fair Lady for our men have no "Faint Hearts".

The Listening Post is a special paper printed for particular people and is written in the firing line — (as a matter of fact some of our material has been lost through the caprice of a German shell) while it is printed in a little shop well within the zone of shell fire — in fact we have often expressed surprise that the building has been left standing — perhaps our friends (we guess not) the Germans have not yet discovered that this important and influential journal is printed there — how ever we will "carry on".

And now just a word from the firing line to the folks at home. "Chuck the drones and pessimists" (please excuse Canadian Slang) they do more damage than all the German

spies within the borders of our Empire. Also "chuck" the word "conscription" it has a hard rasping sound of servility that we British do not like. Substitute instead the double word "National Service" glorious words! what a privilege to serve our great Empire! What a glory there is in death for our country! Yea good people, it is a privilege to stand shoulder to shoulder with your brother for the defence of your hearth and home — what would you, young man? Do you not see the burning tear stained eyes of wives, mothers and sweethearts who have freely given? Come Sir! Awake from your drowsy dream — slip off your filmy phantom platform of excuses to the solid ground of our Empire where you can stand neath the folds of the Union Jack, your feet firm, heels together, head erect, chest thrown out with a true manly heart beating under the King's Kahki that waits for you.

Lives there a man with soul so small,
 Who never heeds his country's call,
 Who'd serve his nation not at all;
 Stand idly by and watch her fall?

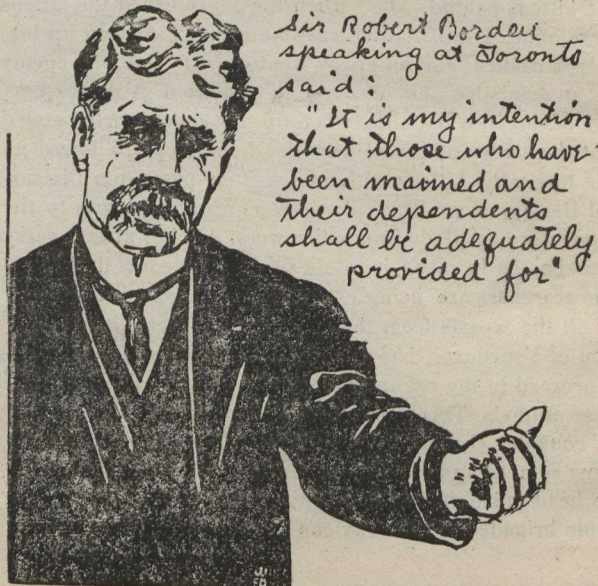
Then hark! hear the call from the trenches
 Echo through the future dim;
 Scourging the slacker, with soul so slim;
 Shame to him? shame shame to him!

The Editor desires to express his regret at the loss of Capt. G. Gibson C.A.M.C. as news Editor. His services to this paper are beyond estimation and his great enthusiasm is reflected in the pages of "The Listening Post". We are glad to be able to announce that Capt. Gibson will continue to contribute articles from time to time that we are sure will be appreciated by every Officer, N.C.O. and man in the Battalion. In L/Cpl. Maylor we have a "chip off the old block" as it were. His contributions under the nom de plume "The Drone" have been read with the greatest interest and pleasure by all readers of the paper. His promotion, therefore, to "News Editor" is well deserved and the continued success of "The Listening Post", which has now almost outgrown its childhood, is assured.

The Editor begs to announce that he has received a copy of "The Maple Leaf" a magazine of the Canadian Expeditionary Force Pay and Record Office.

The magazine is a clever little volume, and is sold at the modest price of 1/-, the proceeds of sale being applied to Canadian Prisoners of War and Field Forces Cigarette and Tobacco (Pay and Record Office) Fund. We are also glad to state that the cigarettes and tobacco supplied by this fund (as shown on page 6 of the magazine) are of a quality worthy of the soldiers whom they are intended for. We regret that the cigarettes and tobacco supplied by well meaning people through much advertised funds are of a quality that our soldiers refuse to use them. Smaller quantities and better qualities should be the guide to those at home who supply our soldiers with this very necessary article of comfort.

We wish our cotemporary of the Pay and Record Office all possible success in its very laudable work.



(Mentioned in Dispatches)

Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them. Capt. Haines combines the two most felicitously. WE humbly congratulate Capt. Haines upon the good work he did for the battalion as acting O.C. We hope that he will long be with us as second-in-command. The battalion is indeed lucky in having two such tried and trusted soldiers to direct her destinies.

We think it rather a delicate touch, referring to a battalion as "she". It conjures up the position of a sweet girl ward with two venerable fatherly trustees guiding her footsteps and guarding her fortunes.

The battalion is certain to be well fed and clothed with Lieut. Loughton as Quartermaster. Capt. Macmillan is a hard man to follow, the battalion under his care always got all that was coming to Her, perhaps more. We feel certain that there are no lean years in front of us, Lieut. Loughton will ably carry on the good work.

Dont get a "Blighty". Its harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a wounded man to return to the front. Surely this alone shows that there are plenty of men. We dont hear the same tale from Germany.

Gone is our M.O. of whom we are proud,
 Into the ranks of the Headquarters crowd.
 Boys of the blue ribbon 7th B.C.
 Sigh as they parade before our new M.D.
 Only this morning they said "You bet
 No more No. 9's from Cap. Gibson we'll get."

Some men are born great and have greatness thrust upon them, such a man is Capt. Gibson, A.D.C. to the G.O.C. 1st Can. Division, late M.O. 7th Battalion. We congratulate him on his promotion which we know from long personal acquaintance to be well deserved. The 7th Battalion was sorry to lose him — his ready wit saved many lives where No. 9's would have surely failed. Though Capt. Gibson is gone, "he is among us still" and we look forward to his occasional visits which we hope will be frequent and here is our standing invitation, "Come about meal time George".

Resignation of Pte. T . . . R.

Much concern was caused in the Battalion when it became known that Pte. T . . . r had resigned his position as Master of the Robes and head Waiter. It was feared that the news might have a disastrous effect on the American War Loan. To avoid this, a cablegram was sent assuring the people of the U.S. that we still retain his services but in a far more important part of the Battalion. Many rumours are afloat as to the cause of his resignation. One of them suggests that the high price of prunes played an important part in bringing about this, almost disastrous change. Another rumour and one which appears the most likely is, to the effect that the 2nd, Canadian Contingent refused to accept him as General The 7th Battalion knowing Pte. T . . . r's long association with Colonels, Staff Officers etc and the things they eat, drink, smoke and wear, always looked upon him as a very superior sort of person and had prepared a hearty send off. The official papers from the War Office were expected hourly. When the 2nd Can. Contingent actually landed in France all hopes were dashed to the ground along with most of the 7th battalion H.Qtrs. crockery and cutlery. Up to the time of writing we have not heard how the new H.Qtrs cook is making out, but we may incidentally state that the Officers have engaged Pte. Howson, (who is an ex-undertaker and embalmer) as batman.

The moonlight mechanic.

Into that land know as No Mans' land, the home of bats, rats, tin cans and tom cats, rank grass and reptiles; and bounded on both sides by seething serpentine demons that flash and flare, and spit fire in each others faces — marched the moonlight — mechanic.

Little is known of this animal, except that he leaves a trail of barbed wire, artistically entangled, as he passes up or down the Brigade front. His nerves are nil, his vital spots are few, but as his safety lays in silence, his work is done by stealth; hence his nocturnal habits.

His work of course, is to feed those two snarling fire eating demons with delicately entangled barbed wire. Their appetite for this delicacy is good. The only thing is that neither will eat his own but have a ferocious desire for each others.

Many a time, and often has the moonlight mechanic laid low in the long rank grass and watched those two demons hissing and hurling defiance at each other, showing a row of firey teeth snapping and gnashing with the crunching grind of many machine guns and countless rifles with an occasional roar like unto the mouth of hell itself.

Oh my what a relief but a few days leave to England would be to the moonlight mechanic.

Little imps from the opposing demon often come within sight of him but as he is provided with nothing to stay or slay them has to let them go their way.

Wire Kinks.



Officer to tired signaller at telephone. "May I use your phone?"

Signaller. "n" No Sir all the wires are down".

Officer "When you get fixed up, tell the Q. M. to send up a rum issue to-night".

Collapse of tired signaller.

Dont fail to patronize "Kestinko" the 7th Battalion Russian Barber.

Hair cut short, long or otherwise. (mostly otherwise)

12 months experience on Army mules.

Try his bay rum hair tonic.

Splendid results when used externally.

Delightful results when used internally.

PRICES

Ptes	1d.
L/Cpls	2d.
Sgts	3d.
Officers	1 franc.

Address trench 7 a. xm You can locate it by the perfume.

Waiter to cook:— "What shall I do with this tough steak I cant eat it."

Cook:— "Give it to the dog or the trench cat.

Waiter:— "I did, but they wont eat it."

Cook:— "Alright try it on the Officers Mess.

Waiter:— "Why did I not think of that before.?"

G one has the Doctor we held in esteem

I odine and pills were his favourite theme

B rital with slackers and in many ways hard

S ending us back when we looked for our card

O ne will remember the great game he played

N otting the Pikers on his old sick parade.

G stand for Gibson the jinx of the flies
I for our ills which he classes as lies
B for the bull which he hands around H. Q.
S stands for sympathies of which he has few
N stands for orders he THINKS are obeyed
N for "ne plus" cos he's gone to Brigade.

G one is our Doctor what a fine little man
I recollect when he found my mess can
B lack, greasy, smelly, with jam cheese and tea.
S ent me, the curlpit, to see the O. C.
N oh he was the boy to prescribe "number nine"
N ow he is gone have I cause to repine?

G one has the Doc to a job on the staff
I am so glad I just sit here and laugh
B lack was his look when he came on his round
S our was his face when my mess tin he found
N oward and onward may he still go
N oting the flies while I'm fighting the foe.

Flanagan.

The Germans opened rapid fire, trench mortars, howitzers and gas, on an enemy aeroplane, When the "aeroplane" came to earth it was found to be a Pelican.
 (Extract from Rotterdam and Amsterdam and several other Papers).

A wonderful bird is a pelican
 Whose beak holds more than his Stomach can
 He holds in his beak
 Enough food for a week
 But we dont see how the---he can.

"Fierce" Ed.

HEARD IN THE SAVOY

1st. officer in mufti to second officer in mufti "Are you a Lieut., in the first Canadian Division, or a Colonel in the second?"

For Sale or Exchange

Will exchange back numbers of "The Listening Post" and 50 Regimental Badges for a pair of roller skates or Pool Table. Address Cpl. Robins H. Qtrs 7th Battn.

Slightly damaged Field Kitchen, could be used as dummy cannon, steam roller, or tar boiler, "hot air furnace". Would exchange for pea nut stand or small distillery. What offers. Address Pte. Duck No. 1. Co. 2nd Cook.

Wanted Cheap Second hand bath chair (upholstered) one which could be used for delivering messages.
 Apply to Pte Plumbeby Hdqrs Orderly.

It wont be long (Boulogne) before the Germans Loos Lille. They may have plugged Street (Ploegstreet) but Havre not seen our-men-tears (Armentiers) of joy over our Hooge success with Nancy, and we must be-loyal (Bailleul) to save France from Vermin (Vermines) or harass (Arras) and ruin (Rouen).

NOTE. -- Will somebody strangle our acting S. M. (Mullens) before he springs any more of this stuff on us.

Ed.

Sighs for Signallers

Our world renowned Adjutant "Clark"
 At getting phone calls is a shark
 But his look wants some beating
 Should they call him when eating
 And the language sssh. Keep it dark.

Heard on the Italian Front.

1st Austrian Officer to another who is gazing up the mountains at an Italian sentry. "What are you looking at?"

The sunset?"

2nd Austrian Officer. "Yes, in a way, I am watching a dago".

If it takes 11 players cigarettes to make a foot ball team how many

Martins to make a doctor? Two 'alf M. O.s

No. 4 takes the biscuit for looks

But the credit belongs to Capt. Brooks

And with his kind permission

When I get my commission

I'll take a few leaves from his books.

Honour List.

The King has graciously conferred the order of the Bath on Private G. V. Duckett.

Is it right that Pte. Dolly Harmer is now known as the Gibson girl?

8th Battalion National Sporting Club.

Madison square and Wonderland in the front line trench.

NO MAN'S LAND BOXIANA.

Novices competition every Saturday night after rum issue.

Ring side seats 5.00 dollars.

Gallery seats on top of parapet 2.00 : :

Safe seats on firing platform. two bits.

Periscopes for the timid and for use of ladies 3d.

Field glasses for use of Staff Officers on hire at

Reserve trench.

Batmen and children in arms admitted free on showing a copy of the "Listening Post".

Results of each round sent to Head Quarters by our special pigeonier.

Moving picture rights reserved.

This celebrated club opened its second season with a ten round contest between the machine gun Kid and Cyclone Clark.

Unfortunately the popular referee Eugene Corri was unable to be present as he is at the moment engaged in a scrap against Potsdam Willie.

A popular preliminary was provided by "Jack Johnstone" and "One Round Hogan".

For the contest of the evening the Medical Detail of the 7th Battn lent their gramophone, to shout time at the necessary intervals. Owing to the barbed wire entanglements we could not get up to the ring side, but from the fact that the Machine Gun Kid arrived at the dressing station and Cyclone Clark did not we understand that the Lonsdale Belt went the latter.

NEXT WEEK.

Walloping Wah-ton V. S. Typhoon Phillphat

GREAT CLERICAL CONTEST.

Whitlwind Woods V. S. Mop 'Em Up Moffit.

Blood - Guilt

The brand of Cain is on your brow,
 Emperor!

A crown of gold may hide it now,
 Emperor!

But when the day of reckoning comes,
 When flags are furled and hushed the drums,

When labour goes with bruised hands

To plough once more the blood-stained lands,

A peoples wrath will rend the skies

And topple down your dynasties,

Emperor!

In vain you call upon the Lord!

Emperor!

You boast of honour and the sword,

Emperor!

What god will bless the hideous flood
Which drown the world in human blood?
The vengeance of a broken trust
Will grind your empire in the dust,
Till Hohenzollern crowns are cast
Upon the refuse of the past,
Emperor!

The cries of multitudes unfed,
Emperor!

The curses of the millions dead,
Emperor!

Will these not heap on you the scorn
Of generations yet unborn?
Are there no murmurs in your ear
Of contribution drawing near?
The fingers of a hand that write
Inscribe your doom upon the night,
Emperor!

Frederick George Scott.

August 20th, 1914.

A machine to deminish the sound of a kiss has been invented by a Pennsylvania man with three kissable daughters.

This must be on the principle of the machine gun silencer. Send them on to us Oh Mr. Pennsylvania man, burn your old machine give it to the woodpeckers, we'll look after your daughters, we dont wish their kisses silenced.

Oh Sadie Mame and Masie
Your troubles are not light,
Your father must be crazy
Or else he's full of spite.

Perhaps your dear old Mater
Could say a thing or two
About your dear old pater
And things he used to do.

Maybe the noise annoys him
Or wakes him in the night
Maybe he thinks of burglars
And feels to proud to fight.

If kissing gives you pleasure
And you dont mind the shells
Come to Flanders at your leisure
We'll be right there with bells.

Pray lose your silencer
Come over as you are
Just kiss our dear old censor
And kick your dear papa.

(NOTE: — "Right O" Cencor).

Song Suggested for a certain R. O. to sing to Fritz

Tune of "You shan't play in our back yard"

Your boss old Kaiser Bill
Cant play the game
He uses poison gas
Germs and liquid flame.

Chorus.

You shan't come and play near our lines
You shan't tamper with our wire,
You shan't throw your bombs at our post
Or my gun at you I'll fire.

Your boss does many things
Which our boss forbids
Your boss can only kill
Poor old dames and kids.

Your boss can only sink
Small merchants boats
If he don't cut it out
We'll send him some notes.

The charge of "Maconochie's Horse" at Festubert.

After the 7th. had made their charge and won themselves such fame,
The "Maconochie's Horse" who were jealous, of course wanted to get in the game.
So they looked around and spotted a trench that didn't look hard to take,
No wire in front, no ditches to cross, to them it sure looked jake.

All night they worked, at gathering bombs and preparing things for the fray,
Their Officers made them a little speech,
"How to do and how to die".
"On: On: Maconochie's dismounted Horse" was to be their battle cry.

The daylight comes, at last they charge, the trench shows dim ahead,
What is that glimmering steel they see? "Good Lord we're as good as dead".
Too late to turn back, they must go on, the worst they soon will know,
So with a last disparing yell, into the trench they go.

A bunch of Canadian Engineers were gathering up their tools,
After a hard night's work in a sap, were charged by a bunch of fools.
They defended themselves with pick and spade, "Someone has blundered sure" they said.
So went after the men who made that mistake and busted many a head.

Long will the name of Maconochie's live, and their great and glorious charge.
But the Engineers swear, they'll work no more, if such fools are left at large.



We would like to know who it was that, when the orderlies were bricking the floor of their new dug-out suggested using trench mortar to keep the bricks together.

And who it was that gave the information that mortar does not keep bricks together but keeps them apart.

Father to son from college. "Does your headmaster give you any military training?"

Son. "Oh Yes. He caught me writing a letter during class hours and asked me who I was writing to. I told him Private business and then he immediately introduced me to Corporal Punishment.

A private when in the line
Fell over and injured his spine
But he near died of shock
When our gallant old Doc
Felt his pulse and remarked "number nine".

Who was it that suddenly developed a mad desire to hear the music of a regimental band in preference to that supplied by Krupp, Krupp & Co.

If a Lt. Col. in the second Contingent is equal to a Lt. in the first Contingent, what would a Field Marshall in the third Contingent equal? Would he equal an Arch Angel?

Who got the V. C. for cutting the German baloon away? And if he cut the rope above or below him?

Who was the reinforcement who cut the telephone wires for material to repair a trench bailer?

Who the man was who made the following remark when being questioned by an officer about a wounded comrade at Ypres, "Well Sir, the last time I saw him he had his leg blown off, but outside of that he was alright."

Why is No. 1 Co. praying for rain?

Who is the officer's batman in No. 4 Co. who has such nightmares about:—

Fritz that no one can sleep around his dug-out?

What condition No. 4 Co. was in when the report came "All serene".

Our Hong-Kong agent wants to know whats the matter with No. 3 Co.

No likee flont line tlench. no likee gloly?

Who stole the policeman's shirt which had been washed but not boiled? and if theif not uneasy about it when he had worn it for ten minutes, and if he has not given up the idea of going back for the pants.

What the members of No. 1 Co., who were out cutting grass in front of their barbed wire, who made such and undignified retreat to their trench at the approach of the enemy said when the "enemy" turned out to be a belgian hare?..

Sentry Umpteenth Battn; — "Halt who goes there?"

Officer: — "Officer 7th Battalion"

Sentry: — "Advance and give the countersign".

Officer: — "I dont know it".

Sentry: — "Well you'd better know it so I'll tell you, its "37".

Pte. Mitchell to Pte. Mc Innes at Hyde Park corner. "How far is it to Ploegsteert?"

Pte. Mc Innes: — "Twenty eight Days",

Why the Transport Sgt has to accompany Officers to the station when they are going on leave.

Why the Blacksmith is casting away his two wheeled rig.

Who is the R.Q.M.S's groom. Some say he didn't pay the old one.

Where the Sgt. Cook and Pte E...r go every evening

Who tries to run the double issuse on Cpl. R..d.

Answers to Correspondents

Post Corporal: — When delivering mail in the trenches it is not advisable to go out after the listening patrol. The most effective way to bring in the L.P. is to make a noise like a rum issue.

Another Breach of the Hague Convention

The Germans are reported to be using unfair methods to entice our troops to expose themselves. Early this morning a number of parasols and ostrich feathers could be seen moving along the enemy parapet.

Extract from daily report

Enemy working parties were seen on the right. It was noticed that the men were as usual wearing their forage

caps. Two men having green caps with pink ribbons. Some Caps.

If the Germans were to Plug-Street would YPRES.

(E. Pray)?

Why the Listening Post ?

(Continued)

The trials of a listening post are many. I'm only an amateur and but for the Editor would never have attempted to do full justice to this theme.

Flare lights as sent up by the Germans, or "Very darks" as attempted by us, to a crescendo of Hun merriment. Visitors, especially from across the road, are apt to enliven matters a trifle too strenuously. Visitors in the shape of friends, with brassy cough and sizzling sneeze are liable to complicate matters, and brace up the environment. Some people whisper like a train snorting through a megaphone. Others creep like an elephant with locomotor ataxia.

Think of the listening post. Far out in front of the trench, nearer Berlin than anyone else. All alone, but for his wire. Watchful, alert. Peering through the dark, analysing every sound, dissecting every vision investigating every smell. An epicure, a critic, a reporter rolled in one. A rising bank of mist, that may be gas. A footfall out in front that may be our own patrols or it may not. The safety of the trench depends upon him, and on the safety of the trench depends, Yes, what?

On a fine night, with a full moon, dry ground and a good view. Fine! A regular picnic. All the universe and the myriad stars to remind you of your future happiness. But on a wet night, a thin, drizzling, slush of a night, your knees a sponge, your elbows a marsh, your tummy a morass, nothing to be seen heard or smelt, but wet, damp and misery. Then's time you think of your past sins.

Flare lights may show up your position, but it is the bullets, and machine guns that actually ascertain, whether a listening post, is a post and not merely a prostrate piece of timber.

There is a diversity of opinion among listening posts, as to whether they run more risk from the bullets of those in front or their friends behind. But that, like the Welsh Coal Strike and Compulsory Service, is a controversial matter and the Editor says its "spot barred".

One day I'll write a poem about a listening post, and then the world will know the dull depths of the dreary damp, despondent, despairing, dangerous drugery of this devastating thrice dammed duty.

Yet many of them like it, ask to be sent out. Go and go again. If the aeroplanes are our eyes by day, the listening posts are certainly our night lights.

THE END.

Answers to Correspondents

(Amateur Photographer) If your photo of a No 1 Co. Private sleeping in dug-out is genuine, don't accept 10 pounds, offered for it.

(Free Trader) Word your ad., like this: — "Will exchange blanket (shop soiled) for small pick or shovel. Foreign papers please copy.

(Corporal Sanitus) The name "Corrugated Lime" dates back to the dark ages.

(Y. M. C. A. clerk) Jamaca is noted principally for rum, Pte. 17365 Y-----d also comes from there.

(Eager) Fix your bayonet independently ; Do not wait for right hand man to take three smart paces in front of trench.

(Fruit Grower, Canada) Yes, you are right ; The Canadian Tommy is very fond of apples and they are seldom seen in France. The best way to ship them is in wooden boxes holding about one bushel. They should be plainly addressed to the soldier c/o Military Forwarding Officer, London. They will be appreciated more than I can tell you.

(Engineer C. E. F.) There is no inoculation against shrapnell at present, but we believe the war office has the matter in hand.

(No Nine, Med. Detail) No you are wrong ; We believe the health of the German Navy to be much improved since going to the Kiel Kanal.

(Nervous) No there is nothing wrong in keeping an Estaminet ; However it is the girl you are going to marry, and if she owns an Estaminet, then your future living is assured ; Two cannot live on Love alone.

(Worried) Do not pay any attention to old fogies who try to keep tobacco away from the soldier-sympathize with them instead-they were born that way and I suppose we will have to put up with them. The only country where they exterminate them is Germany as far as we can discover.

(Anxious to Help) See answer to "Fruit Grower" above.

(Blank File) We would suggest a cold bath every morning followed by a rub down with Boots Bug Powder. You had better consult a lawyer regarding your neighbors live stock trespassing on your property.

(Private Pull-thru) No, silver plating the inside of the rifle barrel would not do. Try your bayonet on a Hun and if it don't penetrate freely enough it probably needs sharpening. Yes we believe so.

The Editor is pleased to publish the following reply (which has been received from a Lady "somewhere in England") to our advertisement which appeared in our issue of Oct., 20 th.

Somewhere in England, Oct., 25, 15.

Dear Sir : —

I should like to apply for post of "caretaker for Canadian trench" advertised in Oct., 20th., "Listening Post". I am 55 years of age and a good cook — So long as I had my rum regular, I would not be particular about the pay. Sorry I cannot bring my husband, but he's away on a visit at present — in Germany.

Yrs truly

A would be
WAR WORKER.

We sympathise very much with Lady's husband who is so unfortunate as to be on a visit to Germany — there are so many real nice places in the world to visit without going there but then perhaps it is his misfortune and not his desire. We trust that he will soon have a large Allied Army, well armed and munitined to relieve him of such an awkward visit. And in the meantime we will have to wait for the "good cook", as our Lady neglected to supply her address.

Matrimonial Agency

Dark tall, curly young man age 28. Nationality, Greek Canadian. Has estates in Greece also in Turkey near Constantinople (which are in the fire). Is at present holding splendid government position in the 7th Battn. machine gun section (known as the wood peckers). Can eat anything, very fond of chicken. Very musical. Besides his maxim gun he can play a Jews harp, Hookey, and imitate a Belgian

Hare chasing a deer. Speaks Three languages, English Greek, and another, which we dont know the name of, as he only uses it when something goes wrong with his Maxim and the Germans are attacking. Would like to correspond with lady of means, age immaterial (over nine and under ninety). Must be willing to travel by sea and land or perhaps by cordite.

Present address in beautiful part of France. Bungalow with high wall in front Grounds all fenced in, Celebration every night with or without request. Will exchange photos etc.

Address Tony Bell

The Wood peckers
France.



For talent the 7th Battalion cannot be beaten. Anyone who doubts the above statement should patronize our concerts. Every item is a "Star" turn. Of course we are indebted to the 10th Battalion band for providing such excellent music on so short notice. The 10th Battalion are very fortunate in having such a capable leader as Band Master James. By a few magic flourishes he got his men to play the ever popular "Here we are again", after we had assured the surrounding countryside and probably everyone on the German side that we were there, we allowed the band to rest while L/Cpl O'Toole sang "The River Shannon" and the encore "The Galloping Major". At this point of the proceedings Bugler Foster laid down his kettle drum and joined Sg. Allan in a duet. The instruments being a banjo a violin. These two musicians appear to be quite at home with any instrument they connect with, musical or otherwise, whether in or out of the trenches. The encore "The Druids Prayer" helped to solve the mystery of those huge grave stones at Stonehenge. The Druids deserved it if they used to carry on like that. Pte Holmes version of the "Old Mill Stream" met with generous approval. The band then informed us that sister Susie was still sewing saucy shirts for soldiers. This news was very encouraging to the audience as most of us looked for a bathing parade the next morning. (uff Said). The programme came to a halt whilst messengers rushed around to try and locate Pte. Sid. Bennett. When they had unearthed him we were amply repaid for the delay by his rendering of "Sympathy" and the encore "My Little Grey Home in the West". Sgt. Allan and Bgr Foster then took up 45 minutes more of our valuable time with a duet "Robert E. Lee". The loud applause with which they were greeted inspired Bgr Foster to take the stage single handed. He attempted to play the banjo. Selection "A Chinese Patrol". The result nearly ended in a police patrol taking a hand in the events. The way Sgt. Mc Vie sang parodies etc, would make Charlie Chaplain Green with envy. Drum Major Barton of the 10th Battalion carried on the good work and made himself very popular when he entertained us with humorous songs and recitations which included "That Dog gone Dog 'o mine" and "The Old Fall River Line". A poem entitled "Leonora I love thee" was recited with much feeling by Bandsman Chambers. Pte. Lamont got a good line of jokes off his chest which may allow him more freedom to carry out his

work of bombing the Boches. Here we got a pleasant change for Sid Bennett with his best "Romeo" voice sang "I'm the Plumber". After a few more selections by the band the chairman prevailed upon the Colonel to speak a few words. Although unprepared he readily agreed and his encouraging remarks about the good work accomplished and the welcome news that we would soon be through when we could have a real rest, me with such hearty cheering as to make us fear for the safety of the Y. M. C. A. tent.

Our popular bombing officer was instructing a new recruit to that devoted branch of the profession:

"You take the bomb in the right hand if your right handed in the left if your left handed, count the magic number and then say Kahoochy three times, look at your girls photograph and forgive your enemies and put as much distance between you and the bomb as possible by an alert propulsive movement of the engaged hand."

After peddling this dope in his best Seattle english our bomber in chief handed an unoffending bomb to the equally guiltless recruit. All the other bombers at once took cover. "What are you doing?" demanded the irate nihilist in chief, "Wellington's men did not run away".

"That's all very well" answered the Sergeant, "but that man stammers."

The Battalion Rumourist's Calender.

1. Its Pay Day tomorrow.
2. The Sgt Cook is getting married when his second pass comes.
3. The War will be over by Christmas.
4. Cpl. R...d is going on pass.
5. We are going back for a rest.
6. Pte P....e did not like his staff billet in England.
7. He was glad to get back to the trenches.
8. R. Q.M.S. is in love with a young lady in B.....l
9. The Shoemaker Sgt is a teetotaler.
10. The Canadians are in Berlin.
11. All passes are cancelled.
12. Harry Lauder breaks the law of treating.
13. The Paymaster is broke.
14. President Wilson declares war on Germany.
15. Kitchener says that the war will only begin next year.
16. That our Old M O. is coming back.
17. The Third Contingent is in France.
18. London Destroyed by Zeppelins.
19. Kaiser buys Windsor Castle (for residence after the war).
20. L/Cpl. M....r can speak French.
21. Pte Gray is teaching some one's dog to do fancy tricks.
22. The First Canadians will have their Xmas dinner in England.
23. Switzerland's navy is out.
24. Dardanelles sunk.
25. The Padre has a bath every morning.
26. Pte Y.....d is going back to the Pioneers.
27. The Canteen doesn't pay.
28. Listening Post captured.
29. Rumourist caught and shot by the boys. (We regret to say that this last as untrue as the others.)
- 30.

ROSSIGNOL

Le Rossignol at first it came
Over the wire, twas just a name
Tho' later on twas better known
In fact twas almost like a home
Till one day came a German shell
V. E. the home we knew so well.

After many a bump and wrench
Along interminable trench,
Cutting our throats on wire over head
Clay on our boots that weighed like lead
We found the place— Le Rossignol
Also the wigglers dug-out small.

Now Faris and Smith and Long-legged Bill
Coming from Ash House up the hill,
Running a line that peter's out
Just as the rain begins to spout
Arrive at Rossignol soaking wet
The idea being more wire to get.

Out of the trench, mid mud and rain,
Old wires are brought to life again,
With patch and join the line is "jake,"
And finished, ere the day begins to break
The wiremen wet to the house repair,
Melodious snores soon fill the air.

How the ford car was first made

There was an old man and he had a wooden leg,
He hadn't any money and he wouldn't beg,
He had a piece of pipe and a twelve inch board
Said to himself, "I'll make a Ford".

A gallon of gas and a quart of oil,
A piece of wire to make a coil,
Four big spools and an old tin can
He hammered it together and the darn thing ran,

Oct. 7th 1915.

Dear Sir,

It has been my fortune or misfortune to get wounded in the leg and the bullet is somewhere about me and not located as yet but we should worry. I am at Etaples Hospital but expect to be in England by the time you get this. It is about my pay book that I am writing you. You promised to send it to London about 12 days ago to see what was the trouble with the account. If it has been returned will you forward it to Mrs-----, 25 ----- Brook ---- Lancashire Eng. Please forward me a pound as I have not got a cent, I spent my last 2d on Listening Posts to send home and I shall have to buy my own tobacco now and sundry things too numerous to mention. Dear Capt, will you do this for me?

Thanking you in anticipation

Sincerely Yours

Pte J, H, S-----t17280.

NOTE: The Editor desires to draw the attention of the many readers of "the Listening Post" to the utter recklessness shown by many members of the Force in spending their last 2d. for copies of this paper. It is only one of the many received in this Office.

