

# THE LISTENING POST



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WHEN WE GO BACK TO CANADA (as the Hun sees it).

EDITORIAL.



1918 and the "LISTENING POST," with the Battalion that created it, still appearing on the fields of Flanders.

What the new year will give us is not known, but what we hope and believe is, that it will give an end to the German occupation of France and Belgium; reparation (if money and material can repay) for the sufferings undergone by innocent civilians during the long months of German oppression; peace, with the knowledge that it is a peace with honour; and, as the summer gives place to winter, a return to the old homes—to the wide sweeps of the rolling prairies and the eternal snows of the mighty Rockies, then on through to where the warm waters of the Pacific welcome us back to the scenes of the old life.

To the men of British Columbia, and to all our comrades from the Atlantic to the Pacific serving in the Canadian Corps, our wish for 1918 is that you may march on from success to success, driving before you, as you have done so many times before, the battered remnants of Kultur, and at the end of it all a safe return to your homes in dear old Canada.

Our New Policy.

With this number the "LISTENING POST" is compelled to adopt a new policy.

For over two years we have managed, in spite of increasing difficulties, to get out our usual issues in France by French printers. For the past three months we have endeavoured—but in vain—to get a French printer to handle this issue, and have been compelled finally to make arrangements for its publication in England.

An issue of 24 pages about every two months is the most that we can hope for in the future, and if the present paper shortage should get worse this will probably have to be curtailed. This scarcity of paper and its consequent exorbitant price, coupled with the very high costs of printing and the fact that we do not publish advertisements, makes it necessary to fix the price of these issues at One Franc.

Ingratitude.

MR. GEORGE GOODCHILD, the author of "Umpteen Yarns," a recently published slim volume of anecdotes "collected from somewhere in France," seems to us to be wanting somewhat in courtesy. We make no complaint that he has drawn on some of the old issues of the "LISTENING POST" for some of his best stories, even though in so doing he has not seen fit to honour us with the usual acknowledgment. But it seems to us singularly ungracious that he should go out of his way to inform the public in his preface that: "The Colonial has a quick appreciation of a good joke, but he is utterly unable to create a humorous situation. All his anecdotes are local, and have not the broad humour that enjoys a wide appeal. Ninety per cent. of his anecdotes are utterly unintelligible to the average Englishman, and the few successful ones have the effect of being conscious." Maybe; but the point of this sapient reflection is that most all the best stories retailed in "Umpteen Yarns" are of "Colonial" invention. To attempt to bite the hand that feeds you is to be ill-tempered and ungrateful. Mr. George Goodchild does not quite live up to his name.

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THE GHOST OF THE OLD "CHATOO."

"HIS'LL do," said Private Smith, of the —th Canadians, as he threw the tiny beam of his pocket light on the broken façade and yawning doorway of the old "chatoo."

He had been disgorged from an archaic leave train after fourteen glorious days in Blighty, given the location of his unit, and told to move. He went, but not in any unseemly hurry. Nature called for the stimulus of food and drink, so it was well on towards dusk before he was clear of the rail-head town. He humped his pack dolefully and trudged along the lonely country road, keeping an ear open for the rumbling of a motor transport, on which he had been counting for a fitting finish to a life of temporary luxury. But no motor transport materialised. A staff car breezed by him, and a motor-cyclist shot past with all the pomp and circumstance of a 'bus, and then silence and night fell on the road. Smith leaned back against the grassy bank by the roadside to rest and ease his shoulders.

so when he saw the old "chatoo" standing black against the sky, he decided to rest there until daylight. The interior was not specially inviting, but Smith was not particular; he had slept in much worse billets many a time. He stepped over the rubble of stonework on the ground floor, and, with the staring eye of his light directing his way, mounted the dismantled staircase.

In the shell of a high-ceilinged room he threw off his equipment, kicked aside a litter of old sacks and empty tins, and laid his ground-sheet and blanket in a corner. The wide fireplace had a homely look, but there was nothing left to serve as fuel in the devastated house; the very wall-paper had only survived in patches, and the broken window space had been stripped of its casement. Successive relays of soldiers, French and British, had scribbled their names, units, and personal sentiments on the stained walls; but these did not interest Smith. He drew off the leave boots with a sigh of relief, and, pulling



Bob (with recollections of French economy): "Wot's 'e after now, Bill—rats?"  
Bill: "No, Madame dropped a franc in the straw pile last winter."

He must have fallen asleep there, for when he next came to himself, misty stars looked down on a world asleep. He stretched his cramped legs, lit a cigarette, and took to the road once more. After a time of moody plodding he reached a shell-battered village. A traffic control man stood with his lamp at the cross-roads.

"How far to X?" Smith asked.  
"Bout five kilometres," answered the traffic control. "Back off leaf?"

"Yep."  
"How's things in Blighty?"  
"Same old way. People there seem to think the war's goin' to finish Friday week; but we know better." And the custodian of superior insight moved off disgustedly.

A little way beyond the village, he found himself growing footsore. The leave boots he had bought were hurting his feet,

his blanket and greatcoat over him, composed himself to sleep.

He was awakened by a stealthy movement in the room and a muffled clinking of metal. "Rats," he thought, and turned wearily over on the hard floor with his face to the window, through which a veiled moon now shed a soft light. At first, through half-closed eyes, he saw nothing. Then he noticed a black patch in the far corner, and caught a faint rustle. A groan followed—a hollow, chesty note.

Smith sat up. "Who's there?" he demanded.  
"It is I, Guy de Montivilliers," answered a rusty voice. "Who is this disturbs my midnight hauntings? Mortal, if you be one, begone, ere worse befall you!"

"What battalion d'you belong to—the twenty-sec—?"  
"The Legion of the Damned," responded the voice, with a fine appreciation of its own resonance.

"Oh, the Third Brigade! That's nothing to get het up about."

The Ghost of the Old "Chatoo"—contd.

"Mortal, you misapprehend," continued the voice, with a hint of annoyance. "I am a disembodied spirit, a shade, an apparition—"

"'S that so?" interjected Smith. "I'm a bomber myself."

"I am a ghost," said the voice, "doomed to walk the—"

"Well, I wish you'd do your route marchin' in another place than a tired infantryman's boudoir," Smith remarked, with some heat. "'S just like you civvies—no consideration for the thin red line o' khaki at all." And he turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes.

This would never do. Guy de Montivilliers felt that his shady reputation was at stake. At all costs this intruder must be impressed.

"Listen!" he commanded, with an ear to the acoustics of the bare room. "I, Guy de Montivilliers, wear these chains and bear this diaphanous outline because—hear and tremble—I slew a man in this very chamber. His blood bubbled and crept along those very boards on which you lie."

"That's some better. Tell us all about it!" And Smith sat up and fumbled for his cigarettes. "I once threw a bomb into a dug-out full o' Germans, meself."

At this point the Ghost groaned—a truly heart-shaking affair, meant to be very, very impressive indeed.

"Try 'er again," counselled Smith. "Draw a deep breath an' let 'er go, Gallagher. You sound like a draft's first blighty."

The Ghost clanked his chains and gnashed his teeth, staring anxiously at Smith to observe the effect.

"Doin' F.P. number one?" queried the latter, pleasantly.

The Disembodied Spirit nearly rent his diaphanous outline in the effort of producing the blood-curdling scream of his ghostly career.

Smith nodded appreciatively. "Fine! Guy, old timer, you're warmin' up. Reminded me of a Hun I once heard on the Somme what got walked on by a tank."

The Apparition looked chapfallen—although he was already about as chapfallen as a ghost could be and stay together. "Your hardihood is impenetrable," he confessed, wryly. "In the whole of a career devoted to hair-raising, pallor production, the shaking limb, the tremulous joint, the staring eye, the blasted intelligence, I have never encountered such armoured impudence."

"Talk like our Colonel, you do," remarked Smith. "But tell us about this ghostin'—d'you work union hours, or are you like a soldier, on the job all the time?"

"Pale phantom of this sub-lunar planet," said the Spirit, "seek not to unravel the mysteries of the Hidden World; pry not into the depths whence spring such as I—"

"Yes, Guy de Montivilliers," interrupted Smith. "That's the chorus, I guess."

"I have seen—" declaimed the Spirit, summoning all his powers for a last assault on the Bomber's nerves—"I have seen blood flow in torrents, the duel, the midnight assassination—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" commented Smith, in a deep undertone.

"These very walls," continued the Ghost, in a hurt voice, "have echoed the screams of the dying, and the wan light of a morning of death has spread like a stain through this shattered casement. Not so long ago men in grey came here with thunders and lightnings, and a fusillade of bullets. Others in blue coats and red breeches pursued them, and all about was an inferno of shrieking steel and a litter of corpses—"

"Napoo," Smith amended. "Go on, Philip Gibbs!"

"The uproar and destruction were such that even I—"

"Go on!" insisted the Bomber.

"Was—was appalled and fled from my ghostly haunts—"

"Bomb-proofer!" denounced Smith. "You cringin', creepin' reptile. Call yourself a Frenchman, an' didn't join the dig-in? You ain't no decent, self-respectin' ghost, bah!" He lit a cigarette. "Beat it before I tear your can off," he ordered, in the tone of finality.

The Shade shuddered and looked wistfully at the Bomber.

"G'wan!" insisted the latter, and the Ghost, with a sigh of despair, disappeared through a portion of the wall which announced that Pierre Lemaître, soldat, 31e Regiment d'Infanterie, was prepared to espouse a wealthy widow, a rich land proprietrix, or the owner of an estaminet with a good location.

J. W. C.

The Kaiser's Birthday.

On the occasion of the Kaiser's fifty-ninth birthday all was quiet in the trenches held by the famous "Byng Boys"; but even during such quiet times our patrols ever keep a watchful eye open for the celebration that is to be expected at such a time.

One of our men who was on duty at the cruel hour of three ack emma, noticed that the All Highest's main supporter, Lady Werfer, was about to commence her daily duties, and being of a generous nature, he decided to donate a clip of highly-polished .303.

Immediately this presentation was made, Lady Werfer sent her eldest daughter, Minnie, to search for the donor; but when Minnie arrived at the suspected spot and found no one in sight, she burst into tiers (of sandbags).

Captain G. Howie Chutes being close by, heard her sobs, and at once sent his most reliable assistant, Lieutenant O. U. Stokes, to inform her friends of Minnie's fate.

Mr. O. U. Stokes soon reached his destination and immediately spread his message. This caused great alarm, and a search party was at once sent out.

As they had received no definite instructions where to go, they decided to separate, and each went his own way in search of Captain G. Howie Chutes. In doing so they disturbed many peaceful residents in the vicinity, who at once responded by sending up two red flares. Immediately a big row developed at which both sides took a hand until daylight put a stop to their activities.

Spr. F. N. BLUE, C.E.



Civvy: "I suppose that village could be taken by tanks in quick time?"

Sergeant: "Some of the tanks in my platoon would take it in no time at all."

Medical Officer: "You don't mean to tell me that a little thing like that bothers you? Now, tell the truth; if you were in civilian life, would you come to me with a thing like that?"

Private Swingit: "No ——— fear; I'd go to a doctor!"

## THE BALLAD OF SHELL-HOLE IKE.

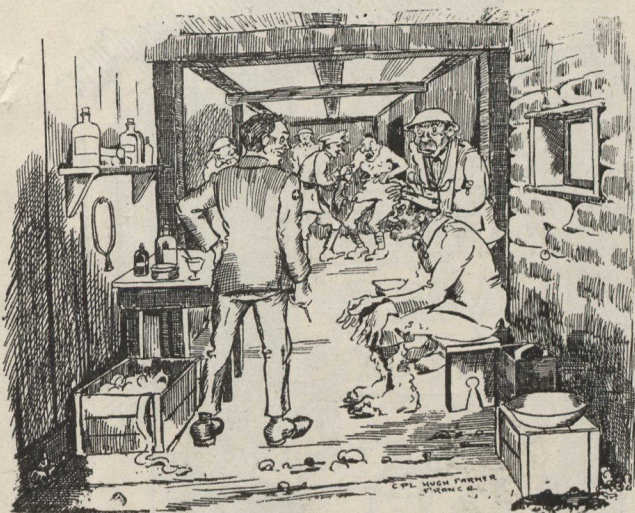
**I**N the midnight heart of no-man's land,  
Beyond the friendly wire,  
In a mud-lined, jam-tinned shell-hole fanned  
By Fritz' machine-gun fire,  
There sat the ancient Shell-hole Ike  
Up to his knees in mire.

And as he sat on the busted door  
Of the house that wasn't there,  
The murky flash and the deep-mouthed roar  
Of the "heavies" rent the air,  
And up through the ghostly death-haze tore  
The sizzling light of a flare.

A sudden "snip"—and Ike lay still  
In the mud and the slime and the gore,  
But he muttered "prunes" as the leaden pill  
Caused his heart's best blood to pour;  
And he passed in a bound to the Shadowland  
Where the "four-fives" bark no more.

In the midnight heart of no-man's-land,  
Beyond the friendly wire,  
In a mud-lined, jam-tinned shell-hole fanned  
By Fritz' machine-gun fire;  
There lay the ancient Shell-hole Ike,  
Dead, on the reddening mire.

D. F. M.



Orderly: "Ullo, cookie, fall into the soup?"  
Wounded Bomber: "G-r-r-r-."

And he thought of the speakers that raved at home  
Of the dastardly, evil Hun,  
How he must be crushed till his crafty dome  
Had vanished from under the sun;  
And he muttered "prunes" in his unkempt beard,  
Then silently reached for his gun.

He thought of those whose duties led  
Far, far from his gore-stained post,  
Whose eyes never saw the streaming red  
As a man gave up the ghost,  
Whose thought of death at a ripe old age  
Was what they feared the most.

He thought of the Staff in the dug-outs deep,  
That were hatching the devilish plans  
That would cause the scenery round to leap,  
And the bath-mats to clap their hands,  
That would probably cause the demise of a few  
Of the guys who are known as the "Fans."

"Two minutes to go"—along the line  
The strongest heart beat fast,  
As they waited the roar of the "over" sign,  
All was still, the seconds passed;  
The dew of death breathed o'er the scene—  
Still Ike growled "prunes" to the blast.

Then the blood-red fangs of death shot out  
With a crash from the throat of hell,  
As if the warring gods in a bout  
Were engaged in a struggle fell,  
While machine-guns rattled the kettle-drum part  
In the "heavies'" earthquake knell.

The murky slime of the shell-holes round  
Took on a crimson hue,  
As the eager feet of the bombers' ground,  
And the angry Stokes bombs flew  
In an iron rain, through the rusty wire,  
On Fritz and his deadly crew.



Hogan (relieved in a heavy strafe): "That's me bivvy. If ye get napooed let Cpl. Dunn know where I am."

### Joe Thompson's Parcel.

WHEN Joe got his parcel, all neatly sewn up in cotton and addressed in a hand which he did not recognise, he felt that inward glow that comes with the proof that one still has friends.

"People are good," he exulted, as he ripped off the cover and carefully laid it aside for rifle-rag. "Just think of folks sendin' a parcel to a man they ain't even seen. I does me heart good."

"She'll be some parcel, too, I'll bet," he continued in a sort of aside to the boys sitting in the big dug-out affecting an unconcern which they were far from feeling. "Good eats from front to back."

He dug out a pot of jam—damson jam, the label was familiar. Further research disclosed a liberal supply of bully—no, Corned Beef, as Joe was careful to point out—and a large lump of yellow cheese.

When he came across the layer of biscuits—army biscuits, warranted to keep in any climate; to keep, yes, just that—Joe was stricken speechless.

"Rations is up," came a sorrowful voice from the expectant crowd. And even Joe laughed.

'OME, SWEET 'OME.

PEACE had been proclaimed. The Army had been withdrawn from France—with the exception of a few trifling thousands left behind to see that the Bosche prisoners carried out the work of restitution in the spoliated districts—and the Canadian Contingent had left for home on three rafts and a sailing ship (reserved for officers).

The Navy at this period consisted of two boats, which were busy escorting Kaiser Bill to his long, last home at St. Helena. For this reason steam transport was out of the question, and as Canadian troops had long been known as first-class raftsmen, through their many years' practice sailing on bath-mats down the trenches, three of the most up-to-date rafts left in our merchant service were devoted to conveying them back to their native shores.

The boys managed pretty well. With the help of an improvised propeller, made out of a fish-tail bomb and a disused meat-grinder, they were able to do a good two knots an hour—when the wind was favourable. Propeller fatigue, as it was soon called, was far from popular, but, although the boys groused, they took their turns at the handle, for obedience, like grousing, had become second nature.

The food was, naturally, a difficult question. However, they were able to add to their rations by fishing as they went along.

Notwithstanding the duties, which took up much of their time, leisure hours hung heavily on their hands. The national sports of Poker and Black-Jack helped to ease the situation, but card games with cod-fish for chips have their drawbacks—it makes the cards so slippery.

On board the officers' boat there was a gramophone, a souvenir of the old days of stationary trench warfare. It was a long-lived, long-suffering machine, which neither night air nor heavy bombardments had been able to put out of action. It had all the defects common to gramophones of advanced age—its speech was halting and uncertain, its high notes were sheer torture to all but the hardened soldiery who sat round it and gazed lovingly on its ancient, time-battered carcass. It had a habit of feigning death at intervals, but the chief engineer knew and loved all its whims, and was invariably able, given time, to coax it back to articulation. It became a religious belief with the officers that that gramophone would come to no earthly end, but in some sudden tuneful spasm would fly into impalpable dust and wing its way to those regions where song never ceases.

The three and only records were battle-scarred and chipped. On their scratched and roughened surfaces one could faintly decipher "Only One Way," "If You were the Only Girl," and "The Broken Doll." How they had managed to outlive the Grand Strafe defeats imagination. Perhaps they had been cared for by some batman of superhuman skill; they may, again, have been casualised and sent down to the Base to cheer our dear and easily-diverted wounded. Whatever the reason, there they were, with music in nearly every line of their war-worn faces.

It was not so much the playing of the gramophone which brought solace and cheer and pictures in the fire to the warriors grouped around it and to the listening men on the rafts, but rather, as one of the boys said, it made one enjoy the silence so much better after it had stopped.

After many weary days traversing the vasty deep, with so much propeller fatigue that none of the boys could look at a meat-grinder in after life and stay a Christian, and so much gramophone exercise that an officer was heard to say that if his brains were laid on the record table they could play those three pieces just as well, and with all the original defects—they sighted Canada.

It must be left to after-the-war scribes to give exactly and in detail the emotions which filled our heroes' breasts as they gazed at the first faint hint of home. But did they emosh? Answer: They emoshed!

The journey up the St. Lawrence was one continual triumph. Every village put off its communal skiff, and the men who had done and dared—in the Pay Office and elsewhere—were amply repaid by the plaudits of their (exempted) fellow citizens for all the hardships and dangers they had endured. Besides, the feeding improved immeasurably. The civilians brought not only gratitude, but grub, and some of the boys became so stout that it was seriously discussed whether they oughtn't to make a Jonah out of the fattest man on Number 1 raft, to relieve the congestion.

At last they reached Quebec. The heights were thronged with people and debt-collectors. From the Citadel the guns spoke a thunderous welcome—and half of the boys took cover on the Point Levis side of the rafts. They were met at the dock by a deputation including the Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier, and several ready-to-wear salesmen. For the succeeding four or five hours the political end of the deputation spoke "a few feeble,

halting words of welcome to our adjectival, adverbial, men, who, etc., etc."

The cackle being cut, the horseflesh had a show, and the boys took leave of one another and departed in batches to the different provinces in which they paid their taxes and had a suitcase in storage.



Bert: "We got a Canadian who ain't scared of air raids. They can't hurt him."  
 Alf: "Why?"  
 Bert: "'Cos he's bomb-proof. I heard him tell Ma so."

Trading with the Enemy.

THE night was dark as one black cat, and all was silent save for the occasional "ploof" of a spent Fritzie star-shell container as it lit on the bean of some poor Canuck on listening post. Our gas cylinders were singing gaily; their soothing tones, wafted on the night breeze across No-Man's-Land, brought, not peace, but activity.

Big black Minnie responded at once bringing in her train offerings of pineapples—the plant which grows so well on soil that has been prepared by artillery fire. Poor Minnie was very fat and soon became fatigued, so she sat down ker-flop on the doorstep of a Canadian Soldiers' Home for Little Children. She heaved a sigh of relief—and the home.

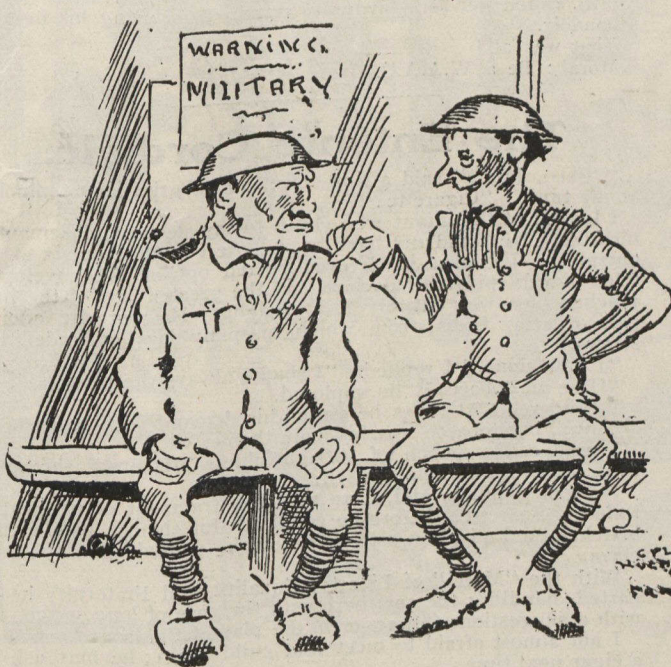
As there were not quite enough pineapples to go round, we sent Stokes over for more. He was in such a hurry, of course, that when he reached the other side he was quite out of breath, and all he could say was, "Dud-dud-dud-dud-bang-dud-bang-bang-bang-dud-wallop!" His order was understood at once and he brought back pineapples, pigs, sausages and rum-jars, and laid them at our feet.



Bill (strafing a fresh guy): "Why, you miserable shrimp, you don't know enough to come in out of a shower."



Pte. Humpty (804372586): "Well, I've managed to keep out of—"



—showers of shrapnel—



—three and a half years, bo'!"

### To Maud; an Artillery Pack-Mule.

DEAR Maud, whose dark eyes greet me in the night,  
 When orders come to carry on the fight  
 By packing to the guns that little shell,  
 Old mule, with all thy faults I love thee well!  
 Oft through the Dantesque gloom and mud, my Maud,  
 I've packed with thee, praying unto the Lord  
 That we might stay together till the end,  
 And then that He a common death might send.

I guess my prayer was never heard, dear heart,  
 For soon the Lord decreed that we must part.  
 He laid thee low, a mass of flesh and bone,  
 And left me here to mourn for thee—alone!  
 Still those dark eyes gleam at me through the night,  
 And draw me on when I am faint with fright;  
 And still I hear thy gentle-footed tread  
 When past thou marchest with the restless dead!

GNR. G. T. DONOVAN (C.F.A.).

**"Going In."**

THE golden russet twilight,  
The long straight line of trees,  
Shattered and torn by shrapnel,  
Immobile in the breeze.

The broken flags of the pavement,  
The clattering tramp of men,  
The swaying jog of the pack-mules  
In strings of nine and ten.

The dismal honk of the lorries,  
As they lumber and splash along;  
The galloping hoofs of the M.M. P.'s,  
The steam-roller's rattling song.

The shattered, broken steeple,  
The crosses—wooden and stone—  
Uprooted and torn and broken,  
The crucifix standing alone.

**THAT BIG OFFENSIVE**



The falling shades of evening,  
The last dying light in the west,  
As the first faint stars peep slowly  
On a world of strange unrest.

The blinding flash from an iron mouth,  
The tearing roar of the guns,  
As the screaming shell goes over the line  
To burst 'mid the cowering Huns.

The whine of a peevish five-point-nine,  
As it grates through the darkening air,  
The sickening crash, the answering bangs  
From the batteries everywhere.

The earthquake, terrible rending crash  
Of a "minnie" on business bound,  
As if giant hands were tearing the sky,  
To judge by the ghastly sound.

The peering eye of a vagrant flare  
With its white and ghostly light,  
As it glares o'er the ruined landscape  
And pales the face of night.

And here the wreck of a ruined house,  
And here a farm once rose;  
A broken chair and a rusty plough  
Mark the trail the destroyer goes.

And over it all the deep old stars  
Look down on the curious sight  
Of the extraordinary places  
People will go at night.

D. F. M.

**At the Base.**

THE Colonel entered his office. Upon his desk he found a cold cigarette butt, three burnt matches, a scatter of ashes and the tag off a plug of chewing.

Who had been guilty of this outrage?

Investigation established that one Lance-Corporal Binks had feloniously, and in direct defiance of 94 rules and 37 bylaws, committed this sacrilege.

Private Binks soon bore a stripeless sleeve, not to speak of a pack, a rifle, and sundry other love tokens from a provident Government.

And he went up the line.

A week later the Colonel again entered his office, and looked around for his W.A.A.C. office-girl. She was not to be seen, but on the surface of his desk were visible: a trace of powder; three hair pins; one safety ditto; a handkerchief (perfumed); a key; puffs, powder, one; a small mirror; one car ticket (out of date); a recipe for hair wash; a crumpled glove; two artificial flowers; a snap-shot of Sir David Beatty; and a field post-card full of contrary statements, alleging that a person by the name of "William" was quite well, had been admitted to hospital, was sick and going on well, wounded and hoped to be discharged soon (no doubt of that), was being sent down to the base, had received a letter, telegrams and parcel, that a letter followed, that he had received no letter either lately or for a long time.

There was no investigation. The Colonel merely rang the electric bell, and when it was answered by Privatress Mabel Smith, asked her as a favour to refrain from using his desk as a boudoir.

That was all!

Moral: Be a W.A.A.C.

**The Entente Cordiale.**

"'ULLO, Jack!" said a tiny voice, and a grimy hand plucked at my tunic. "Cigarette?"

I looked at the infant who clung to my sleeve and demanded nicotine. He could not have been more than five or six at the outside. His large black eyes peered out of the enveloping folds of a dilapidated balaclava, but the greater part of the little pinched face was entirely lost to sight. He wore an ancient pair of army boots, from which his puny legs protruded like straws.

"I have none," I replied. "I smoke always the pipe."

"Give me tobacco?" he implored.

I pondered. At times he varied his demand with requests for a penny, but tobacco was his main theme.

I produced a pouch of "Frightfulness Mixture," the latest issue, and let him help himself.

He took a pinch, and, drawing out a fragment of newspaper, rolled a cigarette. Before he could ask for them I handed him matches, and stood in awe while smoke poured from the balaclava.

With the "Merci" of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity he departed, handling the raw herb with the ease of long usage, and with a suggestion of swagger in the play of the large boots.

I am almost afraid to meet that child again; he may ask for a cigar next time.

**Canada.**

YES, she heard your call from her snug retreat,  
And she sent her bounteous store;  
She offered her gold, her cattle and wheat,  
And she gave you something more:  
Motherland, that you might be free,  
She has sent her sons o'er the boundless sea:  
Aye, this is her priceless gem.  
The heroes of many a bloody fight  
And many a contest grim,  
The sons you sired of the bull-dog brood,  
The grim-jawed boys of the fighting mood,  
May God watch over them!



## LEAD SWINGING—THE NEW CAREER.

"O H—! What have we here?"—M.O.

THE last few years of animated mineral deposits in Europe have led to the rise of many things, and incidentally to the Profession of Lead Swinging. The origin of the term is wrapped in the dim, damp mists of obscurity, and was only discovered by much prayer, fasting, and religious following of the Law of Diminishing Return. Some great authority, who had devoted fully fifteen minutes to the subject, evolved the following theory:—

The ultimate aim of every God-fearing private is to procure the much coveted P.B. after his name and number. This ensures him against the terror that flieth by night and the pestilence that wasteth at noontide. This eminent person, by a process of reasoning too complicated to be even hinted at under twenty volumes, noting that P.B. was the symbol for lead, gave the title of Swinging the Lead to all efforts aimed at the ad-

Methuselah towards the end of his earthly sojourn. Action should be marked by spasmodic effort—especially in the presence of witnesses.

3.—A particular malady should be taken up as a hobby. The appropriate symptoms should be worked out with care, and held to with religious, resolute, rigorous determination, both before and after breakfast, in the face of the severest cross-examination. What the malady may be is a matter of indifference, but it should be borne in mind that premature baldness, or similar troubles, are not likely to bring you to your coveted haven.

4.—Above all things, the impression must be created that your greatest fear is that you will not be allowed to face the crafty Tenton again; that your one aim and ambition in life is to take part in bombing raids, ration, wiring and working parties, and



Private Swingit: "I has it here every morning, sir, in the same place."

M.O.: "Now look here, if you were back in civil life would you come to me with a thing like that?"

Pte. Swingit: "No, I'd see a Doctor."

dition of the remark P.B. to a soldier's Medical History Sheet.

In order to "swing it" successfully, several broad underlying rules must be followed, but there is an infinitude of possibility open to the enterprising and the original. The pre-requisites for embarking on a Lead Swinging career are:—

1.—An expression of deep fedupitude with the world in general. A suitable one can be copied from any old-timer when the latest draft is describing his miraculous escapes on the way up from the Base.

2.—A general flavour of mild decay (decrepitude feeblysimus), such as one would expect to observe in the bodily habit of

all the festivities that go to make up the social life of the more undesirable map locations in France; that to leave such a charming occupation would cause you great, and possibly fatal, agony. This is a very good line, and if judiciously followed will be certain to produce the desired result.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

The Government, unfortunately, will not accept such bald statements as "I am sick" without a careful scrutiny of the statement maker, together with such vital information as next-of-kin, religion, length of service, etc., all of which shed a broad light on one's illness.

**Lead Swinging—The New Career—contd.**

The machine for the examination of candidates for the Lead Swinging Course is called the M.O. The M.O. machine is constructed in the following manner:—

Early in youth selected members of the human family are set aside, and all symptoms of human feeling completely expunged from their emotional equipment. The recess thus created is filled up with a supersaturated solution of the quintessence of scepticism. Then, after having been subjected to various hardening processes, whose formulas involve the entire Greek alphabet, the M.O. machine is ready for use.

The equipment is very simple, consisting chiefly of a sand-bag full of No. 9 pills, a few assorted chisels, and a large knife.

The hour selected for the M.O. machine to operate is usually a little after bed-time, say five or six in the morning. When the victim appears in the presence, he is asked a large number of questions covering the entire scope of human activity. To the answers to all these questions the M.O. replies "Hm," or in extreme cases "Humph."

In the rare case of a favourable decision being registered, expressions of undue levity or pleasure should be rigorously repressed, and any hint of self-congratulation excluded from the countenance. This may be done by reflecting on such subjects as the shell-hole-on-the-right idea, the empty-jam-tin notion, or the busted bath-mat theory.

Thus it may be seen that the way of the Lead Swinger is not strewn with roses, but is filled with governmental pitfalls into which the unwary may fall, and the rosy prospect of all his leaden dreams be brought to nought.

D. F. M.

**THE ALLIES.**

AN ACROSTIC.

Fair Country, light of heart, of gracious speech,  
Resenting those intruders who o'er-reach  
And force on you a bloody opposition,  
No sacrifice of yours in these past years  
Can fruitless be: though you must rain your tears,  
Enduring now a ruinous transition.

Revolting from the slavery of the past,  
Untrodden Freedom's ways you seek at last,  
Subconscious of the latent force within.  
Strike hard! Nor let the traitor's artful rôle  
Intimidate and turn you from the goal.  
Awake, O Lion-Heart! Arise and win.

Brave Nation, why are you thus beaten back,  
Ejected from your land by foreign foe,  
Looted and ravaged by a brutal pack?  
Germany found you in her path, and so—  
Indignant and surprised at seeing you  
Undaunted, plucky—she more savage grew,  
Murdering women. Woe upon her, woe!

Breathing the fresh, free air of sea-girt isles,  
Remembering Runnymede and the great pact,  
Indignant are you that the Teuton's wiles  
The solemn pledge at Hagne should counteract.  
Arm and avenge! And call your children too  
(India also, she'll to you be true),  
Newfoundland, Canada, by Anzacs backed.

Intrigued into a bond you most dislike,  
Tempted you were by alien "friends" to strike  
Against your friends the "foe."  
Later you shook the shackles from your loins:  
You said to Wilhelm, "No."

Allied to Freedom and to open ways,  
Making the most of chances and of days,  
Eye clapt to your glass, you viewed the distant strife:  
Reluctant to believe a friend a foe  
(Ill-easéd though you were), at last you go  
Clean through all barriers and join the show.  
All Hail, Columbia! Come death, come life.

E'en as the snowball rolled along increases,  
Taking momentum with its onward course,  
Collecting small and sometimes larger pieces,  
Each in its way contributing its force:  
The rights of people all in common danger,  
Echo the call—come, Portugal and Greece,  
Roumanian, Japanese, and Serbian stranger,  
Around the united standards fight for Peace.

P. B. (Canadian Infantry).

**O TEMPORA! O MORES!**

[NOTE.—Under the title, "Bleeding Belgium White," the "Weekly Scotsman" says: "A new decree requisitions all brass instruments and domestic utensils down to the smallest detail. These include fenders, stove-parts, ovens, umbrella-stands, curtain-hooks, curtain-rods and rings, knobs of bedsteads, stair-rods, pumps and piping, chandeliers, handles of baths, window and door fastenings and knobs, etc."]

WHEN I volunteered for service  
Overseas against the Hun,  
Sure, I guessed he'd maybe end me  
With a bayonet, bomb, or gun;  
But I little thought before me  
Lay the lowly fate and vile  
Of receiving my quietus  
Through a flat-iron or a file.

When the stove-part or the bed-knob  
Penetrates my shrinking skin,  
Shall I roll my eyeballs heavenward,  
Shall I shout through battle's din,  
In a voice, dramatic, piercing,  
"I am ended—I am gone"?  
No, indeed, I'll much more likely  
Wail instead, "Put me in pawn,  
For I've things enough inside me  
To refurnish homes a few—  
And the Hun, my gentle Maggie,  
Is a better shot than you."

Should my wounding not be fatal,  
Should I live to eye askance  
Articles of household usage  
Dug out by the surgeon's lance—  
Curtain-rings and armchair castors,  
Carpet tacks, and things akin—  
From that hour mortification  
Positively would set in.  
For a scar so unheroic  
As is caused by kitchenware  
Would be more than I could stomach,  
Would be more than I could bear.  
I should clamour for a blighty  
Of the good old-fashioned type;  
Not the sort of thing resultant  
From a length of water-pipe.

As in hospital I rested,  
Convalescing by degrees,  
Could I suffer people asking,  
"Soldier, will you tell me please,  
Was it bomb or was it bullet  
Laid you low and brought you here?"  
Could I answer firmly, bravely,  
" 'Twas a piece of chandelier"?  
Would they listen if I told them  
That the main-spring of a clock,  
Or the ferrule of a "brolly,"  
Or the innards of a lock,  
Caught me unawares and laid me  
Side by side with heroes bold—  
Splinter-chipped and bullet-ravaged,  
Bomb-disfigured, shrapnel-holed?

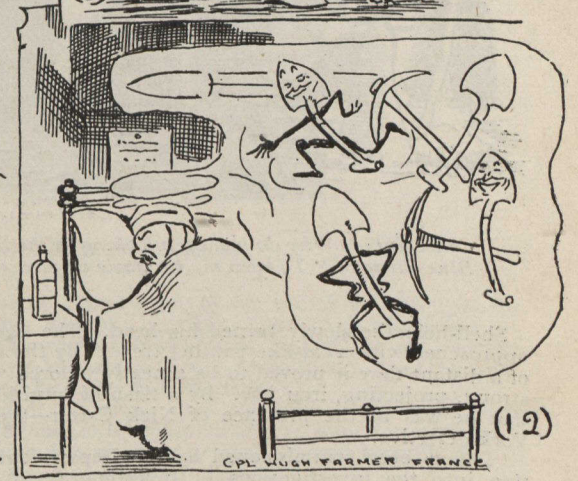
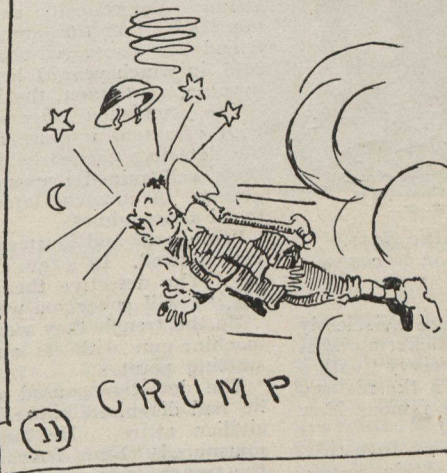
No, my Hun, if you must slay me,  
Do it neatly, do it well,  
With the missiles of convention—  
Not a bath-tap or door-bell.

J. W. C.

We note that an esteemed English contemporary is offering a prize for the largest potato sent in—no doubt an excellent way of helping out the Editor's diet these hard times.

In the same way and for the same purpose, we are prepared to place the person on our free list who sends in the largest rum issue. Competitors are warned that no dilution or otherwise tampering with the spirit will be tolerated: quality will count as well as quantity. Entries must be packed so as to appear as much as possible like religious literature, to ensure safe transit through the mails, and must be labelled: "Comforts for the Troops, Editorial Department, THE LISTENING POST."

# THAT SNOVEL



## IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE CHEESE ISSUE. A Tale.

THE sleepy fingers of Shell-hole Ike, the bomber, slowly relaxed. The slumber-inducing warmth of the brazier permeated the dug-out. The wick of the last half-inch of candle slowly bowed itself to fate and prepared itself for dissolution. The torn and crumpled volume of Nick Carter reluctantly fell to the floor.

Shell-hole Ike stood motionless against what had once been the wall of the corner drug store—as motionless as the broken timbers and uneven piles of brick that stood silhouetted against the starry horizon; as motionless as the corkscrew iron stakes with their tangled tendrils of barbed wire; as motionless as the wily Fritz, twenty-five yards away, with eyes glued to the phosphorescent sights. The gentle west wind, sweetly scented with the breath of unborn roses and empty jam tins, softly blew the darkening clouds over and soiled the starlit face of night.

Shell-hole Ike peered with his gimlet eyes, and by concentrating all his optical powers could clearly descry—nothing!

Suddenly he became conscious of someone behind him, but before he could decide what to do, a noiseless, steel-reinforced voice, with all trace of emotion carefully removed, silently remarked: "At present I have fourteen ways of causing your demise. If, however, you remain perfectly still, we may dispense with that little formality."



Conscript: "Why do you keep looking in the little glass?"  
Blue Straps: "To keep my tin lizzie on straight, er course."

Shell-hole Ike slowly turned his head. The figure noiselessly approached with a cat-like panther tread. By the flickering light of a distant flare it proved to be a neatly tailored "civvy" with a strong, projecting, iron jaw. By a flash of intuition Ike realised that he was in the presence of Nick Carter—the famous New York detective.

"I have been commissioned by the Department of Investigation into the Investigations of Investigators to obtain certain important papers," said the great sleuth. "Come with me."

The swish of a flare and the rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun proved that the renowned detective had aroused the prejudiced curiosity of the crafty Teuton. A smile lighted his lean, hard

face. The two adjustable automatic .45's in his sleeves registered with inconceivable speed. The automatic bomb-thrower attached to his back and left leg delivered its ten Mills bombs in four and three-quarter seconds. The hypnotic light in his eyes literally burned holes in the dark robe of the night—one could even smell the cloth singeing. For some reason the machine-gun stopped firing, either because its crew had been wiped out, or possibly because it intended to stop anyway. The detective's jaws clicked: he carefully replaced the half-drawn tube containing the Battalion Elevator and the Brigade Remover—the deadly weapons of the great offensives of 2001-2. The work had been accomplished by the comparative toys of the present day.

With a bound the great detective cleared the wire, landed like a feather, and awaited the more cautious Ike as he crept through. Rapid changes now took place in the sleuth's appearance. A saucy German staff officer's cap was on his head, a military great-coat of Hunnish design changed him into the likeness of a member of the Prussian autocracy. Then over the ruins of buildings, past blown-in cellars, away from the British trenches drifted the two figures.

Through the night came subdued voices in a foreign tongue, and Ike realised that they were nearing some German headquarters. The immaculate figure before him changed his bearing. He started spluttering long words which Ike judged to be German, by the consonants, and profane, by the rising inflection. Suddenly a sentry sprang up and shouted a challenge. The immaculate figure reached out with his walking stick and struck the man across the face. The sentry spluttered. The detective, with infinite tact then threw his revolver at him. This proved to be a peculiarly effective countersign. The sentry sprang to attention, and allowed the two to proceed down the trench without further question.

The deep mouth of the dug-out yawned on their right, and without hesitation the curious pair descended the steps. Along an electric lighted passage they went until an important-looking individual appeared before a green baize door. He uplifted his hand. The detective simply glared at him, then seeing that the attendant did not seem impressed, picked up the stool and threw it at him. The man instantly sprang to attention. The detective's jaws clicked. With a quick movement he turned the handle of the door and led the way into a large room where six dignitaries in red and gold were seated round a table. Soft music stole from an unseen source, rosy tinted lights lit up the room. On the table were numerous maps, plans, glasses, official papers, cigars—all the aids of modern strategy. The detective approached the table and rapped fiercely on it with his cane.

"Gentlemen," he began in his highly sterilized German, "I have here my distinguished friend Herr Von Lotzoflagerbier, disguised in the horrible, ghastly, abominable costume of our wicked, crafty, deceitful, dod-gasted enemies. His disguise is complete—no expense has been spared from the pull-through in his left-hand pocket to the pay-book in his right. In his haversack you will find iron rations, which our unscrupulous enemies theoretically eat if they cannot obtain the more nourishing jam tins and powdered rum jars they prefer. My friend has discovered the plans of our enemies up to the year 2015, in which year, I believe, the final offensive will begin. I propose, gentlemen, the health of Herr Von Lotzoflagerbier."

The astonished officers gasped, looked at one another, and with a mutual impulse raised their glasses. As they did so the detective carelessly flicked his cigarette and the speechless Ike's well-trained eye saw six little pills slip silently into the glasses. A moment later the officers were snoring with true racial thoroughness.

"One hour and fourteen seconds," murmured the sleuth. His jaws clicked. In a few sweeps all the papers were in the sand bag. The detective then drew his remaining revolver remarking, "I will cover you with this until we reach our lines."

Up the trench they went, over the parapet, past the German machine-gun with its annihilated crew, and so back to their starting point.

The detective paused as they reached the shell-hole, where he had disguised himself before going over, and resumed his civilian attire. He drew a notebook from his pocket and murmured, "New York, 11.15." Then as he turned to leave the trench, remarked to Ike, "You might turn this sand-bag containing the papers into G.H.Q. about 9," and was gone. . .

And the moral of this is, never eat to-night the cheese you should eat to-morrow.

D. F. M.



PTE. MICHAEL JAMES O'ROURKE, V.C., M.M., CAN. INF., B.C. REGT.

For three days and nights Pte. O'Rourke, who is a stretcher-bearer, worked unceasingly in bringing the wounded into safety, dressing them, and getting them food and water.

During the whole of this period the area in which he worked was subjected to very severe shelling and swept by heavy machine gun and rifle fire. On several occasions he was knocked down and partially buried by enemy shells.

Seeing a comrade who had been blinded stumbling around ahead of our trench, in full view of the enemy who were sniping

him Pte. O'Rourke jumped out of his trench and brought the man back, being himself heavily sniped at while doing so. Again he went forward about 50 yards in front of our barrage under very heavy and accurate fire from enemy machine guns and snipers, and brought in a comrade.

On a subsequent occasion, when the line of advanced posts was retired to the line to be consolidated, he went forward under very heavy enemy fire of every description and brought back a wounded man who had been left behind.

## The Song of the Rancher.

I'm sick of the East, with its squabbling and squalling,  
I long for the peace of the vast, silent plain,  
I sigh for the days of contentment enthralling,  
I want to go back to Alberta again.

I'm thinking to-night of the wild, wind-swept prairie,  
The land of the bison, the moose, and the deer,  
Where the Chinook sweeps down from the mountain peak airy  
That stands like a sentinel year after year.

I can see in my fancy the Bow gently sweeping,  
As it swings in loud compass, and sings loud and gay;  
And there in the back-wash the grayling is sleeping—  
'Tis plain to be seen that the boys are away.



Orderly: "Chow up."  
Ginger: "Wots on, Bud, 'ot dinner?"  
Orderly: "Yep, bully an' mustard."

Shall I ever again get the scent of the round-up,  
Shall I see the wild cattle a-ram on the hills,  
Hear the swish of the rope as the "bronc" burns the ground up,  
The cutting, the branding, the dust and the thrills?

Oh, give me fresh air! Let me loosen my collar!  
Take me back where the rivers all flow to the north,  
Where manhood is judged by the deed, not the dollar,  
And a man is a man if he once prove his worth.

Oh, never again will I be a bold rover,  
I'll go where the sun smiles un sullied all day  
To the wide-spreading fields of alfalfa and clover,  
And revel once more in the wild prairie hay.

M. J. J. SULLIVAN.

## Hill 70.

MASSED were the guns and awaiting,  
Hardly a howitzer spoke;  
Massed were the Northmen and ready,  
Long ere the morning awoke.  
Then at a signal appointed,  
Right from the portholes of hell  
Screamed forth the shells in their thousands,  
True to their destiny fell.

Wave after wave of the Northmen  
'Rose from the shadowy trench,  
Stern-lipped they followed the curtain  
Belching its cordity stench.

Nothing could dampen their ardour,  
All were obsessed with the thought,  
"There is the hill and we'll take it,—  
Take it we will or be shot."  
Bombing they swept like a storm-wind,  
Cleaned out that warren of Huns,  
Spared those who clamoured for mercy—  
Bravo, our Northmen and guns!

Fuming and fretful in masses  
Surged forth the Germans all day,  
Fodder they were for our cannon,  
Blurring the grass with their grey.

Brave were the bearers of stretchers,  
Toting the wounded to rear,  
Staunching the blood-flow of others,  
Sticking the rifles up near.  
Little they recked of the danger,  
Bullets or splinters of shell,  
Doing their duty whole-hearted,  
Succouring comrades who fell.

Khaki was blended with field-grey  
Front of the trenches ahead,  
Madness to tend those in daylight,  
Adding to wounded and dead.

So with the shadows of evening,  
Stole from a tunnel at Loos,  
Mohawk and Cree and the white men  
Skilled in the stalking of moose.  
Hollows and shell-holes they hunted,  
Listened for murmur or groan,  
Always the stretchers were laden—  
Laden with wounded—our own.

Back on their errands of mercy  
Went forth the bearers again,  
Bringing the nearest of Germans  
Helplessly groaning with pain.

Burst then the heavy bombardment,  
Batt'ry to battery spoke;  
Trenches and valley resembled  
Cauldrons of brimstone and smoke;  
Full was the air of a throbbing,  
Whistle and singing of shell,  
Never an artist inspired  
Drew such a picture of hell!

Gas that was pungent as mustard  
Hung like a mist in the air,  
All down the shell-battered trenches,  
Dead of the Huns everywhere.

Swaying and coughing and stumbling,  
Still went the bearers their way,  
Rescued those wounded on stretchers—  
Huns who are living to-day.  
What of the fate of the bearers?  
What of their subsequent plight?  
Saving that handful of Germans  
Many will never see light!

ROCKE SAVAGE (Canadian Pioneers)

FUN FROM THE FRONT.

A LIGHTNING RECOVERY.

"Somebody's hit," said the Lance-Jack. Sure enough, we could hear a faint groaning from the half-collapsed dug-out near by. We investigated, and found a man with an ugly wound in his side—machine-gun bullet, he said.

"Can you walk?" asked the Lance-Jack.  
 "No," he moaned; "it hurts like Hades just lying here."

There was no help for it, so we fetched a stretcher and with more trouble than one man ever told another about, loaded him on to it and got him up to trench level.

It was hard going. The Huns were dropping big ones all along the line, and the trench was caved in in a dozen places. At last it became so bad that, when we reached a bit of dead ground, the Lance-Jack suggested that we should take the open for it.

We hoisted the stretcher over and were well away, when—"Crack, crackle, crackle, whizz, whang"—a machine-gun opened.

The Lance-Jack and I collided on the lip of the nearest shell-hole, and sank to rest in a foot of water and slime. But it was no time to be fastidious.

A moment later the fire swung over to the left, and the Corporal looked over.

"Holy smoke!" he shouted. "Look at that, will you."

I looked, and there was our late helpless patient legging it for the support line like an Olympic candidate. We never saw him again. Guess he's reached Blighty by now.

IN HOSPITAL.

"Hello, Sister, will you be busy this afternoon? Or would you care to come for a stroll—it's a lovely day."

"I'm sorry, Canada, but we're only allowed to associate with officers—discipline, you know. Lieutenant Jones is taking me out to tea this afternoon."

(Enter Lieut. Jones): "Are you ready, Sister?"

"One minute, Mr. Jones."

(Canada mutters under his breath): "Pretty ancient."

(Lieut. Jones hears some of it): "What's that?"

"I said, 'Pretty, ain't she.'"

"Oh, yes. Pity you're out of it. Discipline, you know."

AT THE BASE.

(W.A.A.C. in sight.) Hello, girls!"

"Hello, Canada!"

"Let's go for a walk."

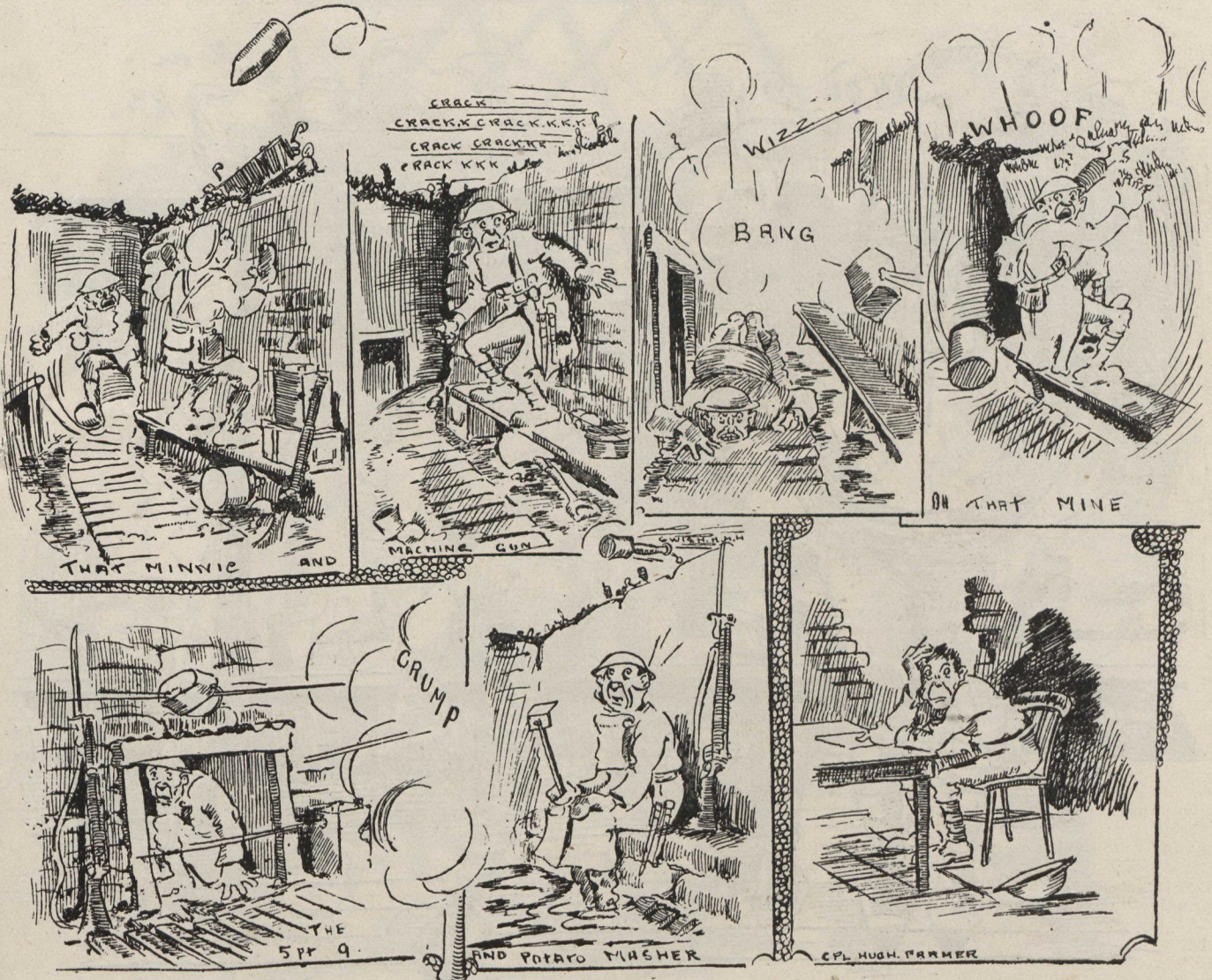
"Certainly."

(Lieut. Jones passes): "Good evening, miss."

W.A.A.C.: "We aren't allowed to speak to officers—discipline, you know."

\* \* \*

Machine-gun Instructor (describing Hun machine-gun and the various ways in which it may be rendered useless): "Sometimes they remove the feed-block. It is easy to detect what is the matter, because you will see that there is a space missing."



Those hairbreadth escapes we were to relate in that next letter home invariably end up in the bald language of the j.p.c.—  
 I am quite well, etc.

**Fun from the Front—continued.**

SURELY the University of Vimy Ridge hasn't started a moment too soon. Instead of lectures on "Fooling Fritz," or "Machine-gunners' Mistakes," such as hitherto have been the main educational food of the front-liner from the Far West, a little history of Canada would help.

The other evening one of a party of men sitting in a public place absorbing local colour (vin rouge) was heard to say: "G'wan, yer talkin' through yer hat; yer thinkin' of Champagne. That guy never was at Quebec. He met that other gink—lemme see, now, yeah—Lincoln be name. Champagne got killed; so did Lincoln. I ain't jes' certain but I think they made De Wolfe head geezer around these parts. Yuh can't fool me on history."

And the only comment was from one of his pals: "Wisht I had yer eddication, bo."

\* \* \*

I like music with my meals  
In some restaurant to dine,  
And to linger o'er my wine  
While an orchestra divine  
Throbs and squeals;  
But I rather draw the line  
At feeding when supine,  
While the roaring 5.9  
Crumps and peals.

It had been a rough trip for the ration party. The usual dash through the section of trench that was shelled every few minutes; the sacks of supplies delaying one in the narrow places; the complimentary remarks from the windy ones in the rear to the laggards in front—all the fun of the fair. As they wheezed and panted past a dug-out door, a voice hailed Pete.

"What have you got in the sacks, mates?"

"Mails."

"Nails?"

"No, pig-iron, you fool. Don't you know we manufacture tanks in the front line now?"

\* \* \*

SONGS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Working Parties—"By the Light of the Silvery Moon."

Orderly Room—"They wouldn't Believe Me."

Afterwards—"Sympathy."

"Going In"—"It's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding."

Crown and Anchor—"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

Going sick—"Take me back to dear old Blighty."

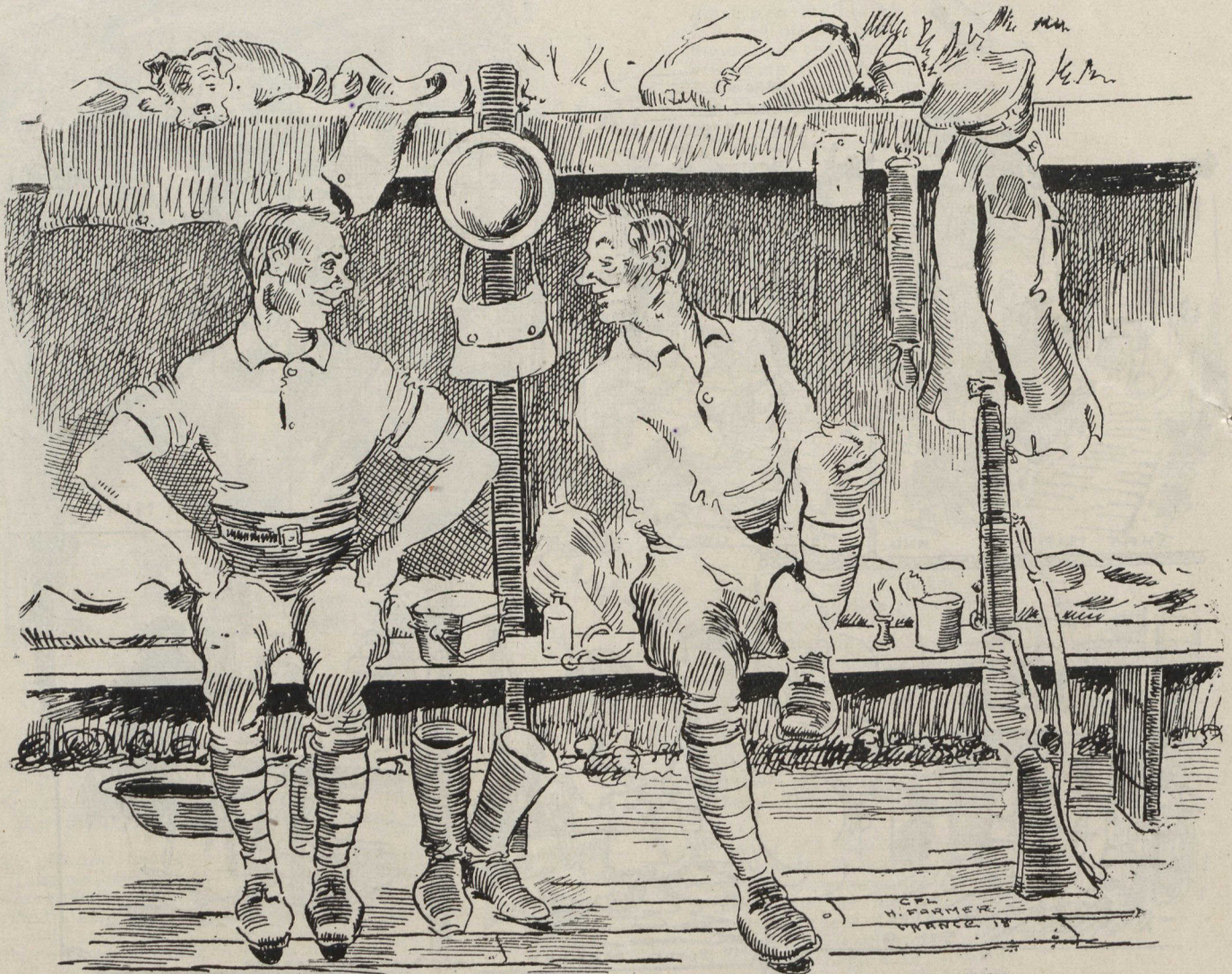
Divisional Baths—"Little Drops of Water."

Clean Change—"Ain't it great to meet a Friend from your own Home Town."

During Bombardment—"Just a little bit off the top."

After Bombardment—"Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours makes."

Taking Prisoners—"Put on your Old Grey Bonnet."



Batman: "You seem to be tickled, Curly, you must have got a good class yesterday."  
Curly (going back to Canada): "Best in the world, Bud—1st class B.C."



Fun from the Front—continued.

The Germans are short of shells!

Wicked One : "What's for breakfast this morning?"  
 Guard : "Hamburger steak."  
 "Take it away; it ain't patriotic."  
 "What, bully-beef whizz-bangs?"  
 "Oh, all right; that's different."

"Anything in the Russian communique?"  
 "Yep, sure. Bully and biscuits advancing; fresh meat in full retreat; cheese and jam badly disorganised; potatoes routed; rice holding its own; six men capture one loaf."

SAFETY FIRST.

One of the leave men met an old friend, an army doctor, in London last week. In spite of the difference in rank, the M.O. shot out the glad hand and said : "Hullo, Stan, how are you?" "Are you asking as a private individual, or as a member of a medical board?" was the cautious answer. "Because, strictly between ourselves, I'm feeling pretty good, but in an official capacity I'm a horrible wreck."

The soldiers out here don't mind B.C. going dry, because every time in the trenches now Fritz sends over an unlimited supply of "Johnnie Walkers." We might warn the Prohibitionist

Party that it will be of no use trying to prevent his delivering this supply unless they are prepared to bribe him with "plum-puddings."

ON WORKING PARTY.

Corporal (pointing to a pile of engineers' material) : "Simpson, pack this stuff up to Mustard-Gas Grove."  
 Private : "Have a heart! My name's Simpson, not Samson."

After several years of war, Fritz is providing us with "Sausages," "Pineapples," "Egg Bombs," "Rum Jars," and "Johnnie Walkers."

The question is, How soon will he provide us with the means for a four-course dinner?

Hoary : "What draft did you come with?"  
 New : "909th Battalion."  
 Hoary : "Holy smoke!"  
 New : "Yes, I was one of the originals of the 909th."  
 Hoary : "What patriotic sentiment made you enlist?"  
 New : "Prohibition."



Pat (to insolent prisoner) : "Get up, ye scum, or I'll hit ye where ye shtand."

THE PILL-BOX.

IF you had lived in those peaceful days before the war in the smiling, go-ahead town of Flowerdale, somewhere in Canada, you would probably have noticed, night after night for the space of two summer months, "Professor Oklahoma," exhibiting and forcing on the credulous public his "Kural Medicine," "Eucalyptus Ointment," and "Wonderful Eastern Nulife Pills."

But ere autumn arrived and the nights grew cold, the great war broke out, and the smooth-tongued Professor with his remarkable remedies disappeared.

\* \* \*

It was just before the push at Passchendaele that Private Harry Baker joined the battalion. He was a fine upstanding fellow—a superior sort of chap, about twenty-eight years of age.

Everybody liked him. He was one of the few men who seem to make no enemies, but become instantaneously and universally popular. He said little, but whenever and wherever he spoke, men would listen and remark to one another, "smart fellow, that."

The cold, cold nights of weary, dreary Flanders threw our blankets together. Baker and I became side-kickers and chums. I soon noticed that each night before blowing out the candle he took a highly-coloured pill box from his clothes and swallowed a large pink pill. I was rather astonished at that, for Baker did not appear to me the sort of man to indulge in either drugs or patent medicines. Two weeks later he confided to me the secret of the pink pills.

Before the war, it seemed, he had been a medical student, and at one time, while touring India during the summer vacation, had obtained from a fakir the secret of a wonderful universal remedy for all human ailments, which he prepared from the juices of rare and costly herbs, and made up in the form of a pink pill. One of these pills, he said, would change the whole mental outlook of the person who took it for fully an hour. No matter in what anxiety, trouble, or discomfort one was placed, the taking of a pill would transport one to worlds of heavenly bliss and suffuse the soul with serenity. Two pills would intensify and prolong this condition. Three pills would create, for the time being, a dangerous and homicidal mania. Baker added that there were no ill effects whatsoever; one returned to normal in no degree the worse for the dose.

Notwithstanding this assurance, I could never be persuaded to try them. A ration of S.R.D. was all I wanted. I had been up against Hunnish hate for over a year and a half, and feared nothing from that quarter; but I must confess I stood in awe of Baker and the third pill. The effect of the smaller dose on him was certainly remarkable. No matter how wet, muddy, or generally uncomfortable the trenches were, no matter if the rest of the battalion were immersed in the gloom of depression until their grouch pervaded the very atmosphere, Baker was as happy and care-free as a child.

While the rest of us were struggling through the mud in the trench zone profanely easing ourselves with hoarse and whole-hearted abandon, Baker seemed to skip along, and his speech was as mild as milk. If he fell into a shell-hole he acted as though it had been a perfumed bath. Clouds of smoke and nauseating gases were to him as the odour of flowers. If shelling became heavy he would swallow two pills, then the thunder and shock would sound soothing and distant like the strains of far-away music. Naturally Baker was acknowledged to be the most optimistic fellow in the battalion. Some even went so far as to say he was "balmy," or trying to work his ticket; but none of them knew the secret of his composure except myself, and I said nothing. What I really dreaded was lest Baker should, accidentally or otherwise, take three pills and run amok.

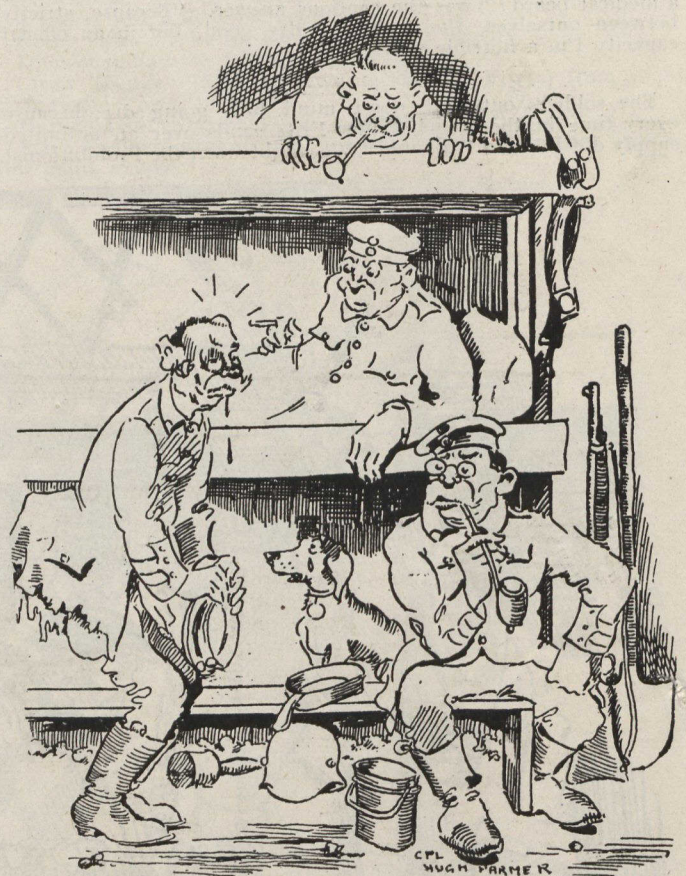
Nothing unusual occurred until the day we attacked Passchendaele Ridge. Just before the barrage opened, I was feeling rather nervous and wound up, so I asked Baker for one of his pills. He gave me it without question, and I noticed that he swallowed three at the same time. I went off into the realms of bliss at once, but Baker went roaring, raving mad.

We went over the top at the same instant. I stumbled and fell, and when I regained my feet, there was Baker shouting with Berserker fury as he raged along the German trench doing tremendous execution.

I lost sight of him then, having preoccupations of my own, and saw no more of him until the close of the action. He was standing on top of a German pill-box chanting a war song,

and every now and then loosing off five rounds rapid. No one was able to do anything with him, so they sent for me, knowing that he and I were chums.

Earlier in the day I had clapped a German helmet on to my head, and I approached Baker looking, I dare say, a good deal like a Hun, what with the mud caked on my uniform and coating my face. In any case, Baker no sooner saw me than he let out a desperate roar and came at me like a tiger. The effects of my one pill had worn off by this time, and I am not ashamed to own that I turned tail and ran for my life. He chased me through shell-holes and barbed wire, in trenches and out of them, gaining on me at every bound. I am quite sure I should never have been alive to tell this story had it not been for a friendly and opportune five-point-nine, which fell between us, burying Baker in mud and knocking the German helmet off my head.



Hans: "Vot hit your face mit?"

Jerry: "Der Feld Webel's gas helmid. He found oudt my fourth vife vas alretty his sixth."

We dug him out quite unconscious and as limp as a rag, and before the stretcher-party took him away I searched for the pill-box. I was unable to find it, but instead discovered a well worn business card in his pocket bearing the announcement:

PROFESSOR OKLAHOMA,

THE WIZARD FROM THE EAST,

Maple Leaf Hotel - - - Flowerdale.

Hours—10 to 4.

F. W. DAGLISH.



### Motherland.

FROM the cold white North, from the golden North,  
The Land of the Midnight Sun;  
From the arid South and the mystic East,  
From the bounteous West we come;  
For we heard your call (you know our breed),  
And right gladly to help we came.  
May the Briton who shirks in your hour of need  
Sink into a grave of shame.

S. H. DICKINSON.

The only thing that seems humorous when you are returning from leave is to see the signs all over Victoria Station. "Beware of Pickpockets"—after you've been in the battle of Blighty for a couple of weeks.

\* \* \*

Cook: "After all, this war will be won by electricity!"  
Batman: "Well, I'm glad our next pay's a big one. I'll spend all mine on dry batteries."

**C. France.**

I GOT messed up at Vimy on April twenty-eight,  
The way I got my blighty I'd rather not relate,  
For when that whizz-bang hit me I thought my end had come,  
I felt my earthly sojourn was strictly on the bum.

I landed up in Blighty in a sick-shop big and grand;  
On seeing all the nurses thought "here's the promised land."  
I wondered when I'd get my robes and when my feathered  
wings  
So that I could fly around and view these pretty things.

Each time they came up to my bed I'd ask them for my harp,  
I'd ask them for my sandals in tones both cross and sharp;  
Each time they'd say in kindest tones, "You cannot fly at  
night;  
Just keep right still and you'll get well," and then blow out  
the light.

Time went on: I left this place and went up for a board.  
They told me there I'd be C3, and sure my hopes high soared.  
I saw old Canada looming up as round and round I'd dance,  
But the doctor only damned my hopes, for he marked instead  
"C France."

LEN. BEATTY.



Nervous One: "Say, can I get to King's Cross this way?"  
Temporary S.B.: "Sure, Mike, on a stretcher, if it ain't  
a napoo."

**Breaking in the Peace  
Rookie.**

A NEGLECTED PROBLEM.

**A**MONGST the great after-the-war problems, breaking in  
the troops to civilian life urgently demands a place.  
There are doubtless efficient organisations already out-  
lined to deal with the questions of trade and finance on  
the cessation of hostilities. But has this most important of sub-  
jects received the consideration it deserves?

Why have we no Society for Easing Infantry into Industrial-  
ism, no Association for the Unconscious Absorption of Artillery-  
men into Agriculture, no Scheme for the Imperceptible Satur-  
ation of the Civil Services with Soldiers?

Think of the poor veteran denuded of the generous amplitude  
of his khaki tunic and compelled to resume the uncomfortable  
clothing of civilian life, to wear a starched collar, to take his  
meals at a table, and to sleep in a bed? Can sock-supports  
replace puttees? Can the cuff-link compete with the buttonless  
sleeve? Can the clammy sheet oust the homely blanket? Can  
the Stetson dispute with the soft top? Can the cashmere sock  
dethrone the boot-cushion built by Susie? Is foot-wear to con-  
tend with the gravel-crusher? Are baths to become incon-  
spicuous incidents instead of Rare Events? Is religion to  
become a haphazard and disregarded duty instead of a compul-  
sory habit? Must the weekly shave elbow out the new mown,  
sub-inspected face? Shall the milk-shake queen it over the rum  
issue? Is life to be robbed of its charming and inspiring un-  
certainty for the dull and decorous routine of police protected  
days? In a word: Are the foundations of our daily life to be  
inverted, and is no shock absorber to be placed to catch the  
inevitable recoil?

We plead with our political leaders to map out a scheme  
whereby the best features of both modes of existence may be  
so blended that the war-hardened men of our army may, without  
undue nervous wear, without too immediate a sense of strange-  
ness, be gradually and painlessly inured to the excessive com-  
forts and complex luxuries of a world at peace.

**That Perfect Leave**

**W**HEN leaving France for a well-earned leave  
You bathe and clean clothes pull on,  
And the air of freedom once more you breathe  
When you step on the boat at Boulogne.  
You hasten once more to your dear old home,  
On your leave-cheque your fingers lay;  
But a change of scene will surely come  
At the end of the fourteenth day.

When you've visited Lloyds' and drawn your dough  
You feel like a young millionaire,  
And the next thing you think of is darling Flo,  
And a taxi will rush you there.  
You sit on the sofa, her hand you hold,  
Sweet nothings to her you say;  
The old, old story again is told  
By the end of a perfect day.

When you come to the end of a perfect leave  
And you start for France once again,  
On the boat for an hour and a half you heave  
And you freeze to death on the train;  
When you find your unit has gone away,  
For two or three days you roam  
All over the country, and then you say,  
"I'm a long, long way from home."

S/Condr. BACON.

DISILLUSSIONED.

(N.B.—By a recent Army Order, persons wounded in air raids may wear the gold wound stripe.)

I SAW the gold stripe on his sleeve,  
I marvelled, for he looked so small  
And puny I could scarce believe  
My eyes. Yet there it was for all  
To see; and gazing on the stripe  
I conjured up a vision grim—  
I saw the hero, not the type:  
I saw the battle, faint and dim,  
I heard the bullets' ceaseless drone,  
I saw the tide of conflict sway—  
And then my hero stood alone,  
Sore wounded on that fateful day.

I sighed, for very well I might,  
Until a vision brought relief,  
Showing the Angels of the Night  
Fare forth assuaging pain and grief:  
I saw the laden stretcher borne  
Across the waste of No-Man's-Land,  
I saw his body racked and torn,  
I saw the dead on either hand,  
I saw his pallid suff'ring face  
Contort and quiver at each wrench,  
As at a patient, plodding pace  
The bearers shuffled towards the trench.

He rose and made me this reply  
(For I would shake him by the hand):  
" 'Twas during an air raid that I  
Was wounded, walking in the Strand."

M. J. J. SULLIVAN.

"DEAR, DEAR A SNIPER'S RIFLE! EACH OF THESE  
CROSSES MEAN A GERMAN LIFE, I PRESUME."



'HUH! TOO MUCH TROUBLE, BO, I ONLY PUT  
ONE ON WHEN I'VE KILLED A BAKER'S DOZEN.'



"AND THIS THING, OF COURSE, IS  
YOUR INDENTITY DISC!"



"WRONG AGAIN, OLD TIMER, THAT'S THE  
NUMBER, I NAPOOD AT  
PASCHENDAELE."



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY SISTER SMIFF.

FATIGUE.

Que.—How can I dodge a working party?  
 Ans.—Volunteer for listening post, or ask your sergeant to let you go over on a one-man raid. Perhaps he will let you off working party.

\* \* \*

JUSTICE.

Que.—Do you believe in reprisals—to give them back five for one received?  
 Ans.—Are you referring to air raids or a poker debt?

\* \* \*

SERVICE.

Que.—How can I hit the Base? I've had all kinds of close shaves, but have never been able to land a Blighty, or even reach the Base.  
 Ans.—Cheer up, Service. Wait till the base hits you, and then you'll be well away.

\* \* \*

CHANCE.

Que.—What does a Crown and Anchor board cost?  
 Ans.—One dollar for the board and dice, eleven dollars to pay the winners, six dollars and sixty cents to the O.C.; total, 18.60. Play Snap or Old Maid—they're cheaper.

\* \* \*

FORLORN.

Que.—I had a girl—pretty—good figure—and all the trimmings. Recently she had ten thousand dollars left to her. Now she doesn't write. What should I do?  
 Ans.—If you will send on the young lady's name and address, I shall be pleased to write for you, and tell her what I think of her.

HARD TACK.

Que.—I am unable to eat the army biscuits. How can I soften them?  
 Ans.—There are several methods, ranging from a sharp blow with your entrenching tool to placing them in front of a tank. Also there is another method which we particularly recommend. Get a quart of rum and place the biscuits in it for three or four days, then remove the biscuits, but do not throw the rum away, as the enemy may take it as a sign of a forthcoming attack. Instead, send the rum to me, and I shall have it rendered useless and harmless by a special process known only to myself.

\* \* \*

PERPLEXED.

Que.—What is the quickest way out of the army?  
 Ans.—There are several well known routes. The fastest, if not the most popular, are the Elevated and Underground.

\* \* \*

OUTRAGED.

Que.—I have been soaked 14 days' pay for a minor fault, the O.C. remarking that I am an old soldier and ought to know better. What do you think about it?  
 Ans.—Get down on your knees and thank heaven that you are not a Mons hero.

\* \* \*

ALLEZ.

Que.—If I am in an upstairs billet and Fritz shells it, what steps shall I take?  
 Ans.—The Golden Stairs.

\* \* \*

GOINBUGS.

Que.—I had a chance to make Blighty, and I refused. What do you think of that?  
 Ans.—Space and the Censor forbid me to say.

\* \* \*

QUEERGUY.

Que.—Is breathing smoke harmful to the health?  
 Ans.—If it is in an estaminet; no. If in an ammunition dump fire; ah, oui!



Sentry: "What you laughin' at? You guys didn't attain your objective."  
 Huns (in chorus): "Oh, yes we did!"



WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A PAL—  
 "Hey! Pass the woid to step short in front!"

## In the Trenches.

THERE'S booming of the guns to-night,  
That's not for the set of sun;  
'Tis Britain breaking down the might  
Of the unrelenting Hun.

Like shooting stars on "No-Man's-Land"  
The Hun lights flare and fall,  
And staturesque our raiders stand,  
Whilst glares the light on all.

The air a seething "Zip! zip! zip!"—  
That's neither rain nor hail,  
But bullets leaving belt or clip,  
And sweeping trench and trail.



*Bombproof (listening to Windy's account of the bombing attack): "Were there many dead Germans around?"*

*Windy: "Why, they were piled up so high on no-man's land that we had to use a ladder to see his wire."*

I hear a cry divide the night—  
It chills my blood like ice—  
Another comrade's fought his fight,  
And paid the sacrifice.

And others than ourselves seem near  
The trench where lies our dead;  
Upon the heavy atmosphere  
A sense of wings outspread.  
ROCKE SAVAGE (Canadian Pioneers).

"I went into a restaurant and was told that there was no tea, sugar, or margarine, and I mustn't order a meal more than 1/2. To think that I've cussed a tin of Maconochie in my time!"

## Facts and Figures.

SINCE the beginning of the war the following orders have been given the undernoted number of times:—

"Shun!" .....	7,290,437,851,039 times.
"Step short in front!" .....	4,839,106,750 times.
"Fall in the working party!" .....	957,603,987 times.
"Stand to!" .....	809,476,402 times.
"Double up for your rum ration!" .....	(just once).
"Every second man a pick!" .....	33,907,684 times.

The following remarks and enquiries have been made in the following proportions:—

"Have a heart!" .....	304,927,856 times.
"Does he give a good jolt?" .....	29,476,883 times.
"Wire underfoot!" .....	73,811,279 times.
"How's the bread ration?" .....	9,205,761 times.
"Some army!" .....	61,894,035 times.
"—And off we go again!" .....	4,779,323 times.
"Encore, Madame!" .....	221,923,602,504 times.

Austria has been on her last legs .....	73,042 times.
Germany on the point of collapse .....	872,030 times.
Turkey exhausted .....	6,504 times.

Compliments have been paid as follows:—

With arms .....	550,169,278 times.
Without (very regimental) .....	6,370,952 times.
" (reasonably so) .....	29,276,533 times.
" (dab-at-the-cap) .....	58,902,167,404 times.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CAMOUFLAGE of the battalion football team may be recovered in part from the persons of members of the band.

RUMOUR CENTRE has moved to the coal dump.

## Help Wanted.

CHINAMAN WANTED for permanent situation consuming rice. No other duties.—Apply Div. Train.

## Pets and Live Stock.

FOR SALE.—Dog, blind in one eye, off hind leg out of work; no recognisable breed, but a blend of several. Useful as a foot-warmer or receptacle for bacon rind and broken food. Affectionate if not beautiful.—Apply Dry Canteen.

I HAVE for sale a variety of articles of wearing apparel, slightly worn, but capable of giving good service, besides possessing high souvenir value.

LOT 1.—Riding breeches (formerly worn by a Company Commander), pale fawn, very neat.

LOT 2.—Soft cap, Officers' shape, size 6½, latest style. (Through battle of Vimy.)

LOT 3.—Khaki shirt, very little frayed. (Original owner now A.A. of reserve battalion.)

LOT 4.—Boots, knee length, size 11, almost new. (Believed to have belonged to a Captain.)

No fair offer refused. Financial straits sole reason for parting with this unique collection.—BATMAN, c/o "L.P."

## Miscellaneous.

CRYSTAL GAZING, Star Reading by the world-renowned Mystic, HARRY FARTHING (late of Dube and Farthing, Tinsmiths). HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD. HAVE YOUR PALM READ. HAVE YOUR BUMPS EXAMINED. If you have a blighty coming up—know the worst. Moderate fee—H. Farthing, Transport Lines.



# FRITZ'S BOGIE