

THE LISTENING POST

PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF

LT. COL. V. W. ODLUM, OFFICER COMMANDING

7th Canadian Infantry Battalion

(1ST BRITISH COLUMBIA REGT)

CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR 1ST. CAN. DIV. — CAPT. W. F. ORR EDITOR CAPT. G. GIBSON, NEWS EDITOR.

N^o 3 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE SEP. 12. 1915. PRICE 1 d.

DON'T LOAN THIS PAPER TO YOUR PALL — IT SPOILS THE CIRCULATION.
REMEMBER!! DON'T DELAY IN GETTING YOUR COPIES.
ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF EACH ISSUE IS PRINTED

Medical Details Weekly Grouse and Diary of a Real Soldier continued in N^o 4 issue.

EDITORIAL

The honour of Knighthood which His Majesty the King has been pleased to confer on Major General Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence will receive the commendation of all Canadians, particularly those of the Canadian Contingents on active service. It is the merited recognition of the zeal and energy shown in the work of organising the first men sent overseas, a task, the accomplishment of which, in the time given and in view of the circumstances, is not yet fully appreciated.

In one week Canada has voluntarily given the money necessary for the purchase of all Machine Guns available. This will be cheering news for Canada's soldiers in the firing line where the urgent need for machine guns is only too well known.

Dug out doubts

Pte Inquiz. "How did you get on with Paymaster, Bill?"
Pte Slimpurz. (who has just received 28 days N^o 1.) "No good - He asked me what I wanted the money for, and when I told him periscopes and field glasses, he said he couldn't see through it."

1st T. C. "Where is the insect powder?"
2nd T. C. "Over in that box."
1st T. C. "Which can is it?"
2nd T. C. "The small one."
1st T. C. "Gee Whizz: I thought that was pepper and put it in the stew this morning."

Officer (to platoon crossing the Douve River). "Form two-deep."

Private (front rank). "We are already too - deep."

Hints to young Soldiers

(I Guess Not)

Never obey an order from an Officer.

If you do not like the orders given by your Sergeant strike him.

Never clean your rifle, it makes it shine too much in the trench.

When relieving a company in the firing line make as much noise as you can, when going up the communication trench.

If you want to make some tea, get some nice damp wood or straw it makes a nice cloud of smoke.

If you are a sentry keep your head well above the parapet.

Its safer.

If you feel tired go to sleep, it does not matter if you are on guard.

If you see an enemy aeroplane, make as much movement as possible and look up at it.

If you are a sentry and see a stranger in the trench who asks questions, tell him all you know about the movements of troops, how many men in reserve, or any other little bits that might be of use to the enemy.

Always drink water from wells in deserted farms or streams, before the M.O. spoils it.

There will be bags in the trench for empty tins, do not put your empty tins in them, they look nice on the parapet, they also help to drive the blue bottles away.

Always leave half empty tins of jam where the M.O. can see them, he likes throwing them away.

In passing orders always try to alter them as much as possible.

Always eat your "Iron Rations" as soon after receiving them as possible, it makes less to carry.

At night always sleep in the middle of the trench to make it easier for persons on duty going up and down the trench.

By counting the spots in a pack of cards; counting the ace as one, deuce as two, etc. jack as eleven, queen as twelve, king as thirteen, and the joker as one; you will find there are 365. The number of days in the year.

There are four suits the number of weeks in a year.

There are twelve picture cards the number of months in a year. There are fifty two cards in the pack, the number of weeks in a year and the joker for the extra day.

So that way a pack of cards may be used as calender.

Will some one tell us

Where the printer of "The Listening Post" learnt to spell.

How many N. C. O's are equivalent to one man on a working party?

Why the M.O. doesn't issue a dose of pain-killer, just by way of variety?

Who was the man who put in for a commission in the Army Ordnance Core?

Where the second Canadian Contingent is?

How chances are to get a job on "The Listening Post" staff?

What the 1st Battalion would like to do to a prominent member of our regt. police.

Who is going on leave next week.

When our reinforcements are coming?

Who is N^o 1 Co's scratching post and is he available in the trenches?

If any of the subscribers to the tobacco fund ever smoked an 'Arf a Mo'?

Who told the "Drone" he was formerly a picked white man?

Why the sencor dosent issue more green envelopes?

Printer's note;

Where the contributor of the above article learned to spell?

Advertisements

Wanted. (après la guerre) American tourists (wealthy preferred) for personally conducted tours through the trenches of the war zone. Very realistic, interesting and exciting. Apply Editor "The Listening Post."

For Sale. Portable bomb proof shelter, could be used in light shell attacks (especially valuable protection against shrapnell). Can also be used as a food cooker, clothes broiler, and with a little rivetting could be used to drive a small steam engine Sets on its own wheels, cheap for cash - or anything of value. Apply Transport Officer.

For Sale. Or exchange for property in Calais - valuable mining proposition in Flanders - largest working force in the world employed. - pig iron and lead in large quantities found on the property - good indications of a large out - put if properly worked by energetic owner. Apply, Big Willie, Jams-pot, Flanders.

Wanted. Settlers (must be teetotalers as the rum ration has been discontinued) for pioneer work - good wages paid - free tickets given daily to fire works - good food and water (recommended by medical experts) supplied - everything found. Nervous men not wanted. Apply C. E. F. France.

Books for review.

We have received the following books for review from the publishers. With great reluctance we have refrained from quoting from their contents, as the mere mention of the names of their distinguished authors is more than sufficient to guarantee a ready sale and a wide circulation.

- HOW TO MANAGE MULES.
by one who does Pte Reber.
- HOW TO PRESERVE THE FIGURE
by one who knows. "D" Co., cook.
- HOW TO TRAIN DOGS
by an expert. The Paymaster.
- ROMANCES OF A YOUNG SOLDIER
by one back from leave The Sgt., Cook.
- SHORT CUTS FOR BATMEN
(a work of art) Pte Maylor.
- HOW TO 'UNT 'UNS
(or b-b-b-bayoneting the b-b-b-bosh)
very touching R. S. Major.
- THE UNIFORM-HOW TO CLEAN IT
by one who might. Reg. Tailor.
- HURRY BACK
(or brave as a lion)
by one who did. A. Barge.
- HOW TO KEEP TRACK OF BIVIES
by one who tries. The Quartermaster.

Father O'Flynn of the Dressing Station

Sure, doctor dear you've a queer sort of way wid you
Thinking the boys are all stryng to play wid you,
Faith an' there's none of them wanting to stay wid you
They see enough of you Doctor avic.
Down through the trenches your stethoscope fingering,
Keeping your eye out for them that's malingering,
Devil a thing that you haven't your finger in
Poking our grub around, you wid your stick.

And when the Govem't's over and done wid us,
And we're at home wid the girls having fun wid us,
Take it from me doctor sure there'll be none of us,
Ever be wanting to meet you again.
You wid your tales of the things you have done to us,
Physic and pills I'm sure you have tons of it,
Castor oil too you've had barrels of fun with it,
Silently laughing to hear us complain.

Lately you've turned to a new sort of drollery,
Making us laugh wid your jokes and tomfoolery,
Cleverness too in a sort of corollary,
Doctor avic did you know it before,
All of the pages were free from banality,
Showing the marks of your strong personality,
Promises too of a great versatality,
Faith an' I'm proud of you Doctor asthore.

Sure after all you're not a bad divil though
You have your troubles like any young medico.
Maybe you there's times when you're subject to vertigo
Making you hard to get on with asthore.
But for the laughs that your paper supplied,
Many's the one of us sure would have died,
So we'll forgive your assumption of "side",
Only insisting you give us some more.

L/Cpl. L. Mc. KINNON.

Battalion Concerts

During our fast turn out of the trenches to Ist. B. C. Regt. 7th. Battalion were treated to a series of concerts which were kindly arranged by the band of the 10th Canadian Battalion by the kind permission of Col. Rattray and through the courtesy of Major Ormond. The programme opened with a beautiful selection entitled "Nights of Gladness". In reply to the encore they gave us a charming serenade entitled "I'll dance till the Sun breaks thro". The boys insisted in singing the chorus, although the only serenading any of them had ever experienced before had been from the roof of the house across the way, when the neighbours cats were playing Romeo and Juliet. Lead by Capt. Potts (whose voice was a good imitation of a Romeo wailing to his loved one) the boys managed to get thro with it. Pte Millar then sang "Thora" and Sgt. Allan helped him over the road with his violin. After promising not to do it again the boys let him go scot free.

One of the most important events of the evening was the singing of "Father O'Flynn" and the encore "Mother Mc. Crea." by our popular veteran Sgt. Robinson. It is impossible to keep a good man down as we found out, when Pte. Millar got back at us with "Beautiful Garden of Roses". The band then got into action again and played those popular pieces "Row, Row, Row.", "On the Mississippi" and their own Regt'l March, "You're far better off. A duet by Sgt. Allan of the 7th. and Pte. Tiler of the 10th was the next item, their weapons being a violin & piccolo the result being "Larboard Watch" and "Drinking".

Immediately after the above, the boys got a real treat, for Pte. S. Bennet sang "My Little Grey Home in the West", "Sincerety" and "Sympathy", as the composer meant them to be sung.

A selection on the mouth organ by Pte. Marshall was received with generous approval. As his mouth organ takes more wind to work than a big drum the crowd of admirers allowed him to retire for a brief rest.

Bugler Foster who will be remembered as the man we used to "Strafe" for waking us up on Salisbury Plain with his infernal Reveille, gave a grand selection on the flute.

By far the best event of the evening was the speech by Brigadier General Currie who responded heartily to the call made upon him. The men in the Battalion always appreciate highly the interest which he takes in their pleasures as well as in their work. The know ledge of the fact that "Our Brigadier" whom we all now regard as "in loco parentis" is present amongst us, always insures that any project in hand whether inside of outside the Ypres salient is bound to succeed.

Among the other items which included a song by Sgt. O'Toole assisted by Sgt. Dawson; a violin recital by Sgt. Allan, and song by Sgt. Fisher was much appreciated.

The M (E) Issing Lid

I am a bad bad actor,
My sheet's black for all time,
I was detected, caught, and punished
For a most dastardly crime.

No more can I face my fellow men
Or lift my head on high,
To me a Hun's an angel
I could make a burglar cry.

A man who'd sink to such a crime
At murder would not stop,
For twas proved, and proved without a doubt
That I lost my mess tin top.

Now to the scene of my downfall
Twas in the broad daylight,
I'm too barefaced to commit my crimes
On a dark or stormy night.

I was going to the trenches then
With a dozen other men. Sir,
When we had to cross an open road
Close to (Erased by Censor).

Twas near the point where this road joins
The one to Jamsport runs,
Twas watched by many a sniper, Sir,
With rifles and machine guns.

Our Sergeant he was in the lead
Said he "Boys we must haste",
But say, a runner such as he
In the army is a waste.

Could I but run as fast as he
On the track I'd bid for fame,
His "hundred" time was eight three fifths
No : Longboat's not his name

Next in the line your humble came,
I ran with all my might
But though I did my best Sir,
He most got out of sight,

'Twas then I took the fatal step
Whose equal cant be found,
My mess tin lid worked itself loose
And tumbled to the ground.

I already had reached an awful pace
To be near the distant strife,
So I left my mess lid to its fate
Just to save my worthless life.

Of course I should have cantered back
The parade I should have stopped,
I might have done had I but known
The gol - darned thing had dropped.

A few days hence a list was made
Our "Want Ads." to supply,
When asked if I had any needs
I answered "Mess lid shy".

Before the O.C. Company
The next day we were brought
To explain the why's and wherefores
Of our kits being short.

My mess lid's sad and tragic end
I related with great sorrow
But the only answer that I got
Was "Orderly Room" tomorrow

As a convict next day, I was brought
To the regiment commander,
To say that court scene was a joke
Would almost be a slander.

Friends and helpers had I none,
All my help on me was stayed,
So I covered my defenceless head
And for his mercy prayed.

Said he, "Young man to you this crime
May sound quite finitissimal
To me it has a different light
You are a hardened criminal".

In vain I pleaded first offense,
I swore to mend my ways,
He addressed the crowded court and said
"Pay stoppage for two days".

I promptly said my I object?
He said "of course you may"
So I objected on the spot
Result - Reduced one day.

To change a sentence once its passed
Sounds queer to an old stager,
If I'd protested six more times
He'd made me Sergeant Major.

Had I had time I'm sure I should
Another protest tried,
But "Bout turn, Quick march" next I heard
And found myself outside.

An M. P. grabbed me by the arm
Wile I was almost weeping
"Come clean this dugout here" he said
And make it fit to sleep in.

I cleaned it up. Also the road,
For me a funny caper.
Some more Hun tricks I pulled off then
I burnt some scraps of paper.

But my actual cup of bitterness
Next day I was to drain.
Once more I was escorted to
Colonel (Censor once again).

Said he, "During the last few hours
I've thought a lot about you,
I think my famous (Censor) staff
Can get along without you".

I'll put you in some company,
T'will show me where your heart is.
You'll also have a nightly pass
To attend all working parties".

Twice punished for the same offence
I really am a martyr,
If I were only British born
I might plead Magna Charta.

The shock was far too great to bear
From my comrades all to part,
So I hied me to the doctor then,
With pain around my heart.

Said he to me your heart's all right
With quite a normal beat,
He looked at me as if to say
Why dont you warm your feet?.

He passed me to his sergeant then
Some more complaints to find,
A few swift passes of the hand
And I was number nined.

Of course that pill it did the trick
It cured me on the spot,
The dose, no doubt, would be the same
Had I been stabbed or shot.

And now I strive with might and main
To work off my disgrace.
No more bad words, No more woodbines,
And a meek look on my face.

In years to come when I proudly wear
That hard earned small medallion,
How proud I'll be, Yes I dont think,
Of the great umpteenth battalion.

C. H. ARLPEPIECE.

Anniversary Celebration

On Aug : 4th the 7th Battn. celebrated the anniversary of the "Scrap of Paper" incident by a strenuous game of football. The teams were Medical Detail versus the Battn. Officers. The game opened rough and could be easily seen that the Officers were after the Medical Detail's blood. The O. C. opened hostilities by putting M. O's back where his feet ought to have been.

This little incident met with the hearty approval of the spectators who shouted and cheered and passed sarcastic remarks about pills and castor oil.

Immediately afterwards the Medical Detail Goal keeper went to sleep and the ball rolled between the posts. Just before half - time during severe hand to hand fighting the Medical Detail goal - keeper mistook the ball for a bomb and let another one in. During the interval at half time the players crowded round a dixie and the O. C. of the Medical Detail took the opportunity to whisper some instructions to his men. Whatever he said must have had the desired effect, for the second half opened up with a terrific onslaught on the part of the Medical Detail. They attacked in skirmishing order and the Officers were completely routed. Just in front of their goal the Officers put up a spirited defence in massed formation, but without avail, for the Medical Detail had the situation well in hand, and the ball crashed into the net. The game now stood 2 - 1 in favour of the officers and ten minutes to play. During the manoevers which preceded the Medical Detail's second goal, the M. O. took advantage of an opportunity to get even with the O. C. Stealing up behind him he managed to get his legs mixed up with the O. C., with the result that the spectators had the pleasure of seeing the dispencor of sentences and the dispencor of pills both on their backs at the same time.

The Medical Detail's second goal was the best kick of the day. Taking his time and using such splendid judgement which is characteristic of of the Medical Detail, Pte. Green made a direct goal from the corner. When the whistle blew full time the game was 2 - 2 in favour of the Medical Detail. It was then decided to play it out Five minutes each way.

By this time the Officers were thoroughly disorganised, and the Medical Detail let them down lightly by only scoring one more goal.

The English are undoubtedly an extraordinary race, and it often is amusing to understand their methods of conducting business, and their attitude at the present moment is frequently a puzzle to their allies, the French, Irish, Russians, Scotch, Canadians and Dutch. The following two letters were sent to us by one of the allies, a Scotsman who confesses that he was bewildered when he was on leave in England at the atmosphere of gloom and sorrow which surrounded him on all sides. He thinks these letters will explain a great deal.

July 1915.

My dear Mother,

I have not heard from you for over a week but that is not surprising, the postal arrangements out here are so terribly mismanaged. During the six days we were at the battle of Ypres we only got our letters four times; and here where there should be no difficulty we only have one delivery a day. This is generally at night, but there ought to be

some arrangements made by which we could get our letters in the morning also. I'm certain the Germans have three or four deliveries in a day.

My company Officer is a very stupid man, he is constantly sending my letters back, and says that they would shock and sadden the censor, who is already sufficiently depressed. That is why I am using green envelopes.

While I write this to you, dear Mother, the sky is dark with the bullets that fly over head. Shells are falling all around us. I just smile at them. I am constantly drenched in the blood of the brave men who are dying all a around me. The noise is of course maddening.

We have almost no artillery and what there is, is constantly being hit by the Germans who are much superior to us. Our artillery is constantly killing our own men, and we are always terrified when our guns open fire.

Our artillery although it is bad is not as bad as the engineers. They are quite incapable. They take us out on work parties and we dig trenches under a hail of bullets. By this means alone we lose hundreds of valuable lives every night. It would be so much easier and safer todig the trenches 3 or 4 miles further back. I pointed this out to one of the engineers officers a few nights ago, but he was quite rude in his remarks to me.

Our staff must be very incapable. There are spies all over the country, the engineer officers are always seeing them and being shot at. Belgian farmers wander about at night, behind our lines, lighting their pipes and by so doing, signal across to the German lines many miles away. The spies also signal by means of windmills, this especially on windy days.

Carrier pigeons are constantly flying over our lines, my captain who is very ignorant, says these are wood pigeons. Dogs with messages tied to their necks are constantly running through between our trenches occasionally some jumping over the parapet, but our men are so stupid they allow these dogs to go right across to the German trenches.

We have quite lost the command of the air. I dont think we ever had it. Our aeroplanes are constantly getting lost and fly all over the German lines and get fired at by the Germans air guns. The splinters of shell fall upon our men below and by this means alone thousands of our troops have been killed. The German air service is much better arranged. Their aeroplanes never come over our lines at all, thereby showing how much better their maps are than ours. If our air guns fire at them, they at once come to ground so that none of their infantry get hit by the fragments of shell. By this alone the Germans save the lives of thousands of their soldiers.

Our transport is very bad. The men are brave enough but the officers are careless and stupid. At the battle of Ypres the transport were forced to bring us our food every day, through a terrific fire. Imagine my dear Mother the cruelty of endangering the lives of all those horses and men when the whole matter could have been arranged by simply ordering our troops to fall back six or seven miles.

I hope dear Mother I shall continue to do my duty as I always have with the most fearless bravery. When the shells are dropping around me I just smile at them.

I got the parcel all right. For a wonder it only took two days to come, and I am glad to have the sleeping socks, night cap and the chest protector. The silk respirator looks very well when I wear it, the forget-me-nots and roses are so beautifully worked.

I wish this awful war would stop. We are evidently no match for the Germans. Surely we could pay them to stop fighting and give them Canada or India Australia or some part of the colonies to keep them quiet.

Even although I am quite fearless I have applied for a position in the divisional train as good men are wanted there, and although it is much safer I feel my duty lies there.

I do not expect to be alive when I write next, but even if I am killed I shall continue to do my duty.

Your loving son,
Algernon Percival De Vere Devereaux.

July 1915.

Muddlesborough,
Shropshire.

My darling Boy,

I received your letter. I quite agree with you, this awful war is too terrible, but although it is frightful in Flanders it is much worse over here.

We are now expecting an invasion. The Germans may come any day. Our fleet is quite incapable of preventing a landing, in fact they seem to have got lost, nobody knows where they are. Of course the Germans know exactly where

they are their secret service is so much better than ours is. I think the German submarines are wonderful, so much better than ours. They have driven our fleet from the seas and are now starving us out.

Food is now at famine prices and I do not know what I shall do to meet this extra expence Your poor dear father is nearly distracted with all these terrible happenings, around us He joined the national defence force but was only made a captain and so ofcourse had to resign. He couldn't be expected to take orders from that upstart Colonel Gogarty who has spent all his life fighting Afridis or some kind of black creatures in South Africa Think of the humiliation of a "Gogarty" giving orders to a De Vere-Devereaux. Ofcourse your father has never being a soldier, but being an Oxford and a Cambridge man he was bound to know the proper way to do everything. In the end your father got Doctor Villiers, he is really one of the Montmorenay Villiers only a younger branch of thee family to certify that his heart was not all right, and that he had poor circulation in his feet.

As your poor father now is practically a chronic invalid he leaves everything more to me. I am so worried I dont know what I shall do next. The way the lower classes have behaved during this war is terrible.

Nichol the chauffeur, you will remember, was so selfish as to leave last October and actually enlisted in some Motor Ambulance or Transport. Fortunately we were so lucky as to get a thoroughly reliable man in his place, Fritz Offenbach. He is so thoroughly English and so polite that we have arranged to call him Harry Lauder at his own request until the war is over. This will save us a lot of trouble from the authorities who as are exceedingly fussy at present. Fritz is very much interested in the Welsh Coal Strike and as since your poor father's illness we require the car so seldom, I have permitted Fritz to take it over to South Wales on several occasions as he wishes to use his influence towards getting the men to return to work.

I am nearly distracted at the way in which the gardeners have behaved. They have been most selfish. Groggins the head gardener enlisted in the Army Service Corps. Higgins has joined the Shropshire Light Infantry, although he has flat feet false teeth and thirteen children. Spiggins has joined the cavalry, he was always lazy, and seems to have broken off his engagement with the under-housemaid, who I am bound to say has all along behaved very well and did her best to prevent his going. Jiggins also when I was nearly prostrated with a bad attack of nerves, suddenly announced his intention of enlisting and is now in the Veterinary or Medical Department, I dont know which but I imagine they are practically the same.

As a result of the want of consideration on the part of the gardeners, I have had to choose between closing the hot houses or allowing the kitchen garden to run to seed. Of course in your father's delicate condition it is essential that he gets his hot house grapes for dinner every night, we have therefore allowed the kitchen garden to run to seed. As you know it is large enough to supply the whole village with fruit and vegetables but I consider my duty to your father is plain.

But this my dear son is not the worst, Jorrocks has suddenly given notice. Said he was unable to polish the family plate when he ought to be polishing a rifle. Such flat feet too, and the cook tells me varicose veins, these I have naturally not seen how the cook knows I cant imagine This last blow has nearly prostrated your poor father. The table maid is so stupid that she cant bring up the port without shaking it and your poor father has had to go to the cellar and carry it upstairs himself. This in his present condition is almost more than he can stand But dear Dr. Villiers who was at dinner last night says port is essential and actually advised your father to get up a second bottle. Dr. Villiers is a great believer in port wine and he certainly drank several glasses last night. I counted eight myself before I retired.

Since Miss Satupon, my companion, left on her ridiculous mission of sick nursing your dear sisters have been more than dutiful. Berenice Veronique is president of a guild for knitting Balaclava Helmets and warm waistcoats for our troops in Central Africa, Cordelia Cecilia is on the committee of o society for sending acid drops to the troops in the trenches.

I am sorry your Colonel does not see his way to recommending you for a commission. He must be very inappreciative of the brave way in which you have always behaved.

I am worried to death with your father's health, the behaviour of the servants and the cost of food. You are quite right in your suggestion. It would be much more sensible to pay the Germans to stop fighting.

Your affectionate Mother,
Clorinda Helena.