

THE LISTENING POST



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



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

N° 6 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE OCT. 20. 1915. PRICE 1 d.

Why Listening Post ?

Did someone say they didn't know what a "Listening Post" was? Ridiculous. Oh I beg your pardon Captain Editor, I didn't know it was you speaking. Oh you referred to the British Public, you want to have them enlightened?

Noble object !

I thought they knew everything. They get their morning papers and with their mouths full of bacon and eggs, superiorly smile and grunt to their spudoric spouses, that all money spent on rum in money wasted.

Why shouldn't I have a tot of rum if I'm supposed to write leading articles? No rum, no write.

The sthenic British Householder with teetotal tendencies distorts my neutral vision, I must forget him and try again.

A listening post — Dont look up the dictionary, it wont help you. Although it certainly has to do with listening, not the keyhole type of listening, or the method employed at a music hall, when you endeavour to follow the trend of the performance although the orchestra is obscured by a pink haze, and all the figures on the stage are reduplicated. Not the church parade effort, when somnolence and courtesy engage in animated strife and you vaguely wonder if the Padre is paid by piece work — Not the "stand at attention until I've finished" affair which accompanies an indefinite Expose, of what you fondly believe an imaginary failing and short coming on your part, by one in authority. Not the idle gentle drowsy harkening to the coo of love.

No this is listening as a Red Indian listens, with the ear of a Bull Moose, the scrut of an elephant and the eye of a hawk. Listening both critical and analytical. Listening with your ears, nose and eyes all at one time. Listening for the crack of a twig, the click of a shovel, the fall of a brick, the whisper of a breath. It is listening in the most acute febrile state with every sense alert and every nerve strained.

It is a hyperpyrexia of exacerbated nasal aural and optic intensity.

As for "Post", the dictionary will help you less. It has nothing to do with letter boxes or mail bags. Nor is it an upright piece of timber.

(Continued in our next.)

Wanted

MAN and WIFE as caretaker for Canadian trench which is in good repair. Man must be able to work a machine gun at intervals. Wife to cook and send up starlights. Both must supply own gum boots and mouth-organs. Wages for two, 40 dollars per month and rum issue. No children in arms or without arms.

Vancouver employment Sharks please copy.

Dastarly Daring Daylight Robbery in 7th Battn Frontline Trench

Loss partly covered by insurance and chloride of lime

Scotland yard men arrive on the scene with, blood hounds, bannocks, bonnets, bayonets and booze

From our own pigeonier correspondent.

Great indignation was felt amongst the 7th Battn. reinforcements when it was discovered that some soul-less soldier, or Pirate Pilferer or pill pedler had borrowed their best butter before breakfast. Detectives are working night and day on the case, and it is expected that some startling disclosures are about to be made. The case has many interesting points. Interviewed by our own pigeonier, shortly after the crime was discovered, the victim very reluctantly told how he had guarded the tin of butter night and day ever since he left Shornecliffe, having heard what a precious commodity butter was at the front, he had intended to make a good piece of capital, before he finished the war. Arriving at the front just as the boys were being paid, he hit upon a brilliant idea of forming a butter club. This "Get rich quick Wallingford" scheme met with the approval of the inmates of his dug-out and they handed over their 15 francs for their share of the luxury. Before retiring for the night it was decided to take one slice of bread and butter per man. Next morning our budding capitalist found himself face to face with ruin. To use his own version of the incident, "Mother Hubbard never found a cupboard so bare of bones, as that bivvie was bare of best blooming British butter". The detectives are doing as well as can be expected, and they are receiving every possible assistance from the men in the front line trench. Nothing has been moved, soldiers are forbidden to leave their dug-outs even to clean their rifles. An air of mystery hangs over the scene. A valuable clue is being followed up. It appears that a member of No. 1 Co, being unable to sleep on account of losing 15 francs at poker, was passing the time away by looking over the parapet, when two men in Khaki brushed by him. This unusual occurrence caused him to look around. By this time the two suspects were quite a few yards down the trench. But our informant swears under oath, that one of the men was disguised as a L/Cpl and the other as an officer. The latter, he claims, was decorated with an Iron cross, Red cross, skull and cross bones and had a hot cross bun on. Our worthy Paymaster with the reckless generosity we are all familiar with, offered the services of his famous blood hound. Whilst awaiting the arrival of our expert sleuths, Ramrod and Davis, the blood hound was put on the scent, with the startling result, that in three successive trials it made a bee line for the dressing station and wagged its tail at the M.O.'s grub box. DRONE.

No. 4 Company Notes

While wandering through the trench yesterday, I came across my old friend Mac, who was, like the old lady in the good book, diligently sweeping.

"Hullo, Mac" I said "What's the matter?" Have you lost something "No" he slowly replied with a grave look on his face, "I am just trying to make this crooked trench Gibson-proof."

Things we want to Know

If No. 3 Co. scouts were sore because 13 platoon went out, in broad daylight, between the lines and brought in the German newspapers and notice board?

If someone in authority thinks it a joke to send down a sealed up rum bottle with the rations, spread the report that there is to be a rum issue in the morning, and then, when we go for it, tell us that there is only lime-juice.

If some of the companies did not get more of a bath marching to and from the bath-house, than they did at the bath-house itself.

Why the sick report is so lengthy on working party nights; and if the M.O. is wise.

Why the lime juice is so plentyful; and if it is really "bon" for soldiers.

Why L. H...s pack is so heavy; and if it really contains clothing only.

When our reinforcements will be up; and if they will be able to speak English.

Whether the M.O. personally supervises the dipping of the respirators for the carrier pigeons; and if they fully realise their importance.

Why it was so difficult to get volunteers for the Church Parade from No. 4. Co.; and if the S.M. seemed peeved about it.

If L... J...s has yet discovered the "big dipper"; and if so will it add to his qualifications as a scout.

If C... ever found the obstacle he sprained his ankle on; and if it was a bottle.

If the M.O. is any good at pulling teeth; and if so who told him.

Why sick parade is so much more popular than church parade; and if this is entirely due to the M.O.'s personality.

Who proclaimed a certain man in the Transport the champion feather weight boxer, and what has he done to uphold his reputation?

What the Transport Sergeant thought when the roof leaked one night at Fleurbaix.

Where our famous chef and underchef graduated, and which of them discovered the art of making bread puddings?

Clothes make the man, but will a large hat make him more formidable?

Who was the young driver who got his spurs tangled up in the table cloth when visiting a young lady in England?

Did the new warrior from Shornecliffe find the bayonet for the machine gun?

How did he make out on his first job. i. e. tying the "listening post" to the "last post" with a yard of "firing line"?

Answers to Correspondents

In Doubt : — Shornecliffe and "Easy mark" : — Shrapnel bullets will not grow barbed wire.

Reinforcement : — No, it is not necessary to keep in step when carrying sand bags, barbed wire, bombs or any other delicate instruments of warfare. With regard to the lighting of cigarettes in the firing line always chose a place near the parapet where there are plenty of sentries looking over. This gives the enemy a better chance to display his marksmanship.

The Germans are making the most strenuous efforts to cleanse their beautiful language of all foreign words. The General Officer commanding the second corps District (Stettin) has forbidden the use of the French word "Hotel", which is to be replaced by the more Teutonic "Gast Haus".

We would suggest that the word "Gas House" would be more appropriate.

ADVERTISEMENTS

We never sleep

Hotel Grandevue de la Hun

L... S.....s prop. C.Q.M.S. Moran Mess Mgr.
Corner of Philpot Ave and Humble Str.
Evansville.

Rules

No regular meals will be served.
Guests are forbidden to eat while on duty, or invite friends to eat with them.

Wood and Water may be obtained at B... Farm.
Rum may be had at rare intervals.

To swear by anything stronger than "Boots Bug Powder" Strictly forbidden.

Attractions

Excellent GROUSE - ing right to hand

Good SNIPE - ing just over the road.

Fine hunting, and (weather permitting) fishing.

On moonlight nights sometimes music of all kinds may be heard escaping through the cracks in the Officers Mess, and often a Bullet is heard to sing.

WORKING PARTIES and RATION PARTIES, every night.

News of importance is recieved every night by GERMAN WIRELESS.

PAPERS, "The LISTENING POST."

Ka - hoo - chi.

Upon good authority we learn that the Germans have mined every road in Belgium. The only thing that they never mind is their own business.

Our Sgt. must have made good use of his time, whilst on his recent visit to England.

Since his return he has given us several selections on his whistle. By special request he will play that favorite selection "The Lost Pea" followed by an encore.

He will also sing "I've got my eyes on you" and "Hold your hand out Naughty Boy". The audience are requested to give perfect order, during the rendering of these selections.

When you rifle a dead German, you dont need your bayonet.

Bright Canadian wishes to know, will the Maxim Hiram for its Maxim-um output.

The listening post having been painted, we will now set fire to the pe(atrol).

Why shouldn't the man in the moon stand-to when he gets a quarter a month.

Private. (returning from sick parade) "The doctor has given me a fatigue".

Sergeant. "But your sheet says excused all fatigues".

Private. "Well he told me to wash my feet before I have it dressed again".

C... P...s (to reinforcements) "Glad to see you boys, but you all look alike. How shall I know you?"

Voice from rear. "Why not Marc-us".

Pte. A "Wat kind of cigarettes have you got?"

Pte. B. (handing him one) "Flor de Kitchener".

Pte. A (takes a few puffs and throws it hun-ward remarking) "They would floor better men than Kitchener".

We would like to know who it is that doubts a certain aristocratic Private's word as to his being well bred. He is crumby enough to be all bread.

Some of the staff at Wolfe's Bureau would make good billiard players. They quote :— Our cannon causes English reverse.

The cannon may have been there but statement has to be read with the reverse English on the ball.

Can you spell it.

Ma was in the garden sowing seeds
Sister Susie was sewing shirts for soldiers
They were both- - - - cant spell it.

Mentioned in Dispatches

Wilhelm was much cheered by a message from his old friend and ally, the King of the Cannibal Islands. This ferocious old ruffian thanked Wilhelm in the name of barbarism for what he had been doing. All cannibals and barbarians had learnt much from their German Christian brethren, but he thought the poison trick was a mistake, as it spoilt the victims for eating purposes. "However" added the Cannibal King, "no doubt you Christians know best".

L... H..... is reported to have gone down to a certain stream to bathe, and undressing on the bank sat upon a wasp's nest, much to his sorrow! The doctor is able to report that his parapet is not very much damaged.

Any man wishing to dispose of an air cushion might quite possibly obtain an excellent price from the aforesaid L... H...

It is reported from No. 4. Co. that the "Whiz-phut" mountain battery in their rear has at last managed to hit the P... D... Farm. The Germans are known to be completely demoralised by this unexpected success to our arms. We have hopes now that the range has been obtained, that by the New Year quite a number of bricks will be knocked down, or at least damaged, by our gallant Phutters.

During the recent wet weather in the trenches, a certain officer had the misfortune to slip and sprain his ankle. Assistance was obtained from two stretcher bearers, who, having bound up the sprain endeavoured to assist the gentleman around the trench, but finding that the "one leg" process was too slow, decided to hoist him up and carry him. So the bearer in front grabbed the casualty and endeavoured to hoist him up on his back, but not being quite husky enough, he called to his mate behind saying, "Give me a hand up with this man", "Steady there" replied his mate, "he's not a man, he's an officer".

Padre visiting wounded at base hospital. "What do you belong to, C of E?"

Wounded 7th. Canadian. "No, C/7."

Wanted:— Designs, sketches, or working models of a portable incinerator for the 7th Battn Transport. Three prizes are offered.

- 1st Prize. One army mule.
- 2nd : 1000 'Arf a Mo' cigarettes
- 3rd : Two weeks pass to England.

All correspondence must be directed to the Q. M.

We understand that our even popular, Q. M. in the intervals of acting as Customs House Officer has brought his great mind to bear upon the subject of sanitation. The new aeroplane incinerator is the result. This incinerator flits from place to place like a butterfly. Gathering honey like a bee in the shape of dead mules, decayed bully beef, bivvies, and other articles of contraband.

Our readers will be glad to know that the arrangements for the Divisional Band have now been completed.

The examination for intended players having been now drawn up.

The following test question will be applied in all cases.

"What is the square root of the minor scale of C sharp?" Illustrate with diagram. Time allowed 3 minutes.

Now you musical people, get busy.

Motto for the 1st B. C.

"Your pick and shovel need you."

"REST" Billets Aug. 23rd. 1915.

A very unusual occurrence was noted this morning by our alert eye witness who immediately telegraphed particulars to his journal.

At 9.20am. after a very strenuous and "restful" night our somnolent friend Pte. T. M. 005473 was observed to raise his head from his pillow and slowly take in the situation at a glance. Fearing detection he sank back to slumber, but the spirit of unrest remained with him and at 9.30am. he was constrained to rise, dress and proceed with his breakfast. By 9.50am. he was cleaning his rifle and shortly afterwards was seen to wash, shave and otherwise complete his long neglected toilet. Such an astounding phenomenon cannot but portend a change in the military and political situation.

"WOOLFE"

Aspirations

Sergeant Allan may leave us soon
Excellent musician and always in tune,
(Reproach him not No. 1 platoon).
Great is Georges ambition
Expects to get a commission
As Bandmaster: Oh lofty position.
Now three stripes upon his sleeve
Then there'll be some stars I believe.

Allan has often proved his worth
Long ago in some Artillery Band,
Latterly at a concert he has shown his hand
And so of course he hopes for the berth, and
Now his feet barely touch the earth,

"Regimental Dick"

I suppose you've all heard of "Regimental Dick",
Who's art at the business is very slick,
Early in the morning his whistle he'll blow
And the way that he sounds it aint very slow.

The "Boys" to the horse lines come out on the run,
And remark to themselves, What's next to come?
"Hurry" says Dick, "There's harness to clean
And sundry things, that's plain to be seen,
For tomorrow's Inspection be it sunshine or rain".
And back goes Dick to his bivvie again.

He comes out again, like a cuckoo on the fly,
And he grabs the first man that meets his eye,
Says Dick "Harness your horses as quick as you can
Don't mind about breakfast of bacon and jam".

The horses are hitched just in a tick,
To the great satisfaction of "Regimental Dick".
When the wagons away, and the rest all busy
If you want to find "Dick" just call at the bivvie.

Pte. A00023.

My little wet home in the trench.

I've a little wet home in the trench
Where the rain storms continually drench
There's a dead cow close by,
With her hoofs towards the sky
And she gives off a beautiful stench.
Underneath, in the place of a floor
There's a mass of wet mud and some straw
And the "Jack Johnsons" tear
Thro' the rain sodden air
O'er my little wet home in the trench,

There are snipers who keep on the go
So you must keep your napper down low
And their star shells at night
Make a deuce of a light
Which causes the language to flow.
Then bully and biscuits we chew
For its days since we tasted a stew
But with shells dropping there
There's no place to compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

Deed-I-Can-Kid

Oh Sergeant, Dear Sergeant how did you do it,
The reveille this morning on your whistle blew it,
It sounded alright: Thanks just the same
For it brought the men out to answer their name.

When their names answered 'round the hay pile
They greet the Dear Sergeant with a big smile,
But when he commences to dish out the hay
Everyone round has something to say.

If you don't stop your noise and that pretty soon
He will show you the way to the orderly room,
So to keep out of trouble, each one goes his way
With his nose bag of oats, and his hay net of hay.

When the horse is through feeding and you're not feeling
The Sergeant will sound you the "Cook house door" [sore
And if he's feeling good an everything's right,
He will try to sound you the "Feed up" tonight.

Pte. A00023.

DEAR PAY

They Paymaster sits in his tent and sings,
While the wasps are busy and ready to sting;
You see him jump up, take hold of a stick,
And the air (with words) is soon pretty thick.

Now he has moved into a smaller place,
The "Things" in the tent were sure a fast race,
There's no doubt about it, they certainly bite,
Well in fact the dog would be scratching all night.

Now he has a clerk in his tent,
I guess he never pays any rent,
So between the two we are in danger
Nobody knows what becomes of the stranger.

Then we hear of a man named Gray
He bums around most of the day
All of a sudden we hear a stir,
Somebody hollers "Your dog's over there".

Out rushes the Paymaster whip in hand.
The dog beats it home howling like a brass band,
They reach the tent the fight still goes on,
And somebody shouts "Hey steady along":

Go round in the morning you'll find them in bed
All is well, so I guess thats nuff said,
Still you know if it wasn't for Pay
We would be out of luck on a rainy day.

GORGONZOLA.

NOTE — The writer of the above poem stinketh in the nostrils of the parties mentioned.

TH' 'UNS.

The 'Uns is using pison — the Loositania's sunk.
We reads the dily pipers, so we knows (all abaht it).
Come show yer patriotic spirit. Lets all get drunk,
'Eave Half a bloomin' brick at some ones shop. - then do a
It may be kept by one of Britains foen. [bunk.
It's easier 'nor route marchin' an' shootin' in a dry
Dusty Lan' where we doesn't know the lingo. (rool britannia)
This is the kind 'o ware-fare for the likes 'o you and I;
We doesn't want 't fight (as th' dear ol' verses sy)
But if we do, we've got 'th bricks-by jingo ;
(the miple leef fer ever).

Maternity Notes

On the night of August 19th. No. 1. Co. welcomed the stork which arrived about 11.30 p.m. with a precious load of four little strangers. The Med. Officer and staff being conspicuous by their absence on this auspicious occasion gives the mother and offspring a fair chance of getting over the accident. Regardless of danger, (the chamber being a bomb storage) all five are being looked after by members of the above Co. Immediately the good news leaked out, the tin of condensed milk belonging to No. 2. platoon mysteriously disappeared but not a man mentioned it, neither did they offer a reward for the capture of the thief. Since then, some bold, bad bandit has either taken by force, or spirited away, all the milk from the officer dug-out. At the time of going to press there is not a tin of milk to be found in the 7th. Battn. front line trench, unless it is in the aforesaid bomb depot. The huge pile of empty tins behind the bomb depot speaks for itself. Unless the Q. M. comes to our assistance everything points to our going milkless during the next nine days at least, as Dick Whittington the only expert on the subject, says they wont be able to get around for at least nine days. The baptism is being rehearsed day and night. There will be some delay before the christening really takes place, for although the mother claims to be on the side of the Allies which is proven by the peaceful way in which she allows us to remove any bombs from her temporary home, the father has been seen on several occasions by our listening post, stealthily creeping from the enemy front line. We are fully aware of the dangers of busy-bodies calling them war-babies and to avoid clashing with the "Defence of the realm act", it has been suggested calling them "The neutral Canucks". The Drone.

During the hottest of action at Givinchy when the German shells were falling in millions around headquarters and a "Coal-box" had knocked the frying pan out of Bruce's hand and a Jack Johnson had parted Taylor's hair, The Adjutant rushed in to see whether two casualties had occurred in the kitchen. Instead of adding two casualties to his decrease in strength, he hastily jotted down two on the credit side. "Belinda" the fox terrier and perfect lady dog, recently adopted by Bruce and so called "Bruce's Belinda", had given birth to two draughters in the soap box. Since Pte. Hunt was taken prisoner by the Germans, there is no wet nurse in the Med. Detail. But the S.M., being a family man with all the adaptability of the Wessex Regt. (I dont think) sprang lightly into the breach, with the grace of a ballet dancer, and the agility of a charwoman, produced his rum bottle. The twins certainly could not see when he started but they could see still less when he had finished. At a general meeting of all married men in the Regiment, it was resolved to give Belinda a chance to nurse her own children. We understand that this programme has been successfully adopted to the evident benefit of the new arrivals.

We hear that one of the carrier pigeons spends most of her time in the frivolous pursuit of laying eggs. We un-

derstand that C... Rumble. eats these eggs regularly for breakfast. It is also rumoured that these eggs are laid in his rabbit skin waistcoat and that he eats the eggs out of revenge. Although the M.O tried to persuade him to give the eggs to L... Pilphahnt whose haggared appearance and rapid loss of weight betokens a constitutional breakdown, if not senile decay. We do not know whether egg laying comes under the heading we could use, to refer to C... Rumble's "Slaughter of the Innocents". We might say that he claims that the eggs were anything but "innocent".

CRICKET! Eh WHAT ?

On Sept. 2nd, the 5th, Battn had the audacity to play cricket without first asking permission from Wilhelm der Kaiser and Co. The result was, a very much damaged pitch, a waste of good ammunition, and an unfinished game.

The teams who were the cause of the rousing of Wilhelm's wrath were D. Co. and Headquarters Staff.

The game opened with Col. Tuxford to bat for the staff. A little difficulty arose about chosing a suitable man to go in with him. The Colonel's suggestion that a stretcher bearer might come in useful, was carried to the M.O., who finally agreed to risk a man. The game proceeded smoothly until the Colonel got cleaned bowled for 60 runs. The remainder of the staff were soon disposed of, and D. Co went in to bat. At this stage of the game, the Germans either got fed up, or took a dislike to the Colonel's style of bowling, for they sent over a fast one in the shape of a whizz-bang. Capt. Nash D. S. O. Signalling Officer, walked over to the pavilion near the cow shed, in order to ring up the German artillery headquarters. What ever names he intended to call them have nothing to do with cricket so the game continued. The Colonel had a pass in his pocket for England, so he took of safe position in the field.

Major Dyer began to look around and moved over towards a steam roller just as a "Jack Johnson" introduced itself behind the cook sergeant, Sgt Howlet. Sgt Major Mackie left his position in the field to bring up a few defaulters to fill in the shelt holes. Major Hilliam suddenly remembered that his presence was required at a court martial. The Colonel then commenced to bowl, for the spectators were getting uneasy at the slow progress being made. The Germans must have noticed the change of bowlers for they sent over a high explosive. The bails flew up in the air and the umpire, Capt Pymen was unable to decide for some time whether batter was out or not. Capt. Page of D. Co. finally got the benefit of the doubt. The argument must have been very hot, for when they went to resume their positions in the field they found themselves the only two left, the others having dug themselves in.

The Diary of a Real Soldier

Monday. — At the base. Had a good time all day. The people who run this outfit must have worked on a farm for they make us roll out of bed at 4.30 a.m. Got a good job looking after gardens until my teeth are fixed up. Hope they dont rush the job. A fellow I know got away to England just as easy as falling off a log. He had been looking after a man who had a bandage over his eyes and the nurse asked the doctor to keep them together. Haae looked all over the place but cannot find another man with a bandage over his eyes. Pulled a good one off this afternoon when they took us out for a route march. The sweat was just pouring off of me and I fainted just outside a beer garden. The fellow I was marching with got permission to look after me and when the bunch had got round the corner we went into the beer garden to rest and refrech ourselves. There is a rumour geing round that a bunch' going up the line tomorrow. Mostly teeth patients ehey say.

Tuesday. — The Colonel has a heart like a hun. I think he must be a German spy, judging from the way he made fun of brave soldiers. We were all lined up for inspection and he gave us an awful bawling out

"Wat's the matter with you?" he asked,

"I've been shot Sir."

"Did you get the fellow who shot you?"

"No Sir".

"Well what do you mean by loafing around here? You go right back and get him. Up you go and the best of luck."

Another fellow thought he was going to get a soft job at the base. The Colonel asked his how he felt.

"Very sick Sir" he replied.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two months Sir".

"Can you write?"

"Yes Sir".

"Well go over to that fent write a nice long letter and tell your mother that you are going up the line with the best of luck".

(Continued in the next)