

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 01st Rocky Mountain Rangers 04th New Westminster Fus West Kentenay Rifles
 Reinforcing - Battalions - 11th 30th 47th



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

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"THE LISTENING POST" can now be had from the EXPEDITIONARY FORCE CANTEEN. This has been made necessary by the demand for the trench paper by members of other Canadian and British Battalions. Although the size and quality of the paper has been increased, the PRICE remains the same, 1 PENNY.

CHRISTMAS 1915 NUMBER



This is the Canadians first Christmas in the trenches, and this is the Christmas number of the "Listening Post". To one and all of our fellow countrymen at home in Canada, and to our many relatives and friends where 'ere they may be, the Officers, N. C. O's and men of the 7th, Canadian Battalion, 1st British Columbia Regt., wish a right MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Information for the Canadian Soldier

The Canadian Pay and Record Office, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, S. W., is a central information Bureau which links up the Officers and men of the Canadian Contingents with their relations in all parts of the world; consequently to enable that Office to be in a position at all times to furnish the latest information to relatives and friends, it is essential that the Unit in the Field should send accurate information to the D. A. G.'s Office at the Base (D. A. A. G., Canadian section) concerning any casualties affecting the Officers and men immediately they occur. Each individual Officer and man can assist the work of the Canadian Pay and Record Office if he carries out the following instructions:—

1.—If the address of his next of kin, i.e., wife, father, mother, etc., as shown on the attestation paper is changed, he should immediately notify the change to the Adjutant and also correct the entry in his Pay Book. The Adjutant will then notify the Record Office, London, of the change.

2.—If you are sent to hospital, send a postcard, as soon as possible, to the Canadian Record Office, 7, Millbank, London, S.W., giving Regimental No., Rank, Name and Unit, and name of hospital, with date of admission, and also report your transfer to any other hospital in England.

The hospital authorities are supposed to report the admission, but unfortunately it is frequently omitted, with the result that the Record Office does not know that the man is not present with his Unit.

3.—If you are taken prisoner be sure to send a letter or postcard to Canadian Record Office, giving your address, and any other particulars which are allowed to be written. This is much better than writing elsewhere, as the Record Office immediately cables the information to Canada, and informs your next of kin, so that they will have immediate notification of your whereabouts. A prisoner is allowed to write two postcards and one letter a month, and the Pay and Record Office, if advised, can make arrangements to send comforts to prisoners, through the Canadian Red Cross Society.

(To be Continued)



We have received No. 1. issue of the "Dead Horse Corner Gazette" the organ of the 4th Canadian Battalion 1st Canadian Division. This journal which is quite Pretentious in size (and price) is evidently written by old hands at newspaper work and printed "somewhere in England". The Editor of the "Listening Post" wishes our new contemporary all possible success.

Canada has decided to raise another 100,000 men for service overseas bringing the total up to 250,000 men. This is the Canadians reply to the King's appeal.

The Colonial Secretary has cabled the Governor General as follows:—

Please convey to your Ministers expression of the warm appreciation of his Majesty's Government of their patriotic response to his Majesty's appeal in providing this most welcome, and material reinforcement of the Canadian Contingents which have been fighting so gallantly in the common cause.

The Trans-Continental service of the Canadian Northern Railway was inaugurated on Wednesday October 13th. The regular service started November 1st.

It has been reported that Mr. Henry Ford has been trying to offset the damage done to his motor car business in consequence of his speech "disapproving of the Anglo-French Loan in the United States" by subscribing 10,000 dollars to the Canadian Red Cross Society. If this is true we trust that the Canadian Red Cross Society will be British enough to return "in haste" to Mr. Ford the 10,000. We can get victory in this war without the use of "tainted" money, We dont want his money nor his cars, and we trust that the people in Canada will remember this.

Mentioned in Dispatches

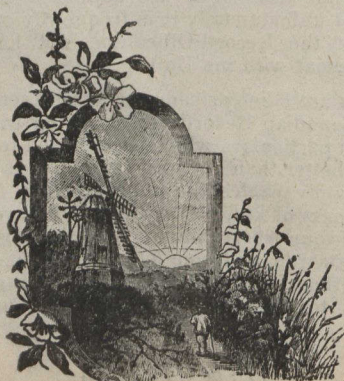
The Listening Post extends a hearty welcome to the following Officers who have returned from Hospital to the Battalion.

Capt. W. L. FORD.

Lieut. W. D. HOLMES.

Ma says "Where is my wondering boy to-night".

The boys of the 102nd Rocky Mountain Rangers wish to thank the ladies of "The Soldiers comfort Club" Kamloops, for the parcels of luxuries received last week. The contents of the pepper boxes were highly appreciated both by the cooks and the other recipients,



GOIN' ON LEAVE

"How much money do you fellows want?" This question, coming as it did without any warning from the Battalion Paymaster, (who has a reputation like Shylock) took us clean off our feet. After a few seconds of painful silence, a red haired, red nosed, thirsty looking soldier cried, "All we can get Sir". The P. M. just glanced at me and I gave him my best church parade salute, and asked, "How much money have you Got Sir?" He threatened to give me six months, and presented us all with a beautiful certificate which, he explained, could be exchanged in Britain for enough taxi rides and joy water to satisfy the whole battalion. We were then loaded on to a Juggernaut, (I mean transport) and taken to the railroad. Although we were in good spirits, our one ambition was to get on the outside of some spirits; Scotch preferred. After searching for a refreshment bar in the station, we made up our minds to be teetotal. The "Pullman" coach was marked to seat 10 persons, which is equivalent to 16 soldiers. Everything would have been fine but for our coach, having 3 flat wheels and 5 egg-shaped. Perhaps it was as well that the train did not go any faster than two miles per hour. When we had been sitting and standing on one another for a few years the locomotive gave one long last breath and laid itself out at the coast. Here we were taken in hand by an army of Generals, Policemen, Tec's and newsboys. In a few minutes we were stowed, numbered, ticketed and equipped. The ocean Greyhound gave the locomotive a look of contempt, trembled, about turned and just flew towards God's Country. About half way across we remembered about s-s-submarines. I asked a stoker which was the best place to see 'em. He told me that the only place he knew of was much hotter than the stoke-hole he had just vacated. Another little journey by rail and we were at Victoria Station. At first I thought it must have been a Sunday school picnic. Tables loaded with real grub. Charming ladies serving tea, coffee, sandwiches, and pleasant smiles. The lady in charge of the circus must have been warned of the approach of the Canadians also of the Canadians hungry looks for she passed the word for the reserve battalions of helpers, and the strongest ladies were told off to keep the Canadians from climbing on to the tables with hands and feet.

NOTICE:— Any soldier not wishing to go on leave should send in their passes to the News Editor Listening Post. Dont all shout at once.

Book Reviews

We have received the following New War Books from the publishers.

"War is Hell" by A. Pal. (in training).

Gives a vivid portrayal of the trials and tribulations of the "Rookies" in training in Canada..... A more heart rending, graphic pen picture we never read than the chapter on C. B., and "Cells".

Weekly Wail.

Forming Fours, while the Empire Totters.

By the same author.

"If there is anything to choose between them; this is even a finer book than "War is Hell". Should go a long way to prove the extreme folly of procrastination"

The Sunday Scandal.

"Beer as an internal Lubricant". by D. T.

The Author's initials which somehow seem strangely familiar, represent no doubt a well known "litterateur"..... He is evidently full of his subject..... We can give him no better praise".

Land and Totter.

"500 Tips for Raw Recruits" by D. Phalter.

(Containing practical advice from an expert. Contents include "How and when to get sick", "Maladies to be avoided", "Light Duty" how obtained, and what to do with it. "Teeth and their uses, as a rest cure", "Fatigues and how to work them" etc etc. No soldier can afford to be without it).

Smithie's Blighty

Nothing else but the proclamation of peace could have caused such uneasiness at Headquarters. On this particular morning the orderly room staff had good reason to wear the look of despondency which would deepen every time they looked outside. In a few more minutes "orderly room" would commence its daily duty of disfiguring pay books, fatiguing, C. B.-ing, and parental lecturing. Yet in the long line of closely guarded bad men, Pte. Smithie was missing. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies, (known in the Regiment as the S. M.) roared out the magic word "Shun", and made one grand Salaam.

By force of habit the S. M. announced to the surrounding country side, that Pte Smithie and escort would come to attention and quick march. Now although a S. M.'s chief asset is a voice which runs a close second to a high explosive shell both in speed and as a nerve destroyer, Pte Smithie was too far away to hear these requests. The question on everybody's lips was "Where is Smithie"? Telegraph and telephone, heliograph and megaphone, searched the entire British front. Orderlies actually ran, cyclists reluctantly searched every estaminet, policemen examined their hand-cuffs and leg-iron in preparation for the arrest. After every known means of locating Smithie had failed, and the brave bold Bobbies had hung up their Smithieless hand-cuffs and leg irons, the situation became critical. As a last resort the Medical Detail were consulted. Their blood stained books contained no information with regard to our hero, but a valuable clue was picked up when the searchers eager eye caught the following note. "Unknown man claimed to be shot whilst proceeding to the trenches. Escaping the Stretcher Bearers he disappeared presumably towards the nearest dressing station which faces an estaminet. M. O. at dressing station report's this patient as being much more than half shot when admitted.



This is our famous masterpiece entitled "Contemptible British Army" as it appears to the Kaiser. It will NOT be shown at the Royal Academy this year on account of the war.

Belgic Zoological Gardens

Extra Special Attraction Pigeoner Atkins and his Performing Doves, assisted by Prof. Ford.

Cpl. Babcock will go out nightly with his trained Rats. These intelligent creatures have been trained to sound the rapid fire alarm when their master goes to sleep.

Boy Scouts and Girl Guides (mostly Girl Guide Please) should not fail to see Bugler Foster and his Educated Mice.

No extra charge for admission to the Grotto (formally the Orderly Room). "The Rajah" will serve joy-water and smokes a la "Arf a Mo".

Admission Gentleman with lady. . . . 6 bits.

" " Gentleman with two ladies. . . FREE.

Bonhomie

Many of our good readers have no doubt heard that the Officers of the Canadian Forces mix very freely. On the strength of this "honest to goodness" knowledge we print the following dialogue which took place (we guess not) "somewhere in France."

Canadian Colonel addressing his men:— "Now boys we are going to be Inspected by an English General. Lets give him a good show. Get a shine on your huttons rub up your leathers. And for goodness sake dont call me "Charlie".

Wanted

Work wanted for several hundred able bodied men. At present employed only 20 hours each day. Would like profitable employment for remaining 4 hours. Digging or carrying preferred. Apply 7th Battalion.

A. Quiet Game of nap.

"I'll go one" said Austria.

"I'll go two", said France.

"I'll go three", said Russia.

"Because I've got a chance, I'll go four", said Germany, "and wipe you off the map".

But they all dropped dead when Britannia said: "Gawd blimey, I'll go NAP".

The song of the Brigade

There's a shallow wet trench near Messines,
'Tis the wettest there ever has been,
There are bullets that fly,
There are shells in the sky,
And it smells like a German "Has been".

My dug-out's a haven of rest,
Though it's only a tumbled-down nest,
But with "Johnsons" around
I must keep under ground
Till the golden sun sets in the West.

Answers to correspondents

Ameteur Cook and Plum Duff:— If you persist in trying to make a boiled pudding dont let your officer catch you taking the sand bags off the front line parapet. The ingredients will hold together just as well if packed tightly into a sock. N. B. If you have to share the pudding with anyone always use a clean-sock. Pte Overs who is an authority on this subject has used both his smoke helmets and his Canadian tuque.

7th Battalion Regatta

Punting, Paddling and Puddling now in full swing.

Skating, Ski-ing and cussing Parties nightly.

Illuminations and fire works by Strafem-burg of Berlin.

Diving suits for ladies and Staff Officers.

Besides the above, there are trench digging and baling contests for which prizes will be given. There will be a race from Rossingdale to dead cow farm. (Competitors are warned against walking on the parapet. Anyone caught so doing may be sent to England for repairs). No person admitted without a copy of "The Listening Post".

Orderly Officer (at mess table). "Any complaints?"

Private M....., "No,"

Officer (with a glare) "No what?"

Private M..... "No complaints".

Sentry "Halt, Who goes there?"

Voice in the dark. "Working party"

Sentry. "Pass 7th Battalion".

Encountered by Censor

Dear Mag:—

"I puts in five francs so as you can git that new hat.

Your loving husband

JACK.

P. S. They tells me there's a Censor bloke what reads this letter so I sends no five francs.

Advertisements

Why be Fat?

Do not waste big money on quack medicines. Try our Army method, the correct combination of exercise and diet. Fat men quickly made thin. Thin men made thinner. Narrowest trenches can soon be negotiated with ease. Danger from bullets diminished.

Guaranteed that equipment will soon hang from your shoulders in most approved style. No money required. Simply place yourselves in our hands. Pocket money supplied.

Apply to any Recruiting Sergeant. Be sure to mention that you saw this advertisement in the "Listening Post".

To the Shirkers. From the Trenches.

"54 and 17"

I wish to heaven you could see two men in my platoon,
I watched them from my dug-out working all this afternoon,
I thought of all the men at home whose ages come between
This fine old man of fifty four, this child of seventeen.

The rain was coming down in sheets; they didn't seem to
[mind,

They walked about and searched for any wood that they
[could find,

They laughed and joked and whistled tunes, and each one
[[took a turn

At lighting up a little fire that quite refused to burn.

Their patience and their cheerfulness as they stood in the
[mud.

Well — Somehow seems to drive me mad and make me
[thirst for blood,

Of slackers now in England who are the first to shirk
While "Fifty four and Seventeen" come out to do their work

Pte. W. HILL

7th Battalion,

Canadians.



Once again the big Y. M. C. A. tent was the scene of a splendid Evening's entertainment. R. S. M. Griffiths officiated as chairman and the Brigade Band supplied the other noise.

Hostilities commenced with a band selection— "Water, water everywhere but not a drink in sight". We knew it, in fact we could feel it from our knees downwards. Sgt Clarke of the 10th Battalion then gave us a highly interesting 15 minutes whilst he argued the point with an imaginary German Jew through an imaginary telephone.

The next item was a comic song by our ever popular Sgt Mc Vie. Needless to say his song met with hearty applause, which would make Charlie Chaplain green with envy.

Capt Whiteman of the 10th Battalion gave the boys a real treat when he sang "Mary of Argyle" and the encore "There's a Land", took a big load off our minds as most of us had seen nothing but water for weeks.

The comic songs by Pte O'Neill were the cause of a big sick parade next morning.

The next artiste, Driver Place of the R. C. H. A. gaye us something new in the line of hand-cuff tricks.

Sgt Dawson then got in the lime-light and sprang into fame by singing.

The Star turn of the evening arrived in the shape of Syd. Bennett; his singing of "Sympathy" and the encore "Just a Little Kiss" amply repaid us for our drenching in coming to the concert. Syd will make a "hit" on the Music Hall Stage "Après la Guerre."

Those of us who were strong enough to stand Pte. Shinner's version of "Where the River Shannon Flows" had the choice of almost any seat in the house long before he had finished the first verse.

A one man "Playlet" entitled the "Lights O' London" by Sgt. Mjr Cook took the house by storm and when the lights went out several brave men in the front row also went out just because a nervous soldier shouted "Zeppelin".

Pte Lamont's jokes and songs were just as welcome as they were the first time he sprung them on us. (Last Fall).

The last but not least turn of the evening was a demonstration of bloodless-surgery and hypnotism by Driver Place. His victims placed their confidence in Place and were placed in places all over the place. Place placed one chair in one place and placed another in some other place. Placing his subject's head in the first place and his feet in the other place. Place placed himself on the place where the subject places his place. Here we had proof that the man was hypnotized. For had he not been, the place he places on a chair when he sits down would have been placed on the floor.

The Brigade Band played popular pieces which were enjoyed by all. Thus what proved one of the best concerts ever held by the 7th Battalion came to a close by all heartily singing "God Save the King".

Agony Column

Although this is really our matrimonial column, our readers will quite agree with us when we explain the reason for the above change of heading.

When Pte. Bell asked permission to use this up-to-date journal as a means of locating a suitable lady friend he was a smart, sober, industrious Canadian sojrer. The thousands of letters and photos which he is receiving daily have not only taken away his interest in the machine gun business, but we have noticed several serious signs of insanity. He speaks of everything in the "feminine." His machine gun he addresses as Pet, Sweetheart etc. And although the military term for machine gun is "woodpecker", he has been heard to call it his "Turtle Dove". When addressing his sergeant or any N. C. O. he uses such unregimental terms as "Darling" and "Angel". It was not until he refused his rum issue that the services of the M.O. were brought into action. The M. O. has got the situation well in hand, and has forbidden him to eat asparagus, sirloin steak, paté de foie gras, water melons, ices, jellies, lamb or veal, neither must he drink fresh milk, tom and jerry, punch, manhattan cocktails, gin fiz, john collins, chartreuse, champagne, or egg nog. It is sincerely hoped that the above treatment will have the desired effect of bringing Tony back to his normal senses.

The appeal we publish this week will no doubt bring in millions of replies from all parts of the Empire. To meet the extra strain we have increased the P.O. staff and built a new incinerator.

"Young man tall, fair, blue eyes, gentle and angelic appearance, at present employed (when they can find him) at 7th Battalion Headquarters. Has beautiful long arm which he can use for embracing anything or anybody, (not too fat or too old) Right arm adorned with two stripes

which were not stolen from the Q. M. Stores, has a good chance of re-crossing the Atlantic (providing he stands sideways to the enemy). Has charge of a squad of men on important works, walks, or wheels, would like to correspond with any kind of a girl who has lots of dough or whose father or uncle or grandfather is wealthy and not very healthy. Would consider applications from actresses, barmaids, ex-chorus girls, manicurists, lady barbers, blond stenographers, or artists models. Applications from professional strong women will not be entertained. All others address as follows,

Cpl. R....s
7th Battn Hdqrs.
"Windy" Dug-out France.

NOTICE.

The Editors of this paper will not be held responsible for any heart breakings which may result thro' ladies corresponding with any one in the 5th, 8th, and 10th Battalions.

The 2nd Brigade Band has come to stay. The "Besses o' the Barn", "Black Dyke", "Sousa's," "Barnum and Bailey's" have all taken a back seat. Under the expert leadership of Bandmaster James, our band has got them all beat. The only way to get admission to our concerts is through the recruiting office. You get on the inside of a suit of khaki, equip yourself with a pick and shovel and the war office will do the rest.

A gentleman in khaki was grouching about the shortage of food, claiming that he had not had a square meal for a considerable number of hours. We can readily understand this, but an officer over-hearing his growls evidently did not, for he took the gentleman's name, to wit, Pte. Soap intending to investigate later. We understand that the investigation did not materialize for Soap being very slippery by nature, has not been heard from since.

No. 1. Company's Notes

Upon arriving back from leave one of No. 4 platoon Cpls. complained of lack of sleep, the reason it seems being so used to "standing to" he could not get over the habit.

On the night of Oct. 10th there was quite an interesting conversation carried on between No. 1 Co. and the Germans, principally to see who could call the other the most complimentary names; sorry that it can not be left to the public to judge.

SCENE, Somewhere close to 7th Battn front line.

TIME, Midnight.

Tired Soldier. "Why cant the transport bring this barbed wire, ammunition and junk up to the trench and save us from carrying it hundreds of miles?"

N. O. C. "Horses and mules cost money you fool."

We was the man in No., 1 Co., who, in reply to a request of the Co., Commander that the Company's one table cloth should be put on the table at mess, said:—

"I thot we wouldn't have it to-night, Sir, as we are going to have soup".

No. 2 Company's Notes

Have the ration carrying mules cultivated a taste for Coke?

Who gave C. . T....s permission to dig for potatoes behind Trench 132?

Who was the Private who grouched because of the shortage of fuel, and why did he beat it when Fritz obliged by sending over a Coal Box?

Is C... T....s a dog fancier?

What did Sgt. H...e do with No. 9 Section's rations, and is he sending to England for a larger Brazier?

Who was the rookie who enquired for S.M. Sissie, and was this the cause of him appearing on parade with his rifle cocked?

Who gave Fritz a line on Headquarters? Was it the S.M.'s smoke and was this the reason he and his confreres crowded out the day sentries in Bay 14?

What makes Pte Blare so cranky, is it the responsibility of his position, or the S.P.?

Will there be an issue of Canoes and Skis for the Listening Post at some future date?

Why did Pte X... borrow the snipers telescope, had he lost his ration of tea or was he looking for someone elses?

Heard in Trench 132.

Pte A. "What the dickens are you going to do with that shovel? Working Party Eh?"

Pte B. "No. I've done lots of things, and I figured that I would do lots of things after I'd enlisted that I had never done before. But the Lord knows I never thought I would have to clean my bed with a shovel."

Overheard.

Lieut. X. "Is your shirt sterilized?"

Cpl. A. "Yes Sir, it is still alive".

EVENT OF THE WAR

Sporting Challenge. Big money. Lieut. O... arranges Armistice, Colonel in training.

A mule race for a large sum of money has been arranged and will shortly take place between the O.C. of the 1st B.C. Regt and the O.C. No. 2 Co. The course has been nearly decided upon. The starting point will be from the centre of trench 132. Important points on the course respectively will be Barossa, Fort Stewart, and Stinking Farm (where food and drink will be provided for man and beast).

From thence the race will continue to Ration Farm through White Cates, Red Lodge and finishing at Hyde Park Corner.

A real German has kindly consented to act as starter and will do so by firing a 750 lb "mineweuffer" into the trench as near as possible to the competitors to ensure an equal start.

A smoking concert will be held at the Chateau after the event.

The Paymaster is acting as stake holder, L... Pilphat as official "bookie", and Sgt Holland as judge.

C... G... has expressed a wish to come over from the Division to make a detailed report on the race, which will appear in our next issue. L.... F. will be the official photographer and sketcher he already possesses a wonderful reputation in the lines and is a personal friend of C... G..... In the event of the course being too wet a boat race along the entire Canadian front line. If no boats are available the combatants have expressed their willingness to swim half the distance.

No. 3 Company Notes

TO THE EDITOR:

Sir,—There was a slight inaccuracy in your Hong Kong correspondent's report in last issue with regard to No. 3 Co. He was quite correct when he said we didn't like the front line trenches, but he omitted to add that it was only on occasions when a certain company, (I won't go so far as say it was No. 1 Co.) occupied the adjoining trenches on our left. We strongly object to being "Stood-to on the double" three nights in succession on account of a certain amorous rat making a habit of returning from his nightly visits to his "lady-love," by way of their listening post.

If one small rat causes such consternation, can you, Mr. Editor, tell me what they would do if a real, live German came along?

Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain

ONE OF No. 3 Co.

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

Foreword

The Good Old Seventh are letting the 8th have a page in their paper.

The Listening Post is just the same as before beyond the fact one page will contain "dope" supplied by "The Little Black Devils".

Needless to say the kind offer of the Seventh is fully appreciated by the Eighth. This little entente will still farther cement the friendship of the two battalions, a friendship born on the stricken field and the wet trench.

We'll try to make our page worthy of the Listening Post.

Headquarters Notes

It has been suggested that as Headquarters is the smallest unit in the battalion we occupy too much room and have too large a share of the comforts of this life. In justification to ourselves we should like to point out that there are certain reasons why we should enjoy such comforts as is available in this luxurious business on which we are employed.

In the first place although we are the smallest unit in numbers we are easily the biggest unit in brain power.

Secondly it should be remembered that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" and consequently we need room to turn in our sleep.

Thirdly great minds require peace and comfort in which to produce their best work.

Fourthly there are lots of other arguments but the most convincing is that if anyone has the opportunity of making people comfortable he is a fool if he doesn't attend to his own comforts as well. As consolation other units may remind themselves that if the Huns could only find us they would strafe us on every possible occasion so we may as well enjoy life while we can also if the number of employed men continues to increase at its present rate other units will soon have more room than we have.

We wish to thank Lieut. Col. Oldum, and the other members of the 7th Battn. for their kindness in giving us this opportunity of airing our opinions in public. As this is a first attempt readers are requested not to be too critical. We'll try to improve after a little practice.

Company News Items

Despite the fact that the editor has appealed to the various company officers for items of interest concerning their units nothing has come in. We know now how the adjutant feels when he awaits a return on the number of deficient buttons on the greyback shirts of the company.

"A" company is going to have a violin presented to it. Ex-platoon Sergt. Smith, now of the ordnance, is working the oracle.

Sergt. Spalding is getting ready for the fiddle by writing an air varie based on that plaintively sweet melody, "Keep yer Bean Down Allemand".

"B" company sends in a "Nil" report, but nil desperandum, its genial C. O. is shortly returning from London laden with voluminous "Copy" and an essay entitled "Hints pour passer le temps on leave".

"C" company is reported to be building a "clink" for itself as it has outgrown the present accommodation. The genial second in command is preparing lectures on "The way to determine whether detonator caps are loaded" and expert medical paper on "The Real cause of Trench Feet".

"D" company is reported as normal. Its gallant commander finds time for literary relaxation, its said, and has composed an ode entitled "The Hardy Pioneers".

It is reported that two gallant captains of "ours" sang "who's Your Lady Friend" at a recruiting meeting in London — some tale!

Sporting Events

The Little Black Devils are holding up their end and perhaps a little. — Ah, modesty forbids the printing of that thought but most of you saw those fights anyhow. Did you get wise to Nobby's twilight sleep left? He learned that in Port Arthur.

At press time the tug of war is not decided, but the 8th are in the semi-finals. Want to put anything on?

The 8th were licked at soccer in the first round. The L. B. D's never were kickers, so there you are.

On Relieving Trenches

(from notes (not) found on a German prisoner)

On receipt of your order to relieve Blank company of the Blankshires call up the Sgt Major, tell him and don't worry further. Care killed a cat.

[Don't bother about inquiring the way in or tramping over the ground yourself, The sentry at — — corner will tell you — that's what he is for.

[Don't put your men in file and above all let them sing, talk and smoke as the wind their way to the firing time. This keeps up their spirits. Precautions make them "jumpy".

[Don't lead the way. A commander takes years of training to produce and is too valuable to resk. Stifle your heroism and bring up the rear.

[Don't bother to have your sections and platoons all sorted out on relief night. Mix them up. This permits the men freer social intercourse and promotes esprit de corps.

[On arrival at the trench halt your men on the highest ground you can find while the Bosches pot at them. This makes the men steady under fire. In the meantime get into the trench yourself, find the commander, explain the totally unavoidable nature of your delay. Make him take off his pack and find you a drink. Then tell him all about the latest musical comedy in London. If he seems fidgety and anxious to go remember that he has had a bad week in the trench. Talk to him some more to soothe him.

Then send out a batman to tell the company to move in. Don't get excited and worried about where they go after they are in. They will sort themselves out later and the walking entailed will keep them from getting trench feet. If not quite sure what order to give, send for the junior subaltern, put him in charge and tell him to "carry on."

Send for a telephonist. Order him to advise the Padre and Doctor that you have some work for them.

It is quite unnecessary to report to Battalion Headquarters that you have "taken over." Let 'em worry for a few hours. They have nothing else to do, anyhow.

Don't inquire who is on your flanks. You might cause offence by being misunderstood.

Always open rapid fire as the late garrison departs. It gives them a send-off and prevents any of them walking too slowly.

Instruct the patrols to make their reports interesting. That builds you up a reputation at Headquarters and makes good "copy" for the "Comic Cuts" man. Let 'em report a duel between a tin whistle and a trombone at T 7 1-4,5 in the enemy lines. Next day "Comic Cuts" will say "The morale of the enemy seems badly shaken." Your patrols should always report "German wire still there," and you should attach a piece to your report as Exhibit A. There is a rumor that the next officer to do this may get a Military Cross—very cross, indeed.

Always shoot lots of flares out to your patrols. Its awfully dark out in "No Man's Land" and they will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Answers to Correspondents

Clarence: If you suffer from cold feet you may obtain relief by heating them on the radiator of a motor transport.

Constant Reader: When bewildered by the different instructions issued on one subject, apply for leave.

Anxious: We can find no authority for the statement that the rum issue is going to be stopped.

Pedestrian: Berlin is a little too far if you only have a week's holiday.

Anxious: No, "Apres je brush mon hair" is not considered good French.

C.B.: "Provost Marshal" is not an equal to "Field Marshal" but it is usually wise to do what either of these officials tell you.



How is it that there is a big rush on corkscrews the morning men come back from leave.

Who is the architect who drew up the plans for the huts in the woods?

Has the officer who was looking for a Sapper discovered what kind of an animal it is?

Has the party who held the lamp for "Smoky" gone to take a course of Bar-tending?

Is it true that "Smoky" was fined for treating?

Our first Xmas in the Trenches

If Santa Claus had included any portion of the British Front on his programme, we could see no earthly reason why he shouldn't call at the business address of the 7th Battalion, 1st British Columbia Regt.

We had all worked for two whole days and nights, trying to make the trenches as Christmassy as possible, and Pte. Allwood, (who said he didn't believe that there was a Santa Claus) had been persuaded to take his old socks off the barbed wire, and replace them with the new pair he had just been issued with. Pte. Allwood's remarks about the German snipers "getting" Santa Claus didn't discourage us in the least, but, realizing that such a contingency would never be forgiven by the future generations, we put an extra row of sand bags on the top of the parapet. A heated discussion then arose as to the nationality of "Old Whiskers" (Allwood's familiarity). An "Official" photograph, showing the old man in a Reindeer drawn sleigh, "with the sign "David Spencer", Vancouver, gave the Allies the benefit of the doubt, Our two best scouts, Segts. Ashby and Myerstein, then took a stroll over to Petite Douve Farm in order to report on the extensive decorations, (which had been somewhat delayed through our artillery taking a hand in the game) over there. Whilst they were away, Sgt. Ramage passed the word to prepare socks for inspection. It would be as well to explain that it was not because Sgt. Ramage knew more about socks than any other Sgt., but it was on account of his ability to see in the dark. In cold weather his nose gives off enough light to save him 5 francs a month for batteries. This 5 francs he spends on peppermints and Red Cross collections. On this particular night his task was no easy one. He not only had to convince the 7th Battalion that Santa Claus would be offended if he found Canadian Soldiers trying to ring in long rubber thigh boots, in place of socks, just because it was dark, but he had the difficult and dangerous task of separating Cpl. Carter from "Shorty Preston". Why these two should "tie" into each other in Xmas eve will take quite a little explanation! "Shorty" who takes size 3 1-2 in socks, had been losing a lot of sleep through worrying over his chances of getting a square deal, should Santa Claus misjudge the eating and drinking abilities of the owner of these socks. Having heard that Regimental Police, like civilians police, are only appointed to that cushy job on producing the right size of feet, Shorty Preston had hung around the policeman's dug-out with the intention of borrowing a pair of socks. Had he known that a part of a policeman's duty is to rehearse the "Sleeping Beauty", or Rip Van Winkle, he could have saved himself a long, weary wait. When the time came for him to return to duty, he summoned up enough

courage to borrow the socks without asking. Now Police Cpl. Carter has never been to a masquerade dance disguised as Cinderella. There is a rumour that glass works ran out of material when trying to make the slipper. On this eventful night, on his chest he found a pair of things which he thought at first were mittens. He didn't waste any time trying to persuade a 3 1-2 size sock to cover a size 14 foot. His detective instinct led him down to the signallers dug-out and that's where Sgt. Ramage found them. As time slipped by, (as it does in the trenches), and no Santa Claus arrived, the scouts went back to the village to investigate. They returned with a waterproof envelope containing the following message:—

"Mistook your communication trench for the Kiel Canal. Have gone back for life belt".

S. CLAUS.

The Padre's Christmas Sermon

Being military, it should be short, because in the army everything is short except route marches and fatigues. Being Christmas, it should be like plum-pudding rich and sauce-y; and like Christmas cake have a nice sugar coating to make it go down easily. Now what padre could come up to the specifications, with Flanders mud for a background, and Flanders fog to keep his brain clear. Since the Listening Post (without capitals) is to receive it, it should be delivered — well, by wire would be the safest way, for the padre.

Whizz-bangs, Krump Krumps, and such delicate attention have taught us most effectively that it is better to give than to receive. But Christmas giving should carry the high explosive of human kindness and good-will toward men. The last phrase seems like sarcasm here in the fighting line. But is it? We have such good will toward men that we are fighting, and sloshing around in the mud, — over it when it freezes hard enough — that we may keep "Deutschland uber Alles" or any other hog-it-all Kultur Kry from getting to the top of the heap. We want to smother it for good and all. Hence even in the trenches we can celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace — our Saviour and Lord — with a clear conscience and happy heart. That is, as happy as thoughts of "The Girl I left behind me" will permit on such a day of home gatherings, mistletoe, and cosy firesides.

Now you've had it short, which is alright for the sermon but not for the turkey ration. You readers must be the judges of the plum pudding qualities. Here is the sugar coating. The padre wishes you the best and richest Christmas you ever had, and may it be the last before Kitchener hets the Kaiser's goose done brown. May you have an overflowing measure of the Christmas spirit. It is not doled out in a little thimble; a man has it in proportion to his own bigness of heart, and communion with his Maker. And here is the benediction — May the God of Love bless you, guide you, and keep you both here and hereafter. AMEN.

L. W. MOFFIT.

Christmas Wishes from the Padres

"Wishing you and yours a happy Christmas." There is the Strong Assurance in Christmas that makes this year, your greetings real, even though the words may not so sound. You may not use exactly the words of my wish to you, but their purport will be the same. Christmas is so called because of the gathering of all Christians in early days at the Holy Communion, Christ's Board. Wherever you are you can in spirit join in that Feast, on Christmas Day, even if from the force of circumstances you are debarred from the very act of Communion. A wish that is real, something more than a passing thought, is a deed. Christmas wishes

this year will be more effectual than ever before in your history. A year's discipline and trial, a year of great sacrifices, our great Empire moved by this great Christmas wish will be mighty in bringing Christ's peace on earth. May your Christmas be truly happy by the exercise of your noble faith.

W^m BARTON.

Society Notes

That rambling old pile known as the "Petit Douve Farm", where the eleventh Prussians have (for the past two months) been rusticated, was the scene of a very fashionable and select "at home" when the tenants "received" a small party of the 7th., Canadian Battalion (1st., British Columbia Regt.) famous "Five Hundred".

The latest military fashions of two nations were in evidence. Altho there was a fair sprinkling of Kbaki, the majority were dressed in prussian grey and blue, (mostly blue). The high fences, (barbed) around the Douve Mansion had led many Canadians to believe that the Douve people were very reserved. In fact it was the presence of these fences that had caused the 7th., Battalion to decline to "call" on our neighbors, refusing to take the risk of having their evening clothes ruined. The approach of winter with long dreary evenings had caused several Canadians to think that stand-off-ness should cease. They approached the Col. on the matter and finally got his consent to allow a small party of Scouts, Wire cutters, Bombers, Infantry and Signallers, chaperoned by Officers, to "call". Two thirty A.M., being such an unconvention'al hour, the visiting party were not at all surprised to find themselves very coolly "received". This coolness, however, soon wore off when the bombers gave their hosts a practical demonstration of hand grenades, and bombs, as used in modern warfare. This little entertainmen was very well as received and the "at home" began to look like a splendid success, (for the guests). After inspecting the grounds, dwellings and etc. the 7th., Officers suggested that the party return home, as they show their appreciation of the night's enjoyment, the visiting party insisted on an immediate return visit. This could hardly be arranged at first but after a little persuasion and offers of splendid souvenirs in the shape of "Hall's hand grenades", a party of about twelve accepted the invitation. Before leaving, however, the visiting party decided to give their Hosts a few selections from the latest London Play Houses, the programme being as follows:—

"Maskelynes barbed wire Mysteries" — By 7th., Battalion Scouts.

"To-Night's the Night" and "Now's the Time" from the Duke of Yorks and the Albambra, — 7th., O. C.

"Looking Around" (from Garrick Theatre) and "More", — Chick. Robertson and Bombers Glee Party.

"Stop Thief" (New Theatre) by, — 11th., Prussian Officers.

"Coming thro the Rye" — Sgts. Ashby and Myerstein. 5064 Gerrard" — 7th., Battalion Signallers.

"Push & Go" (Hippodrome) introducing "Shorty Preston and "all star" cast. Screamingly funny farce, Canadians pushing and Prussians going (to England)

Complete 7th., Battalion Glee Club (under direction of Capt. Thomas) introducing the new song "Won't You come over to our Trench?"

(Tune won't you come over to my House?)

Won't you come over to our trench,
 Won't you come over to stay?
 We've lots of hard-tack, a gas bomb or two.
 We live in the the trench o'er the way;
 We'll sing your old 'ymn of 'ate,
 And we may put your eye in a sling;
 Won't you come over to our trench
 And we'll teach you, "God Save the King."

The Plaint of the Navies Brigade

Out in the mud in the trenches,
 From dawn to the end of the day,
 We figger'd we'd fight
 All day and all night,
 But not in this singular way.

Though a pick and shovel are bandy
 When it comes to a bit of a scrap.
 We just pack them for miles
 Over trenches and stiles,
 Just to alter the face of the map.

Still trenches, of course, are most useful,
 When you're trying to hide from a shell;
 But when you've to grovel
 In the mud with a shovel,
 You wish the whole outfit to hell.

A sand bag may save some poor soldier,
 (When trying to sell them they say);
 But if they had to pack 'em
 And fill them and stack 'em
 They'd speak in a different way.

In night time returned from the trenches,
 To our nice cozey billets of rest,
 There's an ear-piercing shout:
 "Hurry up there get out;
 Working party—you fellows get dressed."

Then you hike back to the trenches,
 To work till dawn reddens the sky.
 We curse till we're blue,
 Fill a sand bag or two
 And pray that the sapper may die.

They may talk of their regular army
 Of their stunts on the field and parade
 But the "Seventh" can claim
 They're entitled to fame
 As the pride of the Navy's Brigade.

7th Canadians
 2nd Novr.
 1915
 Menu
 7th B.C. Regt.

Mors d'oeuvres

Ox-tail Soup

Lobster Salad

Irish Skew

Roast Beef

Fruit Salad

Desert

