

The Old Hand and the Editor

With apologies to Lewis Carroll's Walrus and Carpenter

by CECIL E. MORGAN (1749)

The Old Hand and the Editor were talking of The Force,
Of how it made the Great North West—It's Jubilee—of course,
And how, before tin Lizzies came, it used to ride a horse.

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The E. —“Remember”, said the Editor, whose tears flowed down in sheets,
“Regina was a one horse town with but two gumbo streets,
“And Shaganappi Point's red lights were Calgary's sole treats?

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The O.H.—“And don't forget the pretty girls”, the gallant Old Hand cried,
“Who used, in scanty negligé, their shanties sit outside,
“To coyly glance approval at each scarlet coated ride.

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The E. —“And what about the N.C.O's who knocked us into shape,
“And Bobby B, whose eagle eye no slacker could escape,
“And Tommy Wattam, Nobby White, and Patrick M's red tape?

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The O.H.—“How Tommy and the other two, their eyes with rage a'glint,
“Adjured us wretched devils round the barrack square to sprint,
“With softly spoken words of praise no Editor could print.

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The E. —“Oh shades of these, and Bobby B, you'd faint I am afraid,
“Were, in this year of Jubilee, you present on parade,
“To hear the strides in courtesy our N.C.O's have made.

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The O.H.—“No longer could you say to me, “Stand up—you daisy bell”,
“In courteous tones you'd say, “Old Chap, that isn't done too well,
“And Tommy, in the riding school, you certainly could not,
“Compare the contour of my back to bow-wow, licking pot.

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The E. —“But bless your heart we loved them, and, beneath their fuss and muss,
“Those dear old swearing N.C.O's they, one and all loved us,
“They made us men—They made the Force the greatest in the world,
“Till Forces on its pattern rise where ere the Flag's unfurled.

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Both —“So now, in this year “34”, we rise and raise our glass,
“To give this toast—“OLD N.C.O's, of years now long gone past,”
“THEY made the Force—They made it ROYAL, the best within
world's ken,
“Here's to those great old N.C.O's—who made us Rookies MEN.

NOTE.—The names of those fine old boys who did so much for us all will be known to old hands.
For the benefit of those of later years they were — “Bobby Belcher” — “Tommy Wattam” — “Nobby
White” — “Pat Mahoney” and, for the rest their names are legion—bless them.—C.E.M.

The old members of the Force are: the late Inspector R. Belcher, C.M.G.; the late Inspector Thomas
Wattam; the late Reg. No. 1283 Staff Sergeant Patrick Mahoney who was a fine drill instructor.