

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Among the cosmopolitan men that compose "C" Section there is one who stands out with extraordinary preponderance whose name is Crappy. Why he received that name our historian has been trying to discover and has succeeded it a small way.

It appears Crappy comes from a little burg called Windsor, Ont., which one can find on the map (after searching diligently with a magnifying glass). A few years ago there wasn't any form of amusement; of course Crappy did grouse, until one day feeling on the bum and nearly broke, he started to play "crap" on the sidewalk. All the natives gathered round and those that had a few nickles joined in, from that time Craig was a made mark and as a honour for being the promoter of it, in his home town he was named "Crappy" and that has stuck to him ever since. Crappy is famous in more ways than one, for besides being the Section banker (you can always see him pay day with his book in hand collecting up the shekels), he is also manager for the Ball Team and thanks are due mainly to him for the great successes we had last season.

Here's luck to you, Crappy, and may you be spared to go back to Windsor and play your favourite game once more is the wish of

REPORTER.

Members of "C" Section are already smacking their lips at the luxurious feeds in store for them. We hope they won't be disappointed (Corporal Dockery has gone to the Cookery School), 'nuff said.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

We have often wondered what a romantic young girl in far away CANADA, whose bold cavalier has gone forth to the war, thinks, when she receives a letter from the Front. She has visions of soul stirring deeds of heroism performed on the blood-soaked fields of Flanders. What she really reads is probably something like the following:—

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,

Sometime in June.

DEAREST.....,

I now write you a few lines to let you know I am feeling jake, as I hope you are the same. Send me some cigs., the last were bon. You see, dear, I am learning to talk French. You say your face hurts you, I don't wonder. I guess the war won't last much longer now (this from drafts). Well, this is about all the news this time as the censor has a big blue pencil.

Yours as B 4.

The rest of the page is filled with X's. Some local colour to pages.

BY ANON.

IGNORANCE.

Scotty once gave me some haggis

That he had received

In a parcel—When I saw it

I was slightly peeved,

For little did I dream that so

Deficient was my knowledge,

I'd always thought that haggis was

A Gaelic kind of porridge.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mabel writes to say that her young man's letters from the front are *most* interesting. He says that Zeppelins are constantly dropping coal boxes on the front line trenches, and she asks, "Isn't it so considerate of the Germans doing this when coal is so much wanted for the braziers during the present spell of coal weather?" Send us the address of your young man, Mabel, we want him as a special reporter for "N.Y.D." *He's qualified.*

Orderly (Base Hospital) writes of a dreadful case of injustice. He only has 14 blankets whereas all the other orderlies have 16 each to sleep in. The horrible discomfort of your life at the front is too dreadful for words, Orderly, and we'll really have to communicate with Horatio B. about this.

Paterfamilias writes that he has two sons at the front at Boulogne, and although they have been there 8 months neither has yet been wounded. What he objects to is that during that time they have only had 3 leaves to Angleterre. This is truly a shocking case of injustice and hardship; now, if we had a Business Government, &c., &c., &c.

Josh. It's no use kidding yourself you're a tank, Josh. Next time you come to a brick wall, go round it.

FROM THE BARN OWLS.

"Want leave! the idea of asking such a thing . . . What's that? of course you can go to-morrow. Why didn't you say at first that you were an officer's servant?"

"Officers must have plenty of money, they must be almost as rich as the Kinidians."

(The Kinidians have been wondering how a Dollar-ten a day works out at 5 francs a week).

"Why are the Kinidians just like the trees?"

Because they hav'nt got any leaves.

(The B.O.'s must have plucked this from a chestnut tree before the leaves started to do the Isaac Newton stunt. Ed.).

"Lend me tuppence."

"What you take me for, the field cashier?"

No matter how busy we are during the summer months there is always a time for ball games. Last year we did well, very well in fact, and why not continue the good work. We have lots of new talent and no one can tell what powers lie undiscovered in our comrades who have joined us recently.

Likewise Nos. 1 and 3 are sure to have some good "hot stuff," which should make things interesting.

The good weather is almost upon us, so from now on we shall look for great things this season. Get the interest worked up early, boys, and go to it. Support will not go lacking to those whose efforts go in this direction.

SCOTTIE.

AMPOULETTES.

A sprightly young fellow named Bill Went and contracted a chill.

He got cured on the spot,
(For it made him feel hot),
When they gave him a number nine pill.

A batman residing at Watten,
(His conduct can ne'er be forgotten),

Once stole some hen fruit,
In a way he thought cute,
But the eggs (like his conduct) were rotten

A soldier on leave, name of Mack,
Went out to the Ritz for a snack,

But the price for one meal,
Made his very bones squeal,
So he went to the Union Jack.

There was a young chap at Boulogne,
Who blithely whistled a sogne,

But he blew out his teeth,
On to the sea-shore beneath
And now his digestion's wrogne.

ACTUAL CONVERSATIONS.

"Do you want water in your mess tin, old chap, because I've just washed my shaving brush in it."

"Oh, that's all right, I only want it for cleaning my teeth and to wash in."
At a 9 a.m. inspection.

Orderly Officer (to Paddy B. who is already the wearer of 2 gold stripes on his left arm).

"You shouldn't carry so much stuff in your tunic pockets."

P.B. "Beggin' your pardon, Sor, but things in the pockets are splendid for stopping bullets, Sor."

O.O. "But there aren't many bullets round here."

P.B. "Shure, Sor, but one can never tell when we'll be in a place where they'll be pretty thick, Sor."

(*O.O.* with a big smile passes on to the next man, whom he calls down for not having put any tonsorial handiwork on his chin that morning.)

Men were required for a certain unit who had had railway experience and the following questions were put to "Baffy" of B. Section.

"Ever had experience on a railway?"

"Yus, once I nearly got run over by a train."

"Ever done any plate-laying?"

"Yus, in the officer's mess."

Oh, he's some boy is Baffy.

HEATHER IN FRANCE.

(Written to commemorate the finding of heather growing in the war zone.)

There's a warming to-day in my Scottish blood,

The blood I thought sluggish and cold,
There's a leaping to-day in each lagging pulse,

A freshening of all I thought old.
The terrors of war can now have no power,

No shackles my being can hold,
And each puny thought is lost in the pride

I feel for my sires of old.

The men who for love of the land of their birth,

For the love of Freedom and Right,
Who for God and for truth and their homes 'mong the hills

Their own lives counted but light.

I feel to-day that ancient, strong power
For my foot has just trod

The heather braw in the land of France,
And I feel on my native sod.

The sight of the heather growing here,
In reach of the war swept zone,

Has power my Scottish blood to thrill,
And say "Dull care, begone." M.C.T.