

BY THE WAY.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Major W. G. Buswell on his promotion to the rank of Hon. Captain and Quartermaster. The good wishes of all go with him on his transfer to No. 4 Canadian Field Ambulance, and although we will miss him we hope to see him occasionally. Capt. Buswell has been with us ever since we were at Valcartier, and the good work he has put in with this unit was recently recognised by a Distinguished Conduct Medal which was awarded him.

The appointment of Staff-Sergt. O. P. Stensrud as Regt.-Sergt.-Major is a popular one, and we know that he will continue to keep up the good work of his predecessor. Sergt.-Major Stensrud is a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and prior to the outbreak of war he had belonged to No. 1 Field Ambulance of that town for seven years, having risen from the rank of private to sergeant. The new S.-M. has the full confidence of the men.

Capt. E. D. Hubbell, who has been with us ever since we first came to France, has transferred back to the First Motor Machine Gun Co., to which unit he was attached when on the Plains. He leaves behind many friends in "No. One." Let us hope that all the shells that fall his way may turn out to be *duds*.

Capt. H. R. McGibbon, who was pretty badly wounded when serving with our unit at the second battle of Ypres, has now recovered and holds the rank of Major in the 7th Canadian Cavalry Field Ambulance. We don't know exactly where this unit is, but we believe they're busy wherever they are.

Capt. D. E. Robertson, a very popular officer, has been transferred to No. 3 Field Ambulance, and whilst commiserating with "No. One," we congratulate "No. 3" upon securing his services.

"SOME" CONCERT.

On the evening of the 31st July a highly spectacular, melodramatic performance was held by old "No. One," when the proceedings opened up with a monologue by "Sunshine" Russell, who was daintily attired in a fancy-dress costume which was a cross between that worn by Julius Caesar, and Napoleon Buonaparte when crossing the Alps. He "brought down the house," and was followed by four sergeants, who lined up before the audience as if for a beauty competition, but when they started to sing we had another guess coming. Anyway, the quartette, which consisted of S/Sergt. Brown and Sergts. O'Connor, Warnicker and Hoad, did very well. Bombardier Evans, of the 2nd D.A.P., next bombarded the audience with songs and jokes, whilst Pte. McManus gave a demonstration of his Irvingesque ability in a recitation in great style. Captain Moorhouse, who has an excellent tenor voice, then obliged, whilst comic songs by Cpl. Osmond, of the 11th M.A.C., came next, followed by a French-Canadian song by Pte. Alphonse Chevalier. Geo. Begbie, who is always popular with the "Bhoys," next out-Robeyed Robey. A vocal duet by Sergts. O'Connor and Warnicker, and a humorous song by Driver Hobbs, followed by "O! Canada" and the "National Anthem," brought the proceedings to an end.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Pat Maples, who has left our unit, has now got a H.Q. job with the C.A.D.C. No more will we hear the spirited debates on the respective merits of Watherford and Cor-r-r-r-k.

Hayes has been promoted to the position of Attendant in Ordinary of the Most Noble Order of the Water Cart, owing to the last holder of that exalted rank getting a free trip to Blighty, via the Red Cross Special.

Where are the boys of the old brigade? Sergt. W. B. Smith is back in the jungle again—to wit, Tiger-town, Ont.; D. Layzell is still keeping his end up with the Army Corps Cyclists; E. Oakes wrote the other day from Salonika for some *Iodine Chronicles*; Tommy Mullins, with the 14th Battalion, is still smiling; Tommy says he is going to contribute to the *I.C.* one of these days; C. B. Maxwell was back in Ottawa, but is now we understand in London, England.

Of other members of "C" Section who have been wounded and invalided to Blighty, we have heard news of the following:—W. C. Bowman is at Exeter; Gib. Childs is at —; Flett's address is at "London-in-the-Smoke"; F. Frazer is at Wokingham, Bucks; H. E. Gillingham is at Hove, Brighton; A. Hunt is somewhere near Stockport; G. Hainsworth is at Shoreham, Sussex; J. Livings is back in Canada; whilst C. Stabler is at Epsom.

Congratulations to Sergt. L. S. Mills and L/Cpl. Stewart on their winning the Military Medal.

Capt. W. P. Hewetson, Royal Berks, elder brother of L/Cpl. J. Hewetson, was recently presented with the Military Cross by His Majesty the King.

Pte. Anthony J. Johnson, a distinguished ex-member of "C" Section, and an enthusiastic reader of the "I. C." has recovered from his wounds and is now back with the 2nd Battalion.

We had a cheerful letter from Jerry Carten the other day; he is at University College Hospital, London; he had the distinction of getting wounded twice in two weeks.

HUTCHY!

(Just one of the Boys.)

Though ye're only five foot two,
Yet ye're good and staunch and true
When there's husky work to do,
Ain't yer, Hutch?

Lugging of a stretcher round,
O'er a stiff and rocky ground,
On yer job yer will be found,
Won't yer, Hutch?

Through the slush and through the
Dun'no what it is to tire, [mire,
Well, I guess yer earn yer hire,
Don't yer, Hutch?

When the shells are flying round,
Bursting with a fiendish sound,
Yer don't budge an inch of ground,
Do yer, Hutch?

You're a stocky little chap,
And you've heaps of grit on tap,
Slickest thing upon the map,
Ain't yer, Hutch?

HERE AND THERE.

The Ottawa "Citizen" says that the "I. C." is "intermingled with choice humour of the Mutt and Jeff type." We knew our humour wasn't of too high a calibre—but we didn't know it was *quite* so bad as all that.

Says a writer in our contemporary, "The Brazier":—"I may be awfully ignorant, but it certainly looks a capital idea our transport has adopted of carrying their horses' emergency rations round the spokes of the wheels."

Anyway, there's one thing to be said for them—the rats don't chaw them up like they do poor Tommy's emergency rations every opportunity they get.

Our friend, Editor Trowsdale, of the "Dead Horse Corner," who was recently wounded, writes cheerily from an Edinburgh military hospital. He encloses a poem, which is inserted in this number. It was brought into his head whilst lying in the hospital ward and it is therefore of all the more interest on that account. The last time we saw our old friend he was recumbent on a stretcher, with what is known as "a Blighty." Here's wishes for a speedy recovery.

Trooper Bob Anderson, of the 19th Alberta Dragoons, who kindly contributes a poem to this number, is a poet of some repute, having published two books of verses before the war:—"The Old Timer," in 1909, and "Canadian Born," in 1913.

That celebrated English weekly, the "Graphic," says:—"Probably to the Medical Service belongs the credit of the best regimental journals run by the boys with the B.E.F.," and they go on to say "that it flourishes under the medical hyphenage of 'N.Y.D.'" After reading that we had to beat it for the Q.M. stores for a larger size in hats. But all the sizes were "sixes" and "sevens," and we wanted an "eight."

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., a book of poems entitled, "Britannia's Answer," written by the Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, a Chaplain of the Forces on our Western Front.

The verses ring with that intense patriotism and fervent love of country that only a crisis in the nation's History can call forth.

MOTOR TRANSPORT NOTES.

The good wishes of the boys go with Sergt. J. D. Sharman, who has received a commission as Lieutenant with the 2nd Canadian Infantry Battalion. He is succeeded by Sergt. Waghorn as Chief N.C.O. of our M.T.

Cpl. George and Driver Pat Sherman, who are now 2nd Lieuts. in the R.F.C., are now flying somewhere over our heads on the Western Front. They were both exceedingly popular with all of "No. 1," who wish them the best.

Who is the man in the M.T. who (according to some reports) has to be towed ten times round the block before he can get his engine started.

Is it true that they had to take the wireless down before Pat could make his first flight?