

## CONFESSIONS OF A NEWS EDITOR.

We know our last number was not up to previous numbers, but "Don't shoot the man in the News Editorial chair, he's doing his best." (A Mills bomb would be more efficient!)

In this connection we cannot do better than quote the eminent poetess Bella Speeler Pillbox:—

"It's easy enough to scribble away  
When you've plenty of thoughts in  
your head,  
But the man worth while, can write  
a pile,  
When he hasn't a thing to say."

If your paper is printed at the front always have a number of errors in the setting up of the type. This gives it a subtle trench flavour. If it is printed in Angleterre have some really good printers, such as our own, and they will correct the proofs for you. This will save time that would be taken up if it were sent to France and back. (We live in hopes that our printers will deduct 1½% at least from their next account, in return for this boost).

An indifferent joke, provided it is original, in our opinion is far superior to some scintillating aboriginal chestnut with whiskers on it. To quote that world-famous poet Rhubarb Pickling:—

"If there is one thing I detest  
And utterly abhor,  
'Tis reading for the umpteenth time  
Some joke I've read before."

Take the case of that overdone chestnut relating to a soldier on leave and a souvenir door-knocker, as the Poet Laureate (we *don't* think) puts the case in the following verses; things can be very much overdone, sometimes.

"I have a hunch, it was in *Punch*  
You made your first appearance,  
'Twas long ago, yet you're not slow  
For with great perseverance  
You jump up here, and spring up there  
In many kinds of papers,  
You crop up still, you're hard to kill,  
Your lustre never tapers (?)"

But tho' I'll say most ev'ry day  
We've seen you very often,  
Now fresh disguise, the jokesmith  
tries,  
The shock perchance to soften.  
Such an old wheeze, sure makes us  
sneeze,  
Of you he's made a poor job!  
( 'Tis a shocker.) That old knocker  
Is turned into a door knob.

## THE TRAGEDY.

In an E.F.C. Canteen,  
'Twas a quiet peaceful scene,  
When suddenly a loud report  
rang out,  
It made everybody jump,  
For it sounded like a crump,  
And it put the staff and cus-  
tomers to route.

A red stain upon the floor,  
That was never there before,  
Was scattered here and there  
and all around,  
It was not a bomb or shell  
That achieved such purpose fell,  
Just a bottle of H.P. dropped  
on the ground.

## "C" SECTION NOTES.

Another of the Valcartier-Bustard veterans (who are dwindling in numbers all the time) has taken up a commission in the Infantry—and this time it is Staff-Sergt. J. Hooper.

One of the old "32's" who was very badly wounded 8 months ago writes from Hastings (where if our memory for dates serves us aright a certain little scrap was fought in 1066) as follows—  
"Many thanks for good old "N.Y.D." It's a great pleasure to see the boys' names in it. I feel as though I was back with you again, to read them. I would love to be back again with "C" Section. One never knows. I may yet."  
That's the spirit of old "No. One" all right.

Jimmy Camm (the same old Jimmy) was round to see the Old Timers the other day.

Who is the water cart man who thinks that tea should be taken "Cum grano salis?"

Who was the N.C.O. who received the following communique from Canada shortly before the close of 1916?

"Don't keep a leap year girl waiting for an answer. She may have another engagement in view."  
What's the poor man to do, if she doesn't send along her name and address?

Who was the "C" Section man who was going to have somebody up for office for *definition* of character?

Who is the Corpl. who has an original method of cleaning his mess-tin?

The good wishes of the boys go with Staff-Sergt. T. Flint, who has gone to England to take up a more responsible position in another unit. We expect to see him out here shortly with a Coat of Arms on his sleeve.

## HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

"What is it that we often hear  
At dawn and in the gloaming,  
And also many times a day?  
'Tis 'Carry on with grooming.'"

If you ever feel downhearted, get that celebrated raconteur, Mr. Michael O'Brien, to narrate to you his adventures when he put up at the Sav-voy. It'll cheer you up for a week.

Congrats. to Sgt. Major W. D. Foran, who is now a first class warrant officer.

Sergt. J. K. Lacey, an occasional contributor to the "I.C." who was wounded, we understand is now an instructor somewhere in England.

Albert Liberty, when on pass, paid a visit to Salisbury. When there he met Tommy Wilson, an old member of No. 1, who was also on leave.

There's a rumour about that Jimmy Ford's black horse is going to be shod with rubber shoes, so that he won't keep the picket awake at nights.

## PITY THE POOR MAIL CLERK.

Scene—A stable, barn, dug-out or "cushy billet."

Time.—Any old time at all.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

*Hero.*—Herbert, a poor, but honest and virtuous, mail clerk.

*Villain of the Piece.*—A disgruntled private.

"Canadian mail in"?

"No."

"Why isn't it in"?

"Don't know."

"Why don't you know"?

"Search me."

"Has a mail boat been sunk"?

"How do I know."

"Well, you ought to know. When will it be in"?

"How the *Dickens* can I tell."

"Say, you haven't brought me a letter for umpteen days, you're a nice gink to hold down a job. Got a green envelope"?

"All given out."

"Got a registered envelope"?

"Just sold out."

"Why did you sell out, you must have known I wanted one? Can you get me one at the Post Office"?

"They're sold out, too."

"Why are they out of stock"?

"Can't say."

"Got a newspaper"?

"No papers to-day."

"Why, &c., &c., &c., and so on ad lib."

(The enquirer eventually beats it, expressing the opinion as he goes that the Mail Clerk isn't on his job and should be fired forthwith).

## BY THE WAY.

We extend to our popular O.C. Lt.-Col. Wright hearty congratulations upon his having the well-deserved honour of the Distinguished Service Order conferred upon him.

After having put in a year in a hospital in England, Capt. C. G. Graham got homesick for old "No. 1." It is like old times seeing him back with us once more.

One of the boys found the drawing on the front page of this number of "N.Y.D." in the grounds of an old chateau that had seen better days. We saved it from the incinerator and then seizing a gaspicator in one hand and a notebook in the other, we set out on the trail until we ran the artist to earth in a Canadian Field Ambulance of another Division, where he holds the rank of Sergeant. Sgt. A. McKee, who before the war had been a cartoonist on the staff of that celebrated paper, the "Montreal Star," kindly gave us permission to use this hitherto unpublished drawing in our paper. Some scoop for old "N.Y.D." What!

The good wishes of all the members of his old unit, of which he was the first O.C., go with Col. A. E. Ross, who has now been appointed D.M.S. of the Canadian Corps. He is succeeded as A.D.M.S. of our Division by Lt.-Col. Ford, who by the way crossed the Atlantic 2½ years ago on the same ship (the "Megantic"), as "No. 1," but as O.C. of another unit.