

WANTED! AN ANSWER!

For the past two months, an old Yorkshire friend, Joe Hey, has been worrying himself considerably. The reason I succeeded in finding out the other day, and taking into account all the facts of the case cannot at all blame him. To receive an answer to a very important question which concerns his and others' welfare is that which is causing the worry. Rather than see our friend fade away in health and strength, and seeing that it is not likely that he will receive the answer from the source he expected it, probably some of the readers of the "Iodine Chronicle" will be able to furnish it him. Being a unique individual himself, he has a unique way of expressing himself, so that may be the reason for the delay in the answer. Well, we will leave the reader to judge for himself. The following is the letter Joe wrote to his prospective wife:—

Somewhere in France.

6th March, 1918.

Darling,—I think the time has arrived for me to ask you a question; an important question, to which I have given a lot of thought during the past two years, and I feel I must now speak that which is in my heart. I have tried hard to absorb within my mind the little difficulties and perplexities which your answer may entail. Think it over, darling, and when you have pondered it sufficiently let me know the truth right from the depths of your heart. Remember, the answer may mean the blighting of our future lives. You may think it presumption on my part, if so, I can only hope and pray for forgiveness and that my boldness may be overlooked. Please do not keep me waiting too long for an answer. I shall be waiting in feverish anxiety for your reply, so, darling, I will not beat about the bush any longer, but come to the point right away—When will the war be over?

Yours in agonised anticipation,

JOE.

W. H. H.

If a man joins the Canadian Army Medical Corps, he has two chances. He may be sent to a hospital or to a field ambulance. If he goes to a hospital he's jake, for he never goes near the war. If he goes to a field ambulance, he has two chances; he may be put in a tent section, or he may be a stretcher-bearer. If he is in the tent section he's jake, as he keeps out of the trenches. If he is a stretcher-bearer, he has two chances; he may be killed, or he may be wounded. If he's wounded, he's jake, as he gets a trip down the line, and may reach Blighty. If he is killed he has two chances; he will either go to heaven or go to hell. If he goes to heaven, he's jake for the duration of eternity. If he goes to hell, he has two chances; he may be put to shovelling coal, or he may just sit around and watch the steam-gauge.

P. M. B.

A Scottish lance-jack attached to a town-major's staff, after having had an injured hand dressed several times, confided to the dresser that he had been a medical orderly in India.

However, he came in later when the dresser was out, and induced one of the boys to put sulphur ointment on it because the jar was in the same place that the last ointment was got from.

LAYS OF A LINSEED LANCER—No. 3.

He sat until the midnight hour
Gave place to morning light;
The way he played those records o'er—
Good Lord! it was a fright.
Although within my bunk I groan,
His hand he would not stay;
He worked that squeaky gramophone
Until the break of day.

I often thought, upon the spot,
Amidst war's grim alarm,
If ever in my whole long life
I'd done him any harm.
And as he winds that jimcrack up,
I wonder which 'twill be—
A solo by Caruso, or
The "British Artillerie."

Oh! it's gramophone for breakfast,
And it's gramophone for lunch;
It's a never-ending torment,
And I've got an awful hunch.
If he gives us some for dinner,
And a little more for tea,
In a few more weary months it's
In the "Bughouse" I shall be.

I would not hurt his feelings
Because the Padres say
That I'll know the fellow better
When the mists have rolled away.
So when the last loud trump shall blow,
Saint Peter, use him well;
Send our dear dentist home to Heaven,
And his gramophone to ———.

R. J. R.

TO THE EDITOR.

I observe in your Easter Number an article dealing with the exchanges made by the various Trench Magazines.

Included in the list is that journal called "The Breath o' the Heather," which is the official publication of the 236th Canadian Battalion, popularly known as the McLean Kilties of America. This magazine, as you remarked, has, up-to-date, been devoted exclusively to the advocacy of recruiting.

In the particular number which was published while Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie and staff were in Boston, Mass., there appears, as a decorative border to a group photograph of Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie and family, a held view of two officers wearing the regulation "kilty" uniform and seated astride two doubtful-looking equines.

Now, I have never had the pleasure of viewing the McLean Kilties on parade, but I hardly think that the officers of that gallant Battalion are accustomed to indulging in the strenuous art of horsemanship, clad in the conventional Hielan' garb.

Of course, these gentlemen might be close students of the classics, and were merely enacting a masculine emulation of Lady Godiva of Coventry, who rode a horse "clad only with chastity." Still, in this prosaic age, the spectacle is, to say the least, ridiculous, and certainly mirth-provoking. It reminds me of Harry Lauder's skit, in which he, in the character of a Scottish country "gawk," desiring to enlist in the army, is somewhat confused in his ideas of the service. When asked by the recruiting sergeant what regiment he would like to join, he retorted rather shortly, "Niver min' whit regiment; just gie's a horse and a set o' kilts an' let's awa' toe the front."

If this was an artistic error, then the publishers had better engage a new illustrator.

I enclose a copy of the page on which the "Bull" appeared.

NEMO.