

The Iodine Chronicle

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No. 12.

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AU REVOIR.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the departure of the late Editor of the "N.Y.D." who has gone to the Officers' Training School in England for the purpose of taking a commission in the Canadian Infantry. We wish him every success and we know that he will always be missed by his friends in old No. 1, and that our loss will be gain to the battalion in which his lot will be cast.

Corpl. R. O. Spreckley was the founder of the "Iodine Chronicle," and when the papers of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Field Ambulances were merged into the "N.Y.D.," he took up the duties of Editor-in-Chief of the new paper.

He was one of the pioneers of trench journalism, the "Iodine Chronicle" being the second paper published by the Canadian Forces in the field. He threw himself wholly in the task of making it a success, easily surmounting the many difficulties that beset his path in gathering news and having the paper printed.

You can realize the amount of work that this must have entailed when you consider the many duties of a corporal on active service, yet he always managed to do both and the result is that our paper stands in the front rank of trench journals and in the archives of the British Museum will go down through the coming years a standing tribute to his unceasing labours.

It now devolves upon us to keep up the standard he has set us of clean humour, snappy and original news of life at the front.

We extend to Corpl. Spreckley "God Speed" and our best wishes in his new vocation, hoping he will return to Canada after the war with honours and distinction.

"CORN" Evans, the great Arctic explorer, returns to France.

After nearly eighteen months of absence Corn Evans, our great explorer, has rejoined our unit.

Our reporter interviewed him in his comfortable dug-out behind the firing line, but before relating any of his experiences he bound our reporter over not to repeat any items of news which he might impart to him during the interview which would prove of military value to the enemy.

After the oath was duly administered in the lid of a mess-tin (no glass being available) the great man related a few of his thrilling experiences whilst sojourning with the Aldiborontiphosconian tribes of the Arctic circle.

He left Pokiok in the good ship Hampton, which he had over-hauled and refitted with apparatus to enable him to travel across the ice when he reached the great barriers of the North. He took with him a consignment of peppermints, Quigley's chewing gum and souvenirs of the great war, for distribution among the Esquimaux.

On reaching the Pole he was greatly surprised to find the missing German

submarine Bremen enclosed within an iceberg, but after three months' hard work he succeeded in salvaging her. He towed her across the barrier as far as Baffin Land, but had the misfortune to strike thin ice, the submarine went through, the tow line parted, and the Bremen now lies at the bottom of the strait.

He also assures us that the Esquimaux Navy is still doing business and denies the rumour that Hetham von Bollweg has bought it up for use against the Allies.

In our next issue we hope to give a graphic account of how he climbed the North Pole and removed the Pole Star so as to confound the enemy on his next night march.

Mr. Evans is keeping well, and we hope that he will decide to stay with us for a while. He was deeply grieved when he found how many of his old associates had gone down the line, but there were still enough of us oldtimers to give him a hearty welcome back to Old No. 1.

R. J. R.

CHOP-SUEY.

On the canteen gramophone one hears of the "British Artillery" driving their cattle with a rattle into battle. We have suspicions that some of the bully-beef manufacturers also take some of the same noble quadrupeds for cattle and can them accordingly.

"Yes," said the reinforcement "I've heard of Ally Sloper, but who is this Alley Toot-Sweet one hears of so often."

N.C.O. at the Divisional Baths, "How much have we got, Bill."

"Two gallons."

"That's heaps, we've only got one battalion coming to-day."

Who are the biggest grafters in the army?

The cyclists, because they are always ped(a)lling.

Who was the man who said that he knew that they were taking photographs in the Fritzzy aeroplanes over our heads, because he heard the click of the camera?

RUMOURS, IDLE RUMOURS.

That Canadians are undisciplined.

That soldiers at the front pronounce the name of a certain town—Wipers.

That the St. Lawrence River is going to have a rubber bottom. Why?

That because a man is a Canadian he always has *beaucoup monnaie*.

That the delegates in the C.A.S.C. have strawberry jam every day instead of plum and marmalade. (They don't get strawberry every day, they vary the diet with blackberry and raspberry).

That the First Canadians were all going to be issued with sandals.

That our aeroplanes are going to carry lights when going over the line at night in order to kid Fritzzy into thinking that they are shooting stars.

That the old 32's are going back to Canada for a rest.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

"A" Section has lost two more of its oldtime N.C.O.'s, S/Sgt. Smith and Sgt. Crozier, having both left for England, where they intend taking up commissions in the Canadian Infantry. The good wishes of the boys go with them and all hope to see them as officers soon.

Corpls. Garnett and Fletcher to Sgts. The boys are well pleased with these promotions, but are sorry that it means their transfer to another section, but that is not so bad as having to leave our unit altogether.

That Ticket:—

Then—Anyone might but P. D. Wood.
Now—Anyone would but P. D. did.

(Compre that).

BLUFF.

On route marches young Private —
Walks with a sprightly step,
He never seems to get fagged out,
He always has a lot of pep.
You ask the reason why he has this very useful knack,
This very useful knack,
One air cushion (inflated well)
He carries in his pack.

It sure was a jake old cellar;
I never had use for the brewers,
Thus spoke a rabid T.T.,
When billeted within the vaults
Of an old brasserie.
But ne'ertheless I must confess,
When shells fly helter-skelter
The cellars of old Mister Bung
Afford a "tres-bon" shelter.

SOME BOTTLE.

The incinerator at one of our main dressing stations was working overtime, and blood-stained bandages, fragments of red-dyed clothing, bully-beef cans, broken bottles and a dozen etceteras were burning in the interest of neatness, order and sanitation. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, bricks and other debris was thrown helter-skelter, but as if by a miracle it transpired that no one was hurt. Some careless delegate had evidently placed a portion of an overcoat on the fire in the pocket of which was a Mills' bomb.

The deadly silence that immediately followed the loud report was broken by the shrill wee voice of Private McInness venturing the plaintive remark:—

"A bottle must hae bairst." It was some bottle alright.

LAYS OF A LINSEED LANCER No. 1.

THERE'S something in the atmosphere,
There's an odour in the air,
I wonder if its chicken
Or stew of Belgian hare.
Oh, we would dearly love a change,
Our vigour to renew,
For we're living all the blessed time
On old "Pop" Mean's Stew.

R. J. R.