

# The Iodine Chronicle

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Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding. H-150-1

## No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

(Censored by Chief Censor of 1st Canadian Division).

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### EDITORIAL.

The Soldiers' Institute of the Canadian Army Corps which has been established in a certain town behind the firing line, which shall be nameless, is now accommodated in more commodious quarters, and is filling a long-felt want. Capt. H. A. McGreer, Chaplain of the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance, has the oversight of the undertaking, whilst Sergt. J. H. Munro (15th Bn.) and Ptes. J. Bull and T. Murray (of the 4th and 5th Bns. respectively) old-timers of the 1st Division, are in charge and can be found to be on the job all the time catering to all in khaki, who visit the useful institution.

Light refreshments at a moderate charge are supplied, whilst the tables are well stocked with periodicals and magazines, writing materials being supplied free *gratis* and for nothing. A visitor's book is kept and already the names of men of scores of regiments, British and Canadian, are inscribed therein. Three notable signatures we observed in the book were those of General Herbert Plumer, Lt.-General E. A. H. Alderson, and Brigadier-General Birchall Wood, all of whom have taken sympathetic interest in the undertaking.

Incidentally Canadian regimental newspapers including the *Listening Post*, *Now and Then*, the *D.H.C. Gazette* and the *Iodine Chronicle* are on sale at the Institute.

### OUR POLICY.

Since first we started in to do  
A journalistic paper,  
And bring out every week or two  
Our modest little paper;  
Tho' brickbats we have had a few,  
They cause us ne'er a flurry,  
(For since we can't please everyone,  
What is the use to worry?)

Now Private Blank he says, says he,  
That we must be more *racy*,  
And hurl abuse and other things,  
But ——— we use diplomacy.  
For tho' we print some miscalled jokes,  
That have a certain ring,  
We'd hate to publish in our "rag"  
Aught that would leave a *sting*.

### AMPOULES.

The latest.—"Corn" Evans says he's going to get a transfer to the Belgian Army.

"No, Ferdinand, the initials M.T. do not refer to the contents of the wearer's heads. We ourselves know of at least one or two brainy fellows in that outfit."

"In these days of modern science  
And inventions quite a store,  
When *Williamsons* and *Edisons*  
Keep on inventing more;  
One thing we cannot understand,  
We'd put a question curt—  
Why can't one of those delegates  
Invent a *crumb-proof shirt*?"

The rumour that a private has to be paraded by a senior private before he can speak to a N.C.O. has not yet been confirmed.

### CONGRATULATIONS.

To Colonel A. E. Ross, our late O.C. and now A.D.M.S. of the 1st Division, upon his being made a Commander of the Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George.

To Corporal J. H. Paulding upon his "first attempt" in verse, which appears in this number of the "I.C.," and which is a very creditable contribution.

To all of our other contributors upon their *esprit de corps* in trying to make our paper the success we all want it to be.

To the parties responsible for the success of the Concerts which are being held nightly under the auspices of the Canadian Corps.

To the 3rd Field Ambulance Minstrels, upon their success in enlivening and cheering their comrades of the Canadian and British Divisions with very creditable performances at different times.

To Captain E. L. Stone of "No. One" upon his elevation to the rank of Major.

To the organisers of the Soldiers' Institute of the Canadian Corps at (excision by Censor), upon the success with which their efforts have materialised.

To the British Museum upon their recent acquisition of valuable literary (?) mementos from the Western front.

To our esteemed friend, "Spud" Murphy, upon his acquisition of one stripe.

To Ourselves, because of the patience of our readers, when the "I.C." happens to be a little late in making its appearance.

To Nos. 2 and 3 Canadian Field Ambulances, upon their almost simultaneously breaking out into the journalistic field.

To the Editor of "The Listening Post," upon reaching the 10th number of that successful publication. (We hope the war will be over before we can get to the 10th number of the "I.C.").

To the football team of the 11th Royal Scots upon their prowess in being able to defeat the redoubtable "No. One" team. *Credit to whom credit is due.*

### A GOOD CATCH!

Place.—Billet (somewhere in France) dimly lit by solitary candle.

Time.—6.35 on a dark wintry morn.

S.M.—(To a supposed culprit still sleeping). "Up! Up! Show a leg! Show a leg!" The object of the exclamations showing no signs of life, the S.M. is about to make a closer investigation, when a voice from the gloom remarks, "Those are only my blankets, sir." (Suppressed tittering from further end of billet).