

The Iodine Chronicle

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Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

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

MANAGING EDITOR:

Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:

Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:

Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

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“A Happy Christmas” to all our Readers.

EDITORIAL.

The season of Peace and Goodwill is again upon us, and still “man’s inhumanity to man” is what most strikes us. At first view, the lessons of the occasion seem lost under existing conditions, but looking deeper, we find that the sacredness of the cause makes up for this seeming inconsistency. In other words, although necessity forces us to fight our fellow man just now, it is in order that a more universal peace, a more general goodwill, may eventually reign in a world of justice and good fellowship.

Over a great area at least we remark the Spirit of Goodwill. With one common end in view, the Russian of the Great White Empire, the Frenchman of sunny France, the Italian from ancient Rome, the Belgian from devastated Flanders, and the Britisher from Albion’s shores, join hands in mutual trust and confidence. And looking into the composite character of the British forces, what splendid goodwill do we find blending together various elements. The little brown Indian, the worthy South African, the stalwart Australian, the sturdy Canadian. All meet together on the common ground of loyalty, justice and regard. Surely from most, if not from all standpoints, can we claim to have the spirit of the Season. So long as this continues we may rest assured of final success, distant perhaps, but none the less certain in the final reckoning.

And in this season of cheer, we must not only think of self. We should also remember others, our gallant comrades fallen on the field of honour, those who have made the “supreme sacrifice,” who have given the greatest proof of their love for their fellow men. Many left Canada with us light of heart and bright of eye, to-day they rest in various graves, many of them nameless. For all of these, let us stay awhile now and again and breathe a prayer, urged to better and nobler deeds by the example they have shewn us. Then there are those most dear to us, most of them far away in the “land of the Maple.” Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts perhaps, those who watch and love and pray. Let us think of them, too, in this season of goodwill; let us not fail to send them a cheery word, assuring them of our well-being, and of our remembrance. Thus also can we realize the value of the occasion.

Herewith, kind readers, the Christmas number of our paper, the first Christmas of the “Iodine Chronicle.” To all our friends the Staff and Publishers extend the best wishes of the Season; may the spirit of goodwill ever be manifest, and that of Peace shortly be shown by its realization permanent and abiding. To each and all, the old, old wish, “A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.” G.J.B.

OUR O.C.’S PROMOTION.

It was with universal satisfaction that every member of our unit heard of the well deserved promotion of our popular O.C., Major Wright, to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, the other day.

Lieut.-Colonel Wright, ever since the days at Valcartier, has held the respect and esteem of all ranks, for he combines most happily unvarying courtesy towards all, together with firmness and justice in matters of administration, necessary to an officer holding a position of so much importance. His predecessor, the present A.D.M.S. of our Division, set a high standard of efficiency for the unit, which will be continued under our new O.C., who has the fullest confidence of officers and men. Whatever the future may bring forth, we are assured that No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance under such an O.C. will continue to increase the high reputation that has already been achieved.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE “I.C.”

In a recent number of the “I.C.”, an *Advert.* appeared in our columns advertising for Sgt. Crozier’s headgear, and references were made in the same number to Mike O’Brien’s and Scottie Gillis’ weaknesses for “chews” and tooth-paste respectively. The other day we received at our editorial offices (which are at present comfortably located, but alas! temporarily in a stable), a parcel from an anonymous lady reader in Dumfries, Scotland, enclosing chewing gum (best American brand) for Mike, dental paste for Scottie, and a bee-utiful warm cap for Sgt. Crozier. Appended to the latter was the following inscription:—

“In reply to Advert. in ‘Iodine Chronicle,’ No. 2, ‘Annie Laurie’ sends enclosed, with the hope that it resembles Sgt. Crozier’s lost favourite. If so, his undying gratitude will be ample, as it is rather far to send the rum. (Frac the land o’ Burns).”

Needless to say if the recipients had the correct name of the lady they would all write to her, and thank her for the most thoughtful gifts.

TEN HACKNEYED SAYINGS.

- (1) “Any more for any more?”
- (2) “I’m going to get a transfer.”
- (3) “Say! I hear there’s a war on.”
- (4) “D’you happen to have a franc on you?”
- (5) “Kitchenaire plenty good, Canadians plenty good, Engleash paper plenty good.”
- (6) “I’m going to get a commission.”
- (7) “That’s good enough for the ‘Iodine Chronicle.’”
- (8) “*Toot sweet.*”
- (9) “D’you know when the war’s going to be over?”
- (10) “When’s the Canadian Mail coming in?”

WELL! WELL! WELL!

We regret the loss
Of Colonel Ross,
As you’d know, I guess,
He’s A.D.M.S.

Then Major Wright,
Best man in sight.
You now have learnt all,
They’ve made him a “Col.”

And Captain Boyce
(The boys rejoice),
A good old stager,
Is made a Major.

Let Germans strafe,
The unit’s safe,
When men like these
Steer thro’ the seas.

JOHN’S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

“John Hewetson’s birthday happened of late,
And the occasion was made an excuse for a fête,
The well laden table reflected John’s wealth
(Tho’ the gold-plated service was purloined by stealth!)
No speeches were made, but with wishes sincere
We there pledged him long life in T. Lipton’s “beer.”
’Ere the guests they departed, each offered to wage
That their host would grow rich in honours and age;
And the hope they expressed that with each year and mile,
They would cherish the mem’ry of John and his smile!”

R. W. T.