

The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding
No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.—1st Canadian Division.

MANAGING EDITOR:
Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:
Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:
Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

No. 9.

5th AUGUST, 1916.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT FEAT BY DAY, THE GREAT DETECTIVE.

(THE MYSTERY OF THE NIBBLED PENCIL.)

Three soldiers walking along a country road in Belgium, one day, picked up a pocket book; it was just an ordinary pocket book, such a one as can be obtained at any canteen, and there was nothing remarkable about that—but—*it was full of the most weird hieroglyphics* and that was what caused them surprise. The first, as he scanned the pages, was of opinion that it had been left behind by a Sikh, and therefore it was of no use trying to *sikh* for the owner. The second was of opinion that it was a diary, written in his native tongue by a Chinese attaché attached to the General Staff, whilst the third was confident that it was the note-book of an Allemand airman dropped from a Taube, and he supported this contention by saying it was *Double-Dutch* to him anyway, and further that it should be taken to H.Q. "*toot sweet*," the more so, as on one page some peculiar markings looked not unlike the grand plan of front line trenches. Having heard of Day (of the firm of Day and Night, the great detectives) they decided, however, to consult him forthwith, which they accordingly did. They stated their case and produced their find, and the great detective examined the book carefully, first asking his visitors to be seated; and during the 15 minutes while he was giving the unique find undivided attention, the silence was so intense that one could have heard a "whiz-bang" drop.

At last the detective spoke: "the mystery is solved," said he. "Firstly, the owner is a Corporal." "Marvellous," unanimously cried the three in chorus. "You ask me how I come to that conclusion," he continued, "it is very simple—only a Corporal could find time to do all those marvellous hieroglyphics, for no private (for privates, mind you, always do all the work) could ever find time to do this, if he could. "Secondly," said the great Day, waving aside the fulsome praises in honour of his skill, "its owner is also a News Editor," and he triumphantly held up a lead pencil, badly nibbled at the end, which was stuck in the note-book. "As you are no doubt aware, a News Editor, if he wants to obtain pithy remarks, has to obtain pith somewhere or another; where does he obtain it? The solution is simple; where but by nibbling the pencil with which he writes—hence the nibbled pencil."

After his three listeners had been brought to, with the combined Sylvester, Schaefer and 15 other known remedies of restoring the unconscious, the detective proceeded: "Thirdly, as the writing in the book is the fiercest parody of caligraphy and the very worst specimen of the art I have ever been up against in all the years I have been in the business, and as a News Editor of a certain Field Ambulance has the reputation of being the worst proposition in this

respect (for confirmation of this go to the printers) I think I have solved the riddle to your satisfaction."

"Just one thing more," said one of his hearers, "whence come these plans of trenches in the note-book in question?" "Quite simple," responded the detective. "They are merely a rough outline of some *trench-ant* remarks for the next issue."

"A" SECTION NOTES.

The boys are rejoicing at being back in semi-civilisation again after their long and hard spell up the line.

Our old pal, S/Sgt. Smith, has returned to this outfit again, after being at Medical Stores for two months. As is well known, Smithy much prefers the smell of gunpowder to that of a drug-store. We are sorry to lose S/Sgt. Boone and Jack Le Caine, who have been sent to hospital. Anyway, after seventeen months in this country, we think they're entitled to say that they've done their bit.

Lieutenant Tommy Griggs, once a member of this Section, and now an officer in the R.A.M.C., is out in this glorious country again, and looking forward to the time when we shall meet. To use his own expression, "There'll be something doing."

Scotty Woods has lost his bay elephant again.

THIS AND THAT.

Congratulations to Sergt. - Major Boswell upon his being mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's recent despatch.

Out of six matches played by No. One's football team this year, only one has been lost. Three recent victories were won against No. 3 Can. C.C.S., 1st Canadian Div. Train, and 5th Imperial Artillery Bgde.

No. 3 of the journal with the most original name in the B.E.F., viz., "The Dead Horse Corner Gazette," has now made its appearance, and we have to congratulate Editor Trowsdale upon his recovery from a serious illness, which was the cause of this number not making its appearance earlier.

Congratulations to our friend and contemporary Editor, Staff-Sergeant A. J. B. Milbourne upon his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, and to his appointment to the position of Paymaster of "No. 3."

Don't forget to call at the Victoria League Club (16, Regent Street), Maple Leaf Club (11, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W.), and Peel House Club (Regency Street, Westminster), when you go on pass, boys. These splendid clubs are run specially for Canadians and other men from the Overseas Dominions, and you'll be treated "white."

"B" SECTION NOTES.

F. M. Cahill writes cheerfully from a Hospital in Cambridge, although it is the *home of the Blues* (of a light variety, however). Arnprior papers please copy.

J. E. Perrault, the well-known apologist for the Canadian Navy, is thinking of getting a typewriter to repel all future attacks on the "Niobe."

Who was the "B" Section Staff Sergeant who spent quite a bit of time looking for the *N.C.O.'s dugout*? Was he successful in his quest?

Who was the compounder who could not diagnose the difference between petrol and water for shaving purposes?

A new and very popular book is shortly to be published by a very prominent delegate in "B" Section, entitled, "Your Ticket, and how to work it." The following are only a few of the interesting appreciations received:—

"After reading your book, *made the grade in 24 hours*."—Gratefully yours, BILLY FLAT FOOT (Pte.), No. 999,999,999 (Shorncliffe).

"Thanks to advice in your valuable work; managed to get back to the tall timbers absolutely without any difficulty."—HARRY COTT-VEINS, No. 23 (Canada).

AMPOULES.

The following startling cutting was clipped from our especially intellectual contemporary, "Tit Bits," so it is bound to be true:—

"The Government has ordered 10,000,000 lbs. of jam from Australia for the use of the troops at the Front. Much of it will be a novelty for the men, for it will consist of "Pie Melon" jam, made of melon, lemon, honey, and ginger."

"Hang on a little longer, boys,
To good old marmalade,
The jam, some jam is coming, boys,
So do not be dismayed.
(We only hope that on the road
It will not be delayed)."

Say, boys, wouldn't "Pie melon pie" have pumpkin just about beaten a mile?

After reading the above-mentioned clipping we went to sleep, and dreamt we saw something like the following in the "Pudville Gazette":—

"The British Government has given an order for umpteen millions of tins of potted meat to the Canadian Government. It will be some novelty, and a decided change to Bully Beef and Machonochie, consisting as it will of canvas back, antelope, gopher, caribou, kioti, prairie chicken and gopher meat.
Then we woke up!