

The Iodine Chronicle

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No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

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No. 8.

15th JUNE, 1916.

HEN-OUGH.

To the Editor of the "I.C."

I beg to lay a protest with regard to a most unwarranted liberty taken by your unit with our feeding ground, and in view of the fact that you can now buy hen-fruit at the low price of 20 centimes from my owner, in the purlieus of whose barn you are now resting, we think the action all the more uncalled for. The outrage to which I beg to call your attention is—that you have put a dressing of creoline upon our favourite manure pile. We understand that you are in the habit of using H.P., Worcester, Al., and other brands of sauce when engaged in consuming our products, in company with another edible commodity known as chips. However that may be, we find that the choicest grub is absolutely uneatable when covered with creoline or even chloride of lime.

Your hen-raged correspondent,
PLYMOUTH ROCK.

[Sorry! Sanitary duties must be carried out at whatever the cost.—ED.]

AMPOULES.

In a recent number of our scintillating contemporary, the "Listening Post," there is a bright little story relating to two kippers, caught in a fire trench, being wrapped in an "Iodine Chronicle." The story sounds fishy to us.

Nevertheless, a lot of our readers are quite wrapped up in the "I.C." (Although we do not mean to imply that they are kippers, some of them are carp-ing critics, all the same.)

The rumour that some of the recently-promoted "Lance-Jacks" have contracted dislocated shoulders owing to the extra weight, caused by a chevron on the right arm, is absolutely denied in official circles.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

We learn that a certain "A" Section man who had his head shaved the other morning, so that it shone in a manner that reflected in the sun for miles around, was accused of signalling to the enemy by heliograph, as he was seen to lift his hat three times in succession.

Sergt. W. H. Button, "Josh" Robinson, and W. H. Bagley have lately been to "Blighty" on pass. "Bag." got a slight wound in the cheek the day before he went on leave, so he just escaped a "Blighty" of another sort.

Durlin Fletcher who got a G.S.W. in the leg has now returned to duty, whilst Phillips, who was wounded some time later, we now believe is in England.

SOME SNOWSTORM.

(But when it comes to mud!)

The snow it falls round Ottawa,
Full many inches deep,
And o'er the snow piles of St. John,
One often has to leap,
Whilst in the streets of Montreal
'Most nearly every day,
A tidy fortune oft is made
Just clearing it away.

The snowy flakes wrap old Quebec,
Each year in mantle white,
And blizzards howl round Charlottetown
Oft on a wintry night;
Whilst as for Kingston City, when
The icy snow-flakes fall,
I've heard it gets so deep that you
Can't see the town at all.

But tho' it snows in Canada,
As everybody knows,
(Thanks of course to Rudyard's sonnet,
"Lady of the snows,")
In Flanders came a fall of snow,
(It makes one's flesh to creep),
The snow it was so awful thick,
'Twas fully one inch deep.

STRETCHER BEARERS AT THE DOUBLE.

Two reinforcements arrived recently from England, one a sergeant, and the other a full blown private, and they reported to "No. One," when the following conversation took place:—

S.M. (to sergeant)—"We're sorry, but we sent down for reinforcements, not for N.C.O.'s. If you stay with us, I'm afraid you'll have to take off those stripes."

S.M. (turning to the private).—"And what are you?"

F.B. Private:—"I'm the sergeant's batman, sir!"

(Collapse of S.M.).

QUERIOSITIES.

Does the Censor have to read all of those 98 pages that an "A" Section man writes to a little girl in Scotland, every week?

How many "Lonely Soldiers" are there in "C" Section?

Who was the man who called it an "All-over" equipment?

Who is the greatest orator:—Jonesey or Ben Tillet?

Who was the "A" Section delegate who dreamed that he had a fifty thousand dollar-bill and couldn't get it changed?

Who was the man in the H.T. who called a strike when the ball went over the roof?

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Wanted.—Two efficient cooks for "B" Section, warranted not to set the cook-house on fire.

By the way, hearty congrats. to Clarence upon the acquisition of a second stripe. Also to J. Grey and E. T. Westby upon being made Lance-Corporals.

Recent reinforcements to "B" Section include T. H. Diechart, E. C. Dickson, J. D. Elliott and C. Thomas.

Sgt. A. M. Gibson, M. Crossman, J. Mitchell, and our celebrated circulation agent, Bill Long, have recently returned from pass in Angleterre.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

We regret to announce that Honest Joe is suffering from nerve shock owing to appalling circumstances. He had been carrying a tin around with him in his kit for three weeks thinking it was cold chicken, but when he came to open it he found that it contained—
M A R M A L A D E!!!

Our friend the noted Jimmy —

The famous Jimmy Camm,
(Dispenser in the Q.M. Stores
Of bread and cheese and jam.)

Has gained a fresh distinction,

Now has an added charm—

He proudly wears a "Bow-wow's leg"
Upon his sturdy arm.

G. S. Hitch has recently returned to England for the purpose of taking up a commission in a British Infantry Regiment. The good wishes of all go with him.

We thought we heard a gas alarm

A-calling the "alert,"

We sprang to at the signal in

A manner quick and curt.

But we did very soon find out

That we were "up a tree,"

'Twas Professor Cotti tootling

An extra prolonged "G."

A. Cockerham and G. Hainsworth have recently been in the old country on leave.

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

Corporal D. A. McDonald has returned from Abbeville where he has been taking up a six weeks course in Cold Shoeing.

Congrats. to Staff.-Sergt. W. D. Foran upon his promotion, also to Sergeants W. Wingrove and C. Murphy, and Corporal J. K. Lacey upon their elevation to their present ranks.

Joseph Price, Esq., upon being elected President of the H. T. Baseball Club, has graciously donated 100 centimes to Club Funds.

Who is the rough-rider who uses a stock saddle on his broncho. (Blokey Lewis says when he was in the Esquimaux Navy they didn't never use no stock saddles).