

The Iodine Chronicle

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No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

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No. 7.

10th MAY, 1916.

DEPARTURE OF AN OLD FRIEND.

There has recently departed from our midst one of the original officers of the First Canadian Field Ambulance. Those of the unit reading these lines will know the officer referred to—Capt. Chas. R. Graham.

With us since Valcartier, throughout his stay Capt. Graham was ever remarkable for his keen devotion to duty. No matter what he was asked to do he was always ready to carry on. As President of the Standing Medical Board for Mental Diseases, he rendered most valuable service to the whole First Canadian Division, and at times to others as well.

Not alone, however, in the line of duty will Capt. Graham be remembered. In every-day intercourse, at Mess and elsewhere, he was always most pronounced in his war views. His ideas did not always coincide with those of everyone, but were ever worthy of attention, and very often justified in the outcome.

Capt. Graham has left us to take up a more responsible position, as head of the Psychiatric Department of the Ontario Government Hospital. We will watch his career with interest, knowing that our loss is their gain. Here's hoping, Capt. Graham, may all good luck attend you; think of your old comrades at times, and rest assured of a hearty welcome if you ever pass this way again.

CENTURION.

IN MEMORIAM.

Capt. D. E. Robertson, of our unit, has the sympathy of all ranks in the death of his brother, Lieut. J. E. Robertson, of the 27th City of Winnipeg Battalion. Lieut. Robertson had only been out here since December, having spent but a short time in England. During that period, besides his many old friends, he had made a host of others. He was ever a welcome visitor at our Officers' Mess, his cheery disposition appreciated wherever he went. Thoughtfulness for others was his main characteristic, thus he met his end, warning his men to beware of a sniper, he himself fell a victim.

A keen soldier and a sterling man, he made the supreme sacrifice in defence of principles which have made our Homeland what it is to-day, principles of good government and fair dealing. The reward of a just Providence awaits those who have thus passed into the Great Beyond, and while recollection cannot bring the departed back to us, yet their spirit of self-abnegation will ever serve as an example to those who are yet to come.

CENTURION.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

The following "A" Section men have recently returned from pass in Angleterre:—Sgt. L. B. Warnicker, Cpl. H. McKay, T. Kelly, R. Ross, H. Andrews, E. J. Hargreaves, A. Dupuis, J. Merrick, J. A. McDonald, T. Harton, P. J. Beston, A. Adler, J. Kessinger, J. A. Williamson, H. Norman.

SOCIETY NOTE.—A. E. Wood, D. Fletcher, E. Hargreaves and Johnny Lecaine are at the time of writing guests of *Monsieur le Maire*. There is a rumour abroad that they have been to the Q.M. stores for a larger size in hats.

That well-known veteran, Frank Kelly, desires us to insert in the columns of this paper that he is willing to challenge anyone in the unit (including those well-known champions, Cpl. McKay and Staff Sgt. Frank Smith) to a walking race in full marching order.

We learn that Steve Garnett has received a pair of boots made from the skins of grass-hoppers and crickets shot by him on his numerous hunting trips. Anyone wishing to see them may call between the hours of 2 a.m. and 10 p.m.

A story is going about that a man was looking for a store where he could buy talcum powder and he thought he was in the vicinity of one by the pleasant atmospheric aroma, but it was only due to the fact that G. W. was 50 yards away and the wind was blowing from that direction.

Why is a certain member of "A" Section like a music box?

Because they are both always giving forth the same old tunes.

APRES LA GUERRE.

By DON STEWART.

You're stony broke; it's a cold, wet day,
You could do with a drink to drive care away,

You go to the Paymaster; what does he say?
"Apres la guerre."

You've had no mail; you're feeling glum,
You speak to the mail man but he keeps mum,

You ask "Where's my parcel," he says
"It'll come,"

"Apres la guerre."

You're weary and worn; your heart doth grieve,
And you sigh for a glimpse of your sweet Geneveire;
But they say when you ask for a few days' leave,

"Apres la guerre."

We grumble and grouse, and though we've some fun,
We'll all be glad when the strafe-ings done,

What a time we will have when we've walloped the Hun,

"Apres la guerre."

CELEBRATED COMMENTS OF CELEBRITIES.

"Sit down, you're rocking the boat."
BLOKEY LEWIS.

"Anyone who would expectorate on the floor cannot expect to rate as a gentleman."

A. O'C.

"What! a desertah! back to the barracks."

THAT OLD-TIME S. M.

"Its all very well singing 'Keep the home fires burning,' but burning up the Parliament Buildings like that is carrying it a bit too far."

TOMMY HUTCHINS.

QUERIES.

Who was the "C" Section man who (according to a certain Canadian publication) looked after 2,000 wounded at the second battle of Ypres?

Who was the night orderly who was *savage* because his slumber was interfered with during the night?

Who was the Police Corporal who suddenly woke up to the fact that a "Policeman's lot is not a happy one?"

Is a certain "C" Section man going to patent the home-made respirator he uses when engaged in sanitary duties?

Who is the member of the A. O. B. who says that Winnipeg has the largest harbour in Canada?

THIS AND THAT.

Congratulations to the 14th Battalion upon the success of the initial number of their paper, "The Growler."

The resource of the Editor of "The Brazier," the new 16th Battn. paper, is to be commended. Being unable to get any civilian printers to undertake the work, he hired a local printing press, and his paper is now being printed by men of his Battn. Editor Godenrath, who is well on to his job, hails from Prince Rupert, B.C.

Driver St. Onge, of the M.T., informs us that a Christmas number of the "I. C." he sent to a friend at Fraser-ville, P.Q., brought in \$150 for Red Cross Funds. That's the record as yet.

We like to get a bouquet flung
Our way just now and then,
It fills us with a modest pride,
Although we're modest men.
The latest that we have received
(We think that its a "beaut"),
A lady writes from Oakland, Cal.,
And says our paper's cute.