

The Iodine Chronicle

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No. 13.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1917.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

THE Second Annual Field Day of No. 1 Canadian Field "A" Ambulance maintained the high standard set last year. All the events were keenly contested and much credit is due to the Motor Transport on winning the cup kindly donated by Major Boyce. Sergeant Waghorn has every reason to be proud of his men, for the popular winners of the cup have the smallest Section in the Unit.

Considering the condition of the track the records made were very fair indeed. Dupuis' manipulation in the pillow fight was very commendable—the cold water serving to stimulate him to his best.

All the Sergeants were forced to run or pay financial forfeit.

It is regretted that Capts. Gardiner and Gallagher will be unable to appear in the field again on advice of their trainers and Medical Officer in Charge. It is expected that both will recover from the effects of the race, but it is doubtful if either will ever be the same again.

The Horse Transport proved their spurs in the Horse-back Wrestling.

Last, but by no means least in the day's programme, came the Concert by the Princess Pat's Concert Party, assisted by the R.C.R. Band. The concert was of a very high standard and our hearty thanks are due to those taking part. The R.C.R. Band, under Capt. Ryan, proved themselves worthy of the splendid reputation they have won in the Canadian Corps.

The winners of the different events were as follows:—

100 Yards Race (Time, 10 secs.)

- 1—McLean, "C" Section.
- 2—Kribbs, M.T.
- 3—Carroll, "C" Section.

1 Mile Run (Time, 5 mins. 30 secs.)

- 1—Owens, "C" Section.
- 2—Griffiths, "A" "
- 3—McManus, "A" "

Base Ball Throwing.

- 1—Paradis, "B" Section.
- 2—Schell, M.T.
- 3—Kribbs, M.T.

High Jump.

- 1—Box, "C" Section (5ft. 1in.)
- 2—Schell, M.T. (5ft.)
- 3—Corpl. Stevens, M.T. (4ft. 11in.)

Three-Legged-Race.

- 1—Schell and Kribbs, M.T.
- 2—Sgt. Fletcher and Pte. Carroll, "C" Section.
- 3—Watters and Isherwood, "A" Section.

Pillow Fight.

- 1—Dupuis, "A" Section.
- 2—Bryant, "A" "
- 3—O'Toole, "B" "

Shot Put—

- 1—Benford, "A" Section (30ft. 10½in.)
- 2—Cameron, M.T. (29ft. 6in.)
- 3—Monette, "C" Section (29ft. 5in.)

220 Yards Race.

- 1—McLean, "C" Section.
- 2—Kribbs, M.T.
- 3—Carroll, "C" Section.

Sergeants' Race (Time, 10 secs. + +).

- 1—Sgt. Waghorn, M.T.
- 2—Sgt. Fletcher, "C" Section.
- 3—Sgt. Doyle, "B" "

Running Broad Jump—

- 1—McLean, "C" Section (18ft. 9in.)
- 2—Cosgrove, "B" " (17ft. 8in.)
- 3—Harris, "A" " (16ft. 3in.)

Officers' Race (Time, 10 secs. + + +).

- 1—Capt. Macdonald.
- 2—Capt. Whytock.
- 3—Capt. Tidmarsh.

Hop, Step and Jump.

- 1—McLean, "C" Section (39ft. 8in.)
- 2—Cosgrove, "B" " (36ft. 11in.)
- 3—Lloyd, "A" " (33ft. 3in.)

Tilting the Bucket.

- 1—McAuley and Bagley, "A" Section.
- 2—Harris and McManus, "A" "

Tug-of-War.

Mechanical Transport.

Sack Race.

- 1—Kribbs, M.T.
- 2—Lafontaine, "A" Section.
- 3—Cpl. Stevens, M.T.

Obstacle Race.

- 1—McMillan, M.T.
- 2—Kribbs, M.T.
- 3—Cosgrove, "B" Section.

Relay Race.

- 1—"C" Section—
Carroll, Owen, Paton, McLean.
- 2—M.T.—
Slater, Sgt. Waghorn, Cpl. Stevens,
Schell.
- 3—"A" Section—
Griffiths, Brown, Clark, McAuley.

Horseback Wrestling.

Horse Transport—
Anderson, Hainalt, Grube, Sgt.
White.

THEY ALWAYS CHEER.

As the regiment was leaving, and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked, "Who are all those people who are cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

SUNSTROKES.

To-day I squats on a pile of trench mats,
Abasking beneath the sun's rays,
In a place I know not a month ago
You couldn't poke your nose out by days.

For then it was work as miners work,
Right under the sod, like moles,
And live in a pit with no place to sit,
As the cave man did of old.

When the firing did stop, and you came on top,
The view was bleak and drear,
Just a long flat plain with an endless chain
Of trenches with chalk made clear.

The plain to-day is alive and gay,
And tents are planted around
Like a bird's-eye view before a review
On some old-time camping ground.

Our aidpost was found beneath the ground,
Deep dug in a chalky sap.
Now marquees stand on the top of the land,
And for Fritz we don't give a rap.

Our motors run with no fear of the Hun,
And hourly we use the road,
No waiting for night and the star-shells' light
To unburden their precious load.

We've bands that play in the light of day,
And the traffic does never stop;
Though truth to tell a random shell
From his far back batteries drop.

And the reason why—it is plain to the eye
Old Fritz is off on the run,
He's shown his back, but we're on his track
With men and plane and gun.

His talk is fine of his Hindenburg Line,
Its mathematical, yet I fear
No trace of it is found on the shell-swept
ground,
But perhaps it is still in his rear.

So we'll plug him yet with a bayonet,
No rest will he get till the end:
We've men and money, and munitions, old
sonny,
And spirits that never bend.

O may he go, this maker of woe,
To a place where it's always warm,
Be tormented with shells, and gas as well,
And we'll go back to the farm.

HARRY W. CLARKE.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Congratulations to Fred Mayer, who was awarded the Military Medal.

Also to Jimmy Grey and Bessey, who were made full Corporals.

Ken. Magner and Scotty Gillis have joined the Non-Coms., both having put up the "dog's leg." Success to our new Non-Coms.

"Say, Bud, when are you going to have the old bag of bones ready for the ring?"

Welcome to our new arrivals; one of them was a "Bute."

NEWS FROM "BLIGHTY."

We hear that Staff-Sergt. Walter Bardon, "A" Section, Ptes. Cresswell, Geo. Gibson, Baffy Day Armstrong, and Marsh, have made "Blighty," and are now recovering from wounds and illness contracted at the front. With a large number that had crossed from time to time since we landed at St. Nazaire, old No. 1 is pretty well represented in old England. We wish them all speedy return to health and strength, and hope to see them all some day when we get leave, or get in the way of some of Fritz's scrap iron, or get something that a No. 9 can't cure.

LAYS OF A LINSEED LANCER

(No. 2).

Oh, what's the use of grousin' when you're out
here at the front,
For you know you volunteered to come and do
your little stunt,
And that the Sergeant-Major 'll give you 'ell
and make you jump,
But SAGO in your porridge! It gives one the
blooming hump.

Old Fritz has kept ye busy, and straffed ye
quite a lot,
And you've eat your rations frozen coz you
couldn't get them hot;
You haven't had a blink o' sleep, and you
cuss the horrid Hun,
Yet SAGO mixed with oatmeal! Why it
takes the blinking bun.

Now if the Quartermaster gets a case of
issue rum,
And he shoots the lot right up the pike and
you and me get none,
And you mutter that the blinkin' deal is
looking kind o' raw,
But SAGO in your burgoo! It's the last old
blooming straw.

When you're dollin' up for Blighty, and your
heart with joy it hopt,
And you get the bloomin' damper that the
passes have all stopt,
And your heart slips down your bootleg and
your soul with grief does thrill,
Yet SAGO in your porridge! Why, it's just
like eating swill.

R. J. R.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Has John W——n a small appetite, or
is he "Jest plum pinin for her?"

How to get a pass to Blighty.

How to lure, entice, or seduce a new
outfit out of the Q.M. Stores.

Who made a Mess-o-potamia

Has Scotty managed yet to get "a
wee bit o' breid."