

# The Iodine Chronicle

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

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MANAGING EDITOR:

Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:

Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:

Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

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## EDITORIAL

A little book of poems, replete with interest to every member of the First Canadian Division, has just been published by a big firm of London Publishers.\* The poems contained therein were written by a gallant young Canadian soldier, on Salisbury Plain, last winter, who afterwards gave up his life for his country in the trenches at St. Eloi, early in February. He was Sergeant Frank S. Brown, of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and to the writer who knew him (in common with several other members of our unit), his death came as a very sad shock indeed. No one who was acquainted with his magnificent personality and lovable characteristics, could not but regret to the full the passing of such a comrade and friend.

In the preface to the book, which is written by Holbrook Jackson, the Editor of *T. P.'s Weekly*, and one of England's foremost literary men, that writer says:—

"*They (the verses) speak for themselves. Sincere, strong, musical, they are the sort of poems which appeal to the lettered and the unlettered alike. Their fine and vigorous humanity and staunch patriotism are set forth in simple words and measures, often rising to poetic heights which Brown did not aspire to reach, and they reveal a mastery of phrase and imagery which the professional man of letters can but admire and envy according to his mood and nature. Here are his poems, good honest stuff, brave in thought and patriotic in ideal, as befit a soldier of the Empire.*"

To those who remember the reception given to the 1st Canadian Contingent when it arrived at Plymouth, after that memorable journey across the Atlantic in "*Thrice ten and two great sullen merchantmen*," the poem entitled "*The Convoy*," inserted in this number by permission of the publishers, will be of special interest.

\* "*Contingent Ditties*" by Sergt. F. S. Brown, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., Publishers, 100, Southwark Street, London, S.E. 1/- net, post free, 1/2.

Presentation Edition, 2/6 net, post free, 2/9.

## AN ECHO OF YPRES.

In response to a Christmas Greeting from the Officer Commanding the Canadian Army Corps, the following response was received from the General Commandant of the 9th French Army Corps, which came to the support of the 1st Canadian Division at the second battle of Ypres last April.

"*Much touched by the good wishes of the Canadian Corps. Their companions-in-arms at Ypres send their sincerest thanks and the assurance of their unalterable devotion. Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.*"

## A GOOD SCHEME.

All of us know how trying it is to salute every officer one passes on the main thoroughfare of any large city.

While on leave in London the other day, a certain Canadian private who had failed to salute an officer in the street, was called back by that individual and questioned as to whether he had been taught to salute officers or not. The Canadian's reply was, "Yes, Sir, but I only salute every third one, you're only the second."

They then both continued on their way.

## EXTRY SPESHUL! ALL ABAHT IT.

LONDON. (From our Special Correspondent). Sgt. Crozier's hat has now arrived safely at the British Museum, where it is now worthily housed in company with other interesting relics of the Great War. The hat will be kept in a bomb-proof cellar until all fear of Zeppelin invasion is at an end.

## "AMPOULES."

No change in the situation, and very little *change* at the B.E.F. Canteen.

"How much are the De Reske Cigarettes?"

"Seven francs a hundred."

"Give us a penn'orth of Woodbines, I'm a oner for smokes."

Who is the "A" Section cook who wanted to borrow an operating saw to cut a board with?

Rudyard Kipling has been writing a series of articles for the press, entitled, "*The Fringes of the Fleet*." No doubt the *fringes* referred to are an outcome of the *hair raising* stunts that have been pulled off by our Navy since the outbreak of the war.

Rudyard has also been writing some verses on the British Navy—but of course, none of them are a patch on our own Michael Patrick O'Brien's poem on the same subject in this number.

Who is the (dis)-orderly and (in)-sanitary corporal who's "fed up" with his job?

Can anybody tell us the correct way to spell CRUMBS? (we don't mean the inanimate kind.) It is true that we spell it with an M and a B, but there are others who use two M's. Other authorities again say that crumbs spell D-I-S-C-O-M-F-O-R-T.

## CHOP-SUEY.

Who was the Colonel who was "called down" the other day by a young lieutenant for not saluting? What did the junior officer in question think of himself when he found out his mistake?

Who is the ardent young Irish Canadian poet in the Horse Transport who keeps his pals awake half the night writing poems for the "I.C."? (Stick right to it, Mike. Ed.)

Can a certain officer, who is very popular around pay-days, explain exactly the penetrating qualities of *cold lead*?

A member of the A.O.B.,

When recently on *pass*,

Did walk into a photo shop,

Alack! alack! alas.

At his most handsome dial piece

We don't presume to sneer,

But why, Oh! why, across his chest,

Did he wear a bandolier?

## BY THE WAY. \*

It is a boon to the Editor that a certain Staff-Sergt. doesn't write *futuristic* poetry every week.

We noticed a certain excitement among our correspondence the other day, and upon examination found it was a patriotic poem by our esteemed contributor, M. P. O'Brien, (98 lines in length), throbbing with intense emotion. We regret that the poem in question is slightly too long for publication in full, but we hope to give extracts from it in some future number.

Through an oversight we omitted to congratulate Corpl. F. Hoop upon his promotion to three stripes in our last number.

## GET BUSY!

If you have a little news  
Kindly please do not refuse,  
Send it in.

But it must concern "the boys,"  
And their worries or their joys,  
So get busy, make a noise,  
Send it in.