

The Iodine Chronicle

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Lt.-Col. R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding. H-150-1

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

(Censored by Chief Censor of 1st Canadian Division).

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EDITORIAL.

The Soldiers' Institute of the Canadian Army Corps which has been established in a certain town behind the firing line, which shall be nameless, is now accommodated in more commodious quarters, and is filling a long-felt want. Capt. H. A. McGreer, Chaplain of the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance, has the oversight of the undertaking, whilst Sergt. J. H. Munro (15th Bn.) and Ptes. J. Bull and T. Murray (of the 4th and 5th Bns. respectively) old-timers of the 1st Division, are in charge and can be found to be on the job all the time catering to all in khaki, who visit the useful institution.

Light refreshments at a moderate charge are supplied, whilst the tables are well stocked with periodicals and magazines, writing materials being supplied free *gratis* and for nothing. A visitor's book is kept and already the names of men of scores of regiments, British and Canadian, are inscribed therein. Three notable signatures we observed in the book were those of General Herbert Plumer, Lt.-General E. A. H. Alderson, and Brigadier-General Birchall Wood, all of whom have taken sympathetic interest in the undertaking.

Incidentally Canadian regimental newspapers including the *Listening Post*, *Now and Then*, the *D.H.C. Gazette* and the *Iodine Chronicle* are on sale at the Institute.

OUR POLICY.

Since first we started in to do
A journalistic paper,
And bring out every week or two
Our modest little paper;
Tho' brickbats we have had a few,
They cause us ne'er a flurry,
(For since we can't please everyone,
What is the use to worry?)

Now Private Blank he says, says he,
That we must be more *racy*,
And hurl abuse and other things,
But ——— we use diplomacy.
For tho' we print some miscalled jokes,
That have a certain ring,
We'd hate to publish in our "rag"
Aught that would leave a *sting*.

AMPOULES.

The latest.—"Corn" Evans says he's going to get a transfer to the Belgian Army.

"No, Ferdinand, the initials M.T. do not refer to the contents of the wearer's heads. We ourselves know of at least one or two brainy fellows in that outfit."

"In these days of modern science
And inventions quite a store,
When *Williamsons* and *Edisons*
Keep on inventing more;
One thing we cannot understand,
We'd put a question curt—
Why can't one of those delegates
Invent a *crumb-proof shirt*?"

The rumour that a private has to be paraded by a senior private before he can speak to a N.C.O. has not yet been confirmed.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Colonel A. E. Ross, our late O.C. and now A.D.M.S. of the 1st Division, upon his being made a Commander of the Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George.

To Corporal J. H. Paulding upon his "first attempt" in verse, which appears in this number of the "I.C.," and which is a very creditable contribution.

To all of our other contributors upon their *esprit de corps* in trying to make our paper the success we all want it to be.

To the parties responsible for the success of the Concerts which are being held nightly under the auspices of the Canadian Corps.

To the 3rd Field Ambulance Minstrels, upon their success in enlivening and cheering their comrades of the Canadian and British Divisions with very creditable performances at different times.

To Captain E. L. Stone of "No. One" upon his elevation to the rank of Major.

To the organisers of the Soldiers' Institute of the Canadian Corps at (excision by Censor), upon the success with which their efforts have materialised.

To the British Museum upon their recent acquisition of valuable literary (?) mementos from the Western front.

To our esteemed friend, "Spud" Murphy, upon his acquisition of one stripe.

To Ourselves, because of the patience of our readers, when the "I.C." happens to be a little late in making its appearance.

To Nos. 2 and 3 Canadian Field Ambulances, upon their almost simultaneously breaking out into the journalistic field.

To the Editor of "The Listening Post," upon reaching the 10th number of that successful publication. (We hope the war will be over before we can get to the 10th number of the "I.C.").

To the football team of the 11th Royal Scots upon their prowess in being able to defeat the redoubtable "No. One" team. *Credit to whom credit is due.*

A GOOD CATCH!

Place.—Billet (somewhere in France) dimly lit by solitary candle.

Time.—6.35 on a dark wintry morn.

S.M.—(To a supposed culprit still sleeping). "Up! Up! Show a leg! Show a leg!" The object of the exclamations showing no signs of life, the S.M. is about to make a closer investigation, when a voice from the gloom remarks, "Those are only my blankets, sir." (Suppressed tittering from further end of billet).

THIS AND THAT.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that, in response to a general request sent out in the press, for copies of publications, such as ours, the first four numbers of the "I.C." were sent to the British Museum. In reply we received a kind letter of thanks from the Keeper of the Department of Printed Books of that world-famous institution. Needless to say, from now on the B.M. is on our regular Mailing List.

Speaking of the "I.C.," that high-class periodical, "T.P.'s Weekly," says:—"Altogether it is a cheery and welcome journal." (It goes without saying that all papers that make sympathetic references to the "I.C." are *high-class*: how can they be anything else?)

A Western Canadian paper seemed to be amused at our referring to the "London Times" as a contemporary. *Pour-quoi?* Do you ever find such masterpieces of literary genius such as Michael O'Brien's poems, even in "The Thunderer?"

The football team of "No. One" has the following line-up:—Capt. O. E. Carr, Sergt. L. B. Warnicker, and Ptes. Cosgrove, McLean, Robinson, Maycock, Wilson, Gillis, Reville, Rose, and Craig.

"Scottie" Gillis is captain of the team, whilst Norman is the Referee.

A well-contested match was played the other day with the 11th Royal Scots Fusiliers, and our team went down to defeat after a well contested game, but we hope to announce some victories in the next issue of the "I.C." It is hoped to play a return match with the "R.S.F.'s" in the near future.

CHOP-SUEY.

A ticklish subject:—CRUMBS.

Constant reader wants to know "who is the member of our unit who sticks out his chest so bravely, holds up his lordly head so haughtily, walks with such a fantastic gait, and withal slings the bull so realistically?" (*Some delegate, whoever he is. Ed.*)

A disgruntled correspondent sends us the following amendment to the chorus of a song that is very popular just now.

*"It's all wrong, it's all wrong now,
The army is completely on the bum.
He said, "The fifty was enough,"
It was just a bluff.
We thought that it was rough,
So then we said, we would be paid;
All the rest before the next guard we would do;
We said the Army was alright
But the P.M. we have got is all wrong."*

MITIGATING EVIDENCE.

Place.—Somewhere in Flanders.

Scene.—Orderly Room. Time, 10 a.m.

O.C.—(To Prisoner). "You are charged with the following offences:—

- (1) Absent without leave.
- (2) Drunkenness.
- (3) Disobeying an order.
- (4) Striking a N.C.O.
- (5) Creating a disturbance.

Let me say that you are absolutely incorrigible and have been nothing but a nuisance since you have been in the unit. Are you willing to take my punishment or do you want a court martial?"

PTE. BADLOTT.—"Your punishment, if you please, sir. But before you sentence me there are two things in my favour, although as you say, my character is far from what it should be."

O.C.—"What are they?"

PTE. BADLOTT.—"Firstly, Sir, I have never had any bull stories of mine published in my home town paper, altho' I've been in the Army 18 months. Secondly, I have never yet spread it around that I was going after a commission!"

O.C.—"Most exceptional! Prisoner, you are acquitted."
(*Sensation in Court.*)

POP MEAN'S STEW.

(Contributed by Pte. G. S. OSBORNE, 13th Canadian Battalion)

There's a house in the Rue de Bouchers,
Occupied by a section of fame,
Their patients consist of all units,
The sick, the wounded, and lame;
They go there with visions of Blighty,
Or Canada's shores are in view,
But their hopes are speedily banished
When they taste Pop Mean's stew.

A driver one day in the transport,
Commonly known as Joe Price,
Said "Horse lines are getting too muddy,
I'll hike to a house and there rest."
So straightway he went to his M.O.,
His complaints and ailments to shew,
Said the Doc, "I think you are run down,
Try a spell of Pop Mean's stew."

The times there were certainly dandy,
Eating, sleeping, nothing to do,
When the news reached Shorty Allen,
Said he, "I'm hiking there too."
So straightway he caught influenza,
With a nasty cough on his chest;
Now in the house on Rue de Bouchers,
The pair are taking their rest.

It seemed somewhat strange to others,
The attractions that old house held,
But the biggest surprise to them all was when
Pat Holligan also there fled.
'Twas no ailment of mind or of body,
That Holligan had in view—
The only conclusion we came to,
'Twas the flavour of Pop Mean's stew.

SOME UNIQUE DEFINITIONS.

We believe that the record for having the *largest* regimental newspaper on active service can be claimed by the 49th Canadian Battalion, for No. 3 of the "Forty-Niner" recently to hand contains 32 pages, to say nothing of a handsome cover. In fact, it really comes in the magazine class, altho' it differs from most magazines of to-day in that it has one page of advertisements to thirty-one of real live reading matter. So many magazines are about 75% of advertisements for patent pills, powders, polish or pea-soup, these days, that the real reading matter is only a minor consideration.

The boys of the 49th come from Edmonton way and the breezy spirit of the West is noticeable from cover to cover of their bright and cheery publication.

The following excerpts from their columns entitled "Definitions" particularly caught our eye:—

Batman.—A curious species of animal, nocturnal in their habits, usually decorated with sundry pieces of rags, tins of paste, and sword belts, a breed that are not good mixers.

(We really think that our own A.O.B. will hold an indignation meeting when they read the above.)

Cooks.—A species of the genii man, gifted with the art of making a lot go a little way, with filling the empty stomach with a glass of water and a dog biscuit. Can be domesticated by gentle treatment and very useful when so trained; but be careful—they can bite.

(Foregoing inserted with apologies to Signor Buttoni, High Sheriff of the Cook-house.)

Band.—A collection of herbivorous and carnivorous animals, noted for the peculiar sounds they at times produce. Useful as snake charmers; very easily controlled with a stick in the hands of a stout person.

(Those who have had the pleasure of listening to the 49th Battalion band, which has been our privilege on more than one occasion, will bear us out when we say that the members thereof did not look quite so ferocious as above definition would lead one to believe.)

Bugler.—One noted for the playing of a tin horn and producing noises never before known to humans.

(Considerations for their feelings which are very tender on some points, prevents us from coupling the names of our two surviving buglers with above excerpt.)

"A" SECTION NOTES.

We overheard an informal debate going on in "A" Section billet the other day. *Resolved*:—"That two black cats in a room made the aforesaid room darker than if there were only one cat therein."

Affirmative:—Steve Garnett.

Negative:—"Corn" Evans.

We did not stay to hear the conclusion of the debate, but we would be glad to receive views of readers (constant or otherwise) upon this subject.

A member of "A" Section tent division has invented a time-saving method of cleaning stairs. It is as follows:—Required to clean 27 stairs, wash the bottom step and leave the other 26 to look after themselves.

In view of valuable services rendered, Pte. Beston is herewith elected a Life Member of the "I.W.C.O.T.I.C." (Industrious Willing Circulators of the "Iodine Chronicle.")

The number of passes that have been issued to England lately have caused great satisfaction. The following members of "A" Section have all recently returned from "pass":—Sergt. L. Crozier, Corporal P. Henry, and Ptes. A. E. Wood, Don Stuart, D. E. Fletcher, G. W. Scott, J. E. Thomas, J. Sullivan, W. Logan, W. Bardon, A. H. Phillips and J. Lecaine.

We are glad to see that Staff Sergt Frank Smith has returned from the base, and we must congratulate him upon his recovery.

UP-TO-DATE ALPHABET.

By JOSEPH E. PERRAULT.

- A is for Army where you ought to be,
- B is for Belgium that you ought to see,
- C is for Canadians who answered the call,
- D is for Devil, the Kaiser's downfall,
- E is for Earth he is trying to get,
- F is for France which is holding him yet,
- G is for Goodness which he don't possess,
- H is for Hughes (Sir Sam now, I guess),
- I is for Ireland, who's helping along,
- J is for Jack whom the Germans find strong,
- K is for Kultur the Germans proclaim,
- L is for London where children they've slain,
- M is for Murders they like to commit,
- N is the Navy that's made quite a hit,
- O is for Orders we have to obey,
- P is for Paris that's still safe—O.K.
- Q is Queen Lizzie that's barking away,
- R is for Ransom the Germans must pay,
- S is for Shirker, so please join to-day,
- T is for Time, so don't you delay,
- U are the person that we're looking for,
- V is for Victory we have in store,
- W is for Water where U-boats are caught,
- X is for something, I cannot say what,
- Y is for Ypres the Germans found hot,
- Z is for Zeppelins, the whole blooming lot.

WE DESIRE TO KNOW.

What the chief N.C.O. of the horse transport thinks of Michael O'Brien as a horse-shoer?

Who the "A" Section delegate was, who had his picture taken in London in an aeroplane with a lady? Is he going to apply for a job in the ground floor branch of the R.F.C.?

If the last issue of rain capes are waterproof?

If the issue of leather shoe-laces are guaranteed to last more than 24 hours?

If Michael O'Brien is going to have his poems printed in book-form?

If a certain delegate thinks a Ford Car should be given away with every copy of the "I.C."?

Who was responsible for the disappearance of Charlie Holmes' mascot at Estaires?

Further, if it is not a fact that certain boys in the horse transport are particularly partial to stewed rabbit?

"B" SECTION NOTES.

I thought I heard an angry bull,
A-bellowing out loud,
Said I "Such public nuisances
Should never be allowed."
I listened to the awful din,
So very loud and choice,
And then discovered that it was
Just *Private Mayer's voice*.

A correspondent writes:—*Who is the man in "B" Sec. who would absolutely refuse to pay 2 cents. to see an earthquake?* But then, perhaps, he's not too partial to earthquakes.

From another correspondent:—

"B" Sec. Pte. to Q.M.—*May I have a pair of socks?*

Q.M.—*You will get socks at the next bathing parade.*

(*When will it be? The Q.M. might enlighten us on this matter.*)

The following "B" Section members have all recently returned from "pass" in *Angleterre*:—Lance Corporal C. D. Hope, Ptes. E. J. Westby, W. Hawkshaw, B. Spencer, W. Baker, A. Monette, S. McAllister, E. Badeau, F. Bilodeau, J. B. Dextras, C. Gillis, E. Robitaille, G. M. Thomas and J. Tremblay.

TO THE FIRST CONTINGENT.

By J. H. PAULDING.

Here's to the First Contingent,
The men who were first to the call,
The crowd that numbered our best and worst,
But were ready to give their all.

We had men from the rolling prairies,
Land of the care-free breeze;
We had men from the farms and cities,
And men of the Northern seas.

There were men of professions and business,
Who'd left families and quiet homes;
Whilst others were from the street corners,
And others were rolling stones.

But from all points of the compass
They gathered to step into line;
And after a month at Valcartier,
They looked and were feeling fine.

Some had come for adventure,
And some had joined up for beer,
While some felt the need of Empire;
But not a one thought of fear.

There were some who were veteran soldiers,
And some who were new to strife,
While some were from the Militia,
But all dropped into the life.

And they slashed through the mud in England,
For which Salisbury can't be beat;
But we found when the need was greatest
That the chill wasn't in their feet.

So come with your new divisions,
And though the old ranks are thin,
What's left of the First Contingent
Will be first in the battle's din.

CUBIST RIDDLES.

"What is the difference between a chronometer and a thingumabob?"

"Watch-yer-may-call-it."

Why was the last number of the "I.C." our *pons asinorum* number?

Because it was our fifth *proposition* to get it out. (Anyone familiar with that delightful adventure book for boys called "Euclid, Book I," will see the *point* of this riddle which, according to that authority, is *without length and breadth*).

THE REASON.

"The hair upon Corn Evans' head
Is growing somewhat long,
'Tis getting Paderewskish,
So something must be wrong—
The reason is, he's waiting for
Old 'R. J.' to return
From base. Till then all barbers he
Indignantly will spurn.

A TALE OF A MOUSTACHE.

It was far and away the handsomest moustache we have ever seen. It was silky and glossy, and turned up at both flanks. When we were in England men used to come from the other end of "the Plains" to gaze at it and wonder, whilst civilians in Salisbury town were in the habit of standing aghast and make way for its proud owner whenever he took a trip into that Hive of Industry.

It was the wonder of children who used to observe this marvellous specimen of face *fungi* with wide-eyed amazement, but—herein lies the rift in the lute, *it was most ultra Kaiserish in design*, and therefore the owner gained a well earned reputation as a daring and intrepid individualist in having the courage to sport a hirsute appendage of such a truly ferocious character upon his upper lip. Enjoyment of such a unique facial decoration was not unattended however without a certain amount of risk.

When in Plymouth, for instance, the owner was *nearly* arrested as a spy, and the inconveniences of such a situation were not altogether pleasant; furthermore whilst walking down a certain street in the City of London, with a fellow officer, the latter got the full force of a moderately ripe orange in his right optic, due to various small urchins who not unnaturally took two perfectly loyal Canadian officers for Uhlans in disguise. Oranges it will be agreed are highly satisfactory from a gastronomical and edible view-point, but nevertheless their exterior application to the organs of sight, all oculists are agreed, are not entirely satisfactory, besides being fraught with a certain amount of risk.

Before leaving for Flanders, great uneasiness was evinced among the friends of the custodian of the moustache, as to the effect it would have upon the Western front. Fellow officers earnestly advised him to shave it off or at least create a metamorphosis in its design; whilst at least one corporal brushing aside for the nonce that haughty reserve that all N.C.O.'s are wont to use when addressing officers, advised him with the best intentions in the world to take some steps in the matter. It *might* pass with the British forces perhaps—but then our French and Belgian allies were to be considered and they might shoot him on sight, and all on account of a tonsorial decoration, to wit a moustache.

The officer in question went to Flanders (although he transferred to another unit a day or two before we left "the Plains") but we have several times seen him since he has been at the Front, *and the moustache is more Kaiserish than ever*, and he hadn't been bombed, gassed, bayoneted or even hit with a *richochet* bullet. Nevertheless we have to acclaim him the bravest officer in the British forces.

AMPOULETTES.

Society note.—Indian Clubs are now in cold storage, for Jimmie 'amm is going in for equestrianism. He's some boy, is Jimmie!

A cubist poem on the subject of bully beef (upon which he is some authority) has been received from Pte. A. H. Metcalfe. After wrestling and struggling with it for half-an-hour we gave it up as a bad job. By the way, "Met" says that with bully beef, sliced thin and a little mustard, you can kid yourself that you're eating cold tongue. Try it and see!

A complaint comes from St. John, N.B., that there is *too much poetry* in the "I.C." But what is a poor Editor to do with all the real live poets knocking around? Some people think old "No. ONE" ought to be called "*Poet's Corner*," we think "*a corner in Poets*" would be more suitable.

By the way, *many* of the literary contributions, in verse and prose, appearing in the "I.C." are *maiden* efforts, and therefore deserve all the more credit.

We notice in the "*Splint Record*"
And also "*Now and Then*,"
Published by Numbers 2 and 3,
(Most versatile of men.)
They print a lengthy Honour's list
Of D.C.M.'s and such,
And "*Mentioned in Despatches*,"
(A vain-glorious touch).

Modesty forbids us giving a list of all of the members of our own unit who have been thus signally honoured—(anyway, didn't we publish a full list of the successful competitors in our recent moustache growing competitions?)

"C" SECTION NOTES.

The following have recently been on "pass" in the Old Country:—Sergt. Tyler. M. Brown, Sergt. J. Bothwell, Corporals H. A. Brown and J. H. Haggerty, Lance-Corporals L. S. Mills and J. Hewetson, and Ptes. C. Holmes, W. Owens, B. Roach, G. W. Gibson, T. Smith, G. Childs, J. Lees, J. Carless, A. H. Stewart, C. Ahearn, F. Cottee, G. Granby, A. O'Connor and W. J. Perrault.

We had a letter from Sergt. W. B. Smith recently, and he sent his best regards to all the boys. He is at present at Sandgate, Kent, England.

Congratulations to our old friend "Bob," now Lieut. R. F. Forsyth, of the Canadian Field Artillery, if you please!

Pte. Anthony Joseph Johnson, now of the 2nd Canadian Battalion, was round to see his many friends in "C" Section the other day. He was at Valcartier with "No. ONE," and was unfortunately prevented from crossing with us, but managed to join on in Canada last July and came over to Flanders as a reinforcement to the 2nd Battalion last October. He was looking "in the pink."

TO A STRAY DOLLAR BILL.

(Written for the "I.C.")

Hullo! Dollar Bill
Guess yer feeling ill
Over here;
The yapping of guns,
As weighs scores of tons,
From our friends the Huns,
Makes yer queer!
So cute and so slick,
Yer make us home sick
Sure, ye do;
For every man-Jack,
Each Mickey and Mack,
Admires yer green back,
And that's true.

Old memory plays
With the happy old days
At the sight;
We think where you've been,
The things that you've seen,
Tho' ye ain't over-clean,
Ye're alright.

As handed about
I havn't a doubt,
All yer days;
In country and town,
Both uphill and down,
Ye're a much travelled clown
In yer ways.

I'm short of five francs,
(We're far from the banks
Over here).
But I'll be so bold,
My plan to unfold—
I'll keep yer, ye old
Souvenir.

WARNINGS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Don't send in contributions written on the back of *love missives*. Although one esteemed contributor did this—(and in spite of the fact that *we* can be trusted), we think it is *rather* a dangerous policy.

Don't be afraid of sending in too many contributions. The more "copy" we receive, the more often the "I.C." will make its appearance.

Don't be offended if any copy of yours is not accepted. *The fact that it is not accepted does not imply that it does not possess real literary ability*, although it may be unsuitable for the "I.C." (Those who have had bitter experience will bear witness to the fact that the words in italics are used by the very best papers when declining manuscripts).

Don't forget when contributing to the "I.C." you can write on both sides of the paper, if you like. (*Cubist* contributors can write on three sides of the paper if they desire to, we won't object).