

The Iodine Chronicle

PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF

Major R. P. WRIGHT, Officer Commanding

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

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

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CIRCULATION MANAGER:
Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:
Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

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EDITORIAL.

On Monday, September 13, news reached our unit from Official Quarters that Lt.-Col. A. E. Ross, who ever since the training days at Valcartier, had been in command of No. 1 Field Ambulance, had been promoted to the more responsible post of Assistant Director of Medical Services for our Division.

While every member of our unit knew that the honor could not have been more suitably bestowed, we were equally unanimous in our regret that Colonel Ross would have to leave us, and these mingled feelings were evident as the men assembled on that evening to hear our departing O.C. say a final word. His speech was short, as it was not the time for many words, but everyone who heard him will remember the kindly and encouraging way in which he took leave of us. He expressed appreciation of the co-operation of every member of the Ambulance, and in leaving us for a work of greater scope and responsibility stated that one condition on which he took the step was that Major Wright should succeed him. That Officer had long before won the confidence of the men as Adjutant, and as O.C. the confidence will become stronger. He may be assured that every man of the Ambulance will stand by him, and take his share in maintaining the reputation which No. 1 has already attained.

In the evening Col. Ross was the guest of the Officers in their mess. Official news of the departure of our O.C. had only been made known at mid-day and there was very little time to make such arrangements as would do justice to the occasion. However, a committee of two officers busied themselves during the afternoon with good results. Their efforts were supplemented by some special and cheerful exertions of Atkins, Fenwick and Metcalfe, always on the job and ready for anything extra in their line, particularly when the cause was as good as it happened to be in this case. The dinner included the following Toast List:—

- 1.—The King.
- 2.—The C.A.M.C.
Proposed by Lieut. F. McGuire, 2nd Canadian Infantry Battalion.
Response by Capt. O. E. Carr.
- 3.—The Allies.
Proposed by Capt. H. Beaudry.
- 4.—Our Guest, "For he's a jolly good fellow."
Proposed by Capt. D. V. Warner.
Response by Lt.-Col. A. E. Ross.
- 5.—"Home and Friends."
Proposed by Capt. G. J. Boyce.
Response by Capt. A. D. McConnell.
- 6.—"The Day," when peace with honour for the Allies comes.
Proposed by Capt. C. R. Graham.
Response by Capt. E. L. Stone.
- 7.—"Our next Merrie Meeting."
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."
"God save the King."

MAJOR DUVAL'S DEATH.

Universal regret was caused when the news of the death of Major J. H. Duval in England, reached our unit, the other day.

The late Major was badly wounded on the 26th April, when gallantly engaged in his duties at St. Julien, in succouring the wounded, and it was hoped that he was recovering when the sad tidings of his death were received by his brother officers and men of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance.

Major Duval was a native of St. John's (Quebec) and graduated at McGill in 1898. Upon the outbreak of the

war he was practicing in St. John, New Brunswick, and he was one of the first to volunteer, arriving at Valcartier in the memorable August of 1914, when he was placed in command of "A" Section of No. 1 Field Ambulance.

The late officer was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of St. John, and a fine tribute was paid to his memory by the Pastor of that Church upon the Sunday following his decease.

Mrs. Duval and her two young children have the deepest sympathy of all officers and men of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance in their bereavement.

GENERAL ALDERSON'S FAREWELL.

The following special order was issued by Lieut.-General E. A. H. Alderson, C.B., now commanding the Canadian Army Corps, and it will be read with interest by every member of the 1st Division, who has had the honour of serving under that distinguished soldier.

13th September, 1915.

On handing over the command of the 1st Canadian Division to Brigadier-General (I hope soon to be Major-General) A. W. Currie, C.B., as I have done this morning, I wish to give my heartfelt thanks to all ranks of the Division, and especially to the Brigadiers and the Divisional and Brigade Staffs, for the so loyal and efficient help they have given to me during the eleven months that I have commanded the Division. It is this help that, in spite of the difficulties of organization, of the trying and climatic and other unpleasant conditions on Salisbury Plain, has made my period of command so pleasant.

I have already expressed personally to all ranks my appreciation of the conduct of the Division in action at all times, and especially during the trying twelve days—22nd April to 4th May—at Ypres. I will not, therefore, say any more about this conduct, except that I shall never forget it.

I am consoled in my great regret at leaving the Division by the thought that, as Corps Commander, I shall still be in close touch with it.

In handing over to General Currie I feel, as I have told him, that I hand over an efficient fighting unit, which, I am sure, will, under him, add to the reputation it has made, and also give him the same loyal support that it has always given me.

I feel that I cannot conclude better than by asking all ranks of the 1st Division to always remember the words which I am adopting as the motto of the Canadian Army Corps:—

"CONSENTIENTIES VI TRAHUNT VICTORIAM."
(Those in agreement seize victory by force.)

"A" SECTION NOTES.

Sgt. L. B. Warnicker who came out with the last draft is now attached to "A" Section.

Will someone kindly state why A. E. Ravenhill Wood is always called "Scotty" when he is really a Welshman, and should be treated accordingly as such.

A delightful little Smoking Concert was held by "A" Section, Tent Division, the other night. The following programme was successfully carried out:—

- (1) Musical Medley by the band.
- (2) Song by S.-Sgt. Thomas Griggs, the silver-toned baritone, entitled "The Famous Number Nine"
- (3) Song by Pte. J. G. Lutes, "The Warbling Blacksmith," entitled "My Old Mush-eroom."
- (4) Song, "The Toilers" very hard work (for the audience), by Pte. Don. Stewart, sole representative in Flanders of the American Beef Trust.
- (5) Grand Finale contributed by Corporal "Pop" Mean.

The catering we learn was done by Earl F. Orr, who was very becomingly attired in the very latest London fashion for men, supplemented by an identification disc and a wrist watch.

Pte. E. J. Hargreaves (known to his intimates as "Ted," owing to his remarkable likeness to Teddy Roosevelt), is a recent addition to "A" Section, having been transferred from the 5th Battalion. He is a skilful raconteur and linguist, besides being a semi-professional ball player (mostly semi) in private life.

Corn Evans, the well-known Arctic explorer, is considering another trip to the polar region "Apres la guerre."

We are indebted to Pte. Don. Stewart for the following queries.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

- (1) Is "Bomb-proof Logan" still willing to die for dear old Canada?
- (2) Is Pte. D. Fletcher still in charge of medical kit?
- (3) Who is the fleshy Non-Com. who thought he was a mule a few nights ago, and kept all his pals awake listening to his braying?
- (4) Does Sgt. Mundell know that "A" Section has a semi-pro from B.C. who wishes to make the first team?
- (5) Have detectives Orr and Day found any more German telephone wires lately?
- (6) When are the budding medical men going back to Canada?
- (7) What are the ingredients that comprise Billy's famous stew?
- (8) What nationality is Michael Patrick O'Brien?
- (9) Can Sniper Stuart prove that the "Niobe" has rubber funnels?
- (10) Why did the stew taste so funny the day after the Transport lost their dog?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted. A nice gentle dispositioned Staff Officer to adopt a bright intelligent youth with a distinctive taste in Egyptian cigarettes. Apply Pte. Don. Stewart, "A" Section.

Wanted. A baseball team to beat the Divisional Supply Column.

Well Diggers. O'Brien McNutt & Co. are willing to dig wells from 20 to 1,000 feet.

Wild Beast Tamer Wanted. To tame a ferocious cow which eats our shirts and blankets while we are busy elsewhere.

Wanted to Exchange. We will exchange a Ford Car and a phonograph for a frying pan and a pass to England. Apply Motor Transport.

Wanted. A groom to feed and clean my iron horse. Apply Despatch Rider Trotter.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

We would like to congratulate the founders of magazine for 1st Field Ambulance and to ensure them of our heartiest support. May it make for the greater camaraderie of the unit.

We would like to congratulate our former O.C. on his new appointment, and we feel sure he will have every man behind him.

Quite a number of this Section have had the pleasure of a visit to relatives in England and Scotland, and at time of writing we feel assured that Sergt. Stensrud is having a good time visiting in Glasgow, and hope he'll come back with some special news from that hive of industry. "Blondie" Knight has also been on pass.

We understand that the other sections have an idea that they have the monopoly of the musical talent, but it may surprise them to know that although we can't boast of any Kubeliks, Paganinis or Caruso's, we don't mean to be behind in things musical. First thing they know we will be charging them admission to hear a really good concert, and hope that they'll benefit by it and be able to return the compliment at a later date.

Just a few questions pertinent and otherwise. Can any section bring a pair of orators to beat Ptes. Dawson and Smith?

Q. 2. Is it true that Pte. W. Long has been guaranteed a position on John Redmond's Cabinet?

No. 3. Can any one prove that Staff Sgt. Brown's violin has been recognised as a long lost Stradivarius.

No. 4. Is it a fact that Pte. Hillier formerly hailed from Whitechapel? Some say he is an Irishman.

P.S.—We hear that Corpl. Haggerty is suffering from severe strain (financial). Can any baseball man say when he contracted the trouble?

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Signor Guiglemo Craigini plays his violin nightly to admiring audiences in the Hooperjoo Dugout. It is regretted that Army Regulations will not allow the Signor to wear his hair long and we beg to express our sympathy to the talented musician. Another clever musician is Professor Frederico Cotti, who is quite an expert on the piccolo, whilst last but not least is Private Tommy Hutchins, past master in the use of the mouth organ. In fact, so great is his fame, that we have written the following "pome" in his honour:—

"PRIVATE HUTCHINS' MOUTH ORGAN.

I've often heard Caruso sing,
In deep and manly tones,
(I've heard each time that he comes on
He's paid a thousand "bones").

But ne'ertheless I must admit
He's left quite up a tree
When Tommy Hutchins starts to play
The plaintive "Rosary."

I've heard the great Albani war-
Ble forth her witching lays,
To thousands who unto her feet
Have brought their mede of praise;
But never music twice as sweet,
No matter where you roam
Can touch young Hutchy when he plays
The good old "Home Sweet Home."

On one occasion too I heard
The famous Sousa's band,
And its a fact and no mistake
The melody was grand.
But to hear some classy music,
And this I'd have you know,
You should hear young Hutchin's tootle
"Are we downhearted"? No!

I've heard great Paderewski play
Upon the magic keys,
His fame has travelled far and wide
Across the seven seas.
For with his thousand guinea grand
He gains a great renown,
Whilst Hutchins' noble instrument
Cost only half-a-crown.

So here's to Private Hutchins and
The music that he plays,
For many moons that are to be
May he beguile our days.
With melodies that charm the ear
And captivate the heart,
And with his mouth organ may he
Be never forced to part.

Pte. C. B. Maxwell, of "C" Section, wounded in the engagement at Langemarck last April, has now recovered from his wounds and is at present on the Staff of the Canadian A.D.M.S. in England.

Corporal Dick Wilson, at present attached to the R.C.D.'s paid a visit to old friends in this unit the other day. He returned from seven days leave in Angleterre a short time before.

Pte. Peter Peebles brought back with him, when he went to Bonny Scotland on leave, some fine pieces of heather. He kindly presented the Editor with one. "Auld Scotia" for ever.

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

Cpl. W. D. Foran, L-Cpl. W. Pearn, J. E. McCormick, Syd Jones, Josh Robinson, Blokey Lewis, Thomas Holligan, and H. Haines, have all been on pass and the rest of the boys are guessing who will be next.

A. Monette, lately a player in the Montreal City League is the Christy Matheson of the horse transport.

Two more "Spud Islanders" have joined the Transport, namely, "Big Dan" Macdonald from the D.A.C. and Sam Elliott from the 16th Battalion.

The horses are all now in good shape, on account of the splendid weather we have been having and the fact that they have had an easier time during the past few weeks.

The O.C. of the Divisional Transport has congratulated the men upon the splendid condition of the horses, wagons and harness at the last inspection.

MOTOR TRANSPORT NOTES.

Drivers Grant and St. Onge are about to leave us to take up commissions in the Infantry. Our best wishes go with them in their new sphere which demands courage and

initiative in a greater degree than that required for any other branch of the Army.

Their future careers will be followed with much interest by the boys of the M.T. with whom they have been associated for the past five months.

St. Onge, at once a soldier and strategist of no mean ability, has already seen active service in the Mexican Revolution, and his experiences will be invaluable to him in the present conflict.

The mess, which is a valuable acquisition to the convoy, has turned out a great success, thanks to the assistance rendered by those in a position to help.

"Mary-up-the-road" has got nothing on "John L.," when it comes to dishing up "pomme-de-terre-frits."

Who is the kind gentleman who did us a favour by taking the Ford away? An Iron Cross awaits him on his return (alone).

TO OUR SWEETHEARTS.

This is the trench that Tom dug.

This is the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

This is the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

This is the gun that threw the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

This is the man who fired the gun that threw the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

Here's to the girl who loves the man who fired the gun that threw the shell that lit on the head of the Hun who slept in the trench that Tom dug.

Sgt. J. D. SHARMAN.

FOOTBALL.

I am indebted to Josh. Robinson for the following interesting account of Soccer Football in No. 1 Can. Field Ambulance:—

"It is the intention of those in authority to carry on this game during the winter months to come. We have been somewhat handicapped in the past for the lack of footballs, but as we now have a plentiful supply in hand we can look forward to the future without worry.

Amongst those whom we have defeated are the following: 64th Battery R.F.A., 62nd Battery R.F.A., Highland Light Infantry, 1st Canadian Divisional Mechanical Transport and 1st Divisional Engineers.

The following matches are being arranged for the next few weeks: R.A.M.C. and 2nd and 3rd Can. Field Ambulances.

The following men are our players: Reville, Cosgrove, Wilson, Robinson, Craig, Holmes, Cpl. O'Connor, Norman, Waring and W. Owens, with Gillis as captain. I might add we have a few openings for good players.

THE A.M.C.

Specially written for the "Iodine Chronicle."

There's a unit in the Army

Of which I'm going to tell,

It has a duty to perform

And it always does it well.

This duty may seem humble

And though modest it may be,

It has succoured many a hero,

'Tis the A.M.C.

Its members are all pleasant lads,

Their cheer knows no restraint,

And they cater to the wounded

And never make complaint.

The arm-ed men may scoff at them,

And this we often see,

But they always come when suffering

To the A.M.C.

The A.M.C. is not the graft

That many seem to say,

They have to rough it just the same

Though shine or storm the day.

And either barn or bivouac

Their dwelling needs must be,

Whilst the grub's the same as riflemen's,

In the A.M.C.

When all is fine in the firing line,

And our Army has no loss,

Then no one needs to look out for

Our emblem, the Red Cross.

But when our troops are battling

In conflict's surging sea,

Then we face the storm unflinching,

In the A.M.C.

And we pick up many a weary brave

From a rough and death-clad way,

And we bring him back to food and rest,

And the calm of a peaceful day.

And we cleanse and dress his many wounds,

Then joy in his eye we see,

And that's the only thanks we want

In the A.M.C.

But when the battle is over

And the newspaper stories are read,

We hear of many a noble deed

By the living and the dead.

For we see war news in glowing terms,

But not a word do we see

Of anything that's accomplished

By the A.M.C.

But that is how we do things

On the quiet just a bit,

For we're not out for glory

Or the love of telling it.

So our little mercy errands

Continued still will be,

For 'twill keep on spreading kindness

Will the A.M.C.

J. K. LACEY.

DIARY OF A CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

(Of the British Museum).

Monday. Terribly exciting this life at the front, to-day nearly run over by a taxi. Talked with chap on leave from firing line, handsome young fellow, Hogan, Cogan, Logan, or some name like that, belonged to a Canadian Field Ambulance; told me of how he had two bullets through his cap and five through his haversack, whilst a Jack Johnson burst two feet above his head at second battle of Ypres. Remarkable escape. Wrote up two columns of his adventures for the "Montreal Moonbeam" and the "Ottawa Owl."

Tuesday. Hear to-day about ricochet bullets from soldier from front. Very well set up Irish Canadian Red Cross Corporal, he told me how they were about four feet long and two inches across. Most remarkable projectiles. Cabled particulars of same to Canada.

Wednesday. Talk to-day with man who has been gassed. He was 25 miles back of the firing line at the time, but gas it appears travels this distance. Wired particulars of this remarkable case to Ottawa and Montreal papers.

Thursday. Talk with another Canadian soldier, a charming young fellow—borrowed ten shillings of me—his first name Austin, his second name I forget, O' something or other. Had been at battle of St. Julien and saved life of fellow stretcher bearer by pushing him in ditch. Cable particulars home.

Friday. Talk to 12 different returned soldiers to-day, each of whom ought to have had the D.C.M. Bound to be correct as I have each individual soldier's statement of his own individual case. Write strong article about it.

Saturday. Receive two cables to-day firing me from job as representative of Canadian papers. Say my statements too inaccurate. Really cannot understand it. Must enlist—or try and get position as London Correspondent of the "Iodine Chronicle."

FAIR CANADA.

(This fine poem was written by a friend of Pte. Peter Peebles in bonny Scotland and is herewith published for the first time.)

Fair Canada! vast Canada!

She heard the martial drums—

She heard the cry for help that rang

From Belgium's ruined homes;

She heard the Motherland's appeal

For men both true and brave,

The country's life and liberty

From cruel foes to save.

In Canada, vast Canada,

The call rang thro' the land

Fall in! Fall in!! for each there's need

Come join the noble band,—

Of those who count no sacrifice

Too great, nor foe, nor death can fright

But self-forgetting counts more dear

The triumph of the right.

From Canada, fair Canada,
 There came a great, vast band
 Of noble lads, of instincts true
 And able, willing hands,
 And hearts that beat as true as steel—
 And steady nerve and brain,
 When facing Germans cruel hordes
 As reaping their own grain.
 In Canada, vast Canada—
 There's many empty homes—
 For lads are come, from town and plain,
 To follow Britain's drums—
 But glory crowns that land to-day
 Undying, Honoured Aye!
 For noble men heard honour's call
 And proudly marched away.

M. Y.

QUERIES.

Who was the man who looked for a gasoline leak with a match at Ypres?

Who is the extra tall youth who was sore because he wasn't allowed to draw for a pass?

Who is the fellow who is buying up all the Brilliantine in a certain little store?

Is a certain man in C Section trying to get into the Coldstream Guards Band?

Who took a window for a drain, and did anybody get wet?

"WILL SOMEONE TELL US?"

The name of the players who boast of being Pros.—while in the Old Country—and what proof can they give to convince us that such a thing is so.

The name of the player who lost his position in the team—pro tem—because of his love of John Barleycorn.

If it is true that some of our Pro. Base Ball players really think they can play football—and on what grounds do they form such an opinion of themselves.

If it is really true, that our M.O.'s intend buying our football team a set of jerseys.

If Corporal Haggarty still thinks he can pick a team from the rest of the Ambulance Corps to beat the 1st eleven after the beating he received recently from their hands.

MUSTACHE COMPETITION.

It is with very great pleasure that we announce the result of our mustache competition. There were three distinct classes, in each of which two prizes were offered. The first prize in each class is one copy of No. 1 of "The Iodine Chronicle," whilst the second prize in each is one 'arf a mo cigarette.

Charlie Chaplin Class.

1st prize	"Dope" Stewart
2nd prize	Wee Willie (Owens)
Also ran	"Scotty" Woods

Ferocious Class.

1st prize	O. M. S. Owens
2nd prize	John Fannon
Honourable mention	Dave Paton

Nondescript Class.

1st prize	"Doctor" G. Paille
2nd prize	Bill Pearn
Also ran	T. Hutchins.

There will be another mustache growing competition next month, which will be open to all males between the ages of 5 and 70½.

Bay rum, gasoline, Peruna and other mustache-growing compounds may be used if so desired by competitors. They must on no account, however, make use of the butter ration for this purpose. Wagon grease also being prohibited.

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

The rumour that the Dardanelles has been sunk by a ricochet bullet has not yet been confirmed.

Another is about that two Liverpool dry docks were seen floating over Constantinople. This is also as yet unconfirmed.

The three greatest living O'Connors are T. P., Mike and Austin.

Why didn't the Canadian Government buy Stonehenge when it was on the market the other day? They could have erected same somewhere in Canada as a reminder of last winter put in by the 1st Division on Salisbury Plain.

THIS AND THAT.

Lieut. Seim, father of Pte. M. Seim, B Sec., is with the B.E.F. in Egypt.

Capt. C. G. Geggie, lately a very popular officer of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance and latterly M.O. of the 10th Battalion, was on the "Hesperian," but fortunately made a successful escape. He also did valuable work in assisting others to escape from the ill-fated ship.

Congratulations to Sergt. Tyler M. Brown, C Sec, upon having the Russian Order of St. George, 4th Class, conferred upon him.

All contributions for No. 2 of the "Iodine Chronicle," which we hope will surpass all previous records, should be sent in to the News Editor as soon as possible.

We cannot commend too highly the innovation of our contemporary, the London "Times," in bringing out "broad sheets" containing extracts from the world's best literature. We understand that Capt. Warner, one of the Chaplains, has been distributing them throughout the 1st Brigade of Infantry and Artillery.

We offer our hearty congratulations to the Editors of "The Listening Post," the paper of the 7th Battalion Canadians, on their third number, which we think has eclipsed all previous numbers.

"PUDVILLE GAZETTE."

(I have much pleasure in reproducing the following interesting extracts from the "Pudville Gazette" of 23rd Sept., 1916, contributed by a worthy member of B Section).

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

I have a pig which got out on me last Friday (P.S., I haven't got it now, but I had it before it got loose), I haven't saw anything of this pig since, have you? If so, kindly let undersigned know at once, and undersigned will be awful obliged to you. If you see a pig of this description, confer with me immediately.

SI HIGGINS.

PAILINGS FOR SALE.

Being as I am going to put a new fence in front of my house and tear the old one down, I will sell my old pailings for whatever they be worth. If they don't be worth much then I won't sell them for much. I calculate they be worth about 75 cents. I would ask more if I thought I could get it. I would like to sell them at once before I tear them off and begin to build my fence, because unless I can sell the old pailings, I can't afford to buy any new ones.

HIRAM HAWKINS.

Albert Dupuis, whose hair has been growing long on him for the past several years, and has needed a hair cut terrible, made up his mind to have his hair took off his head since it became so warm. But Albert don't believe in paying R. J. Macdonald, the tonsorial artist, 10 cents for a hair cut. So he got a pair of shears and stood up before the mirror and went to work. Albert managed to cut off a good deal of his hair. He also managed to cut off the edge of his right ear and jabbed the shears into the back of his neck. Albert didn't make a very good job, it being as he couldn't work very well with his hands while looking into the mirror, as a result his hair is long in some places, and short in others, not to say anything of the top of his head.

Joe Quigley had a narrow escape from being kicked to death by our wild horse, called "The Bum," day before yesterday, whatever day that was. Joe passed behind the horse in the barn while it was all quiet and docile and went on into the house, and after awhile he heard an awful noise out in the barn and went out to find that the "bum" had kicked a board clean off the stable behind the stall. Joe calculates that if the horse had kicked just as he was passing it would have kicked his head pretty clean off his shoulders.

Charlie Smith says this hot weather takes the jump right off him, and he says that during the day it's too hot for him to sleep, and he's too sleepy to keep awake and so between the two he has a pretty restless time of it.