

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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No. 2.—15th Nov., 1915. BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, FRANCE.

Price 1d.

EDITORIAL.

So great was the success of No. 1 of the "Iodine Chronicle" that we have had to have a large staff to deal with the immense amount of correspondence entailed.

The following are some of the appreciative communications we have received.

TELEGRAMS.

"Stop publication at once. We are jealous 'Punch,' London."

"Offer you position as Editor of 'Comic Cuts.'" NORTHCLIFFE.

CABLEGRAM (Collect).

"We offer you post as Editor of 'Pudville Gazette.' Salary One Hundred and Ten Dollars and one sack of potatoes per annum."

HIRAM HAWKINS,
Proprietor "Pudville Gazette," Pudville Corners, Ont.

MUSTACHE COMPETITION.

We have much pleasure in announcing the result of our second Mustache-growing competition. It will be noted that we have initiated a new class of beginners. We feel that we can congratulate ourselves upon the "hair raising" excitement caused by these competitions.

Charlie Chaplin Class.

1st prize	Sergt. Noble Armstrong
2nd prize	Corpl. M. O'Connor
Also ran	Pte. Russell

Ferocious Class.

1st prize	Pte. W. Bogues
2nd prize	"Scotch" Mitchell
Also ran	Corpl. F. Hood

Nondescript Class.

1st prize	Pte. Tommy Hillier
2nd prize	Corpl. Charron
Special mention ...	"Clinker" Smith

Beginners Class.

1st prize	Sergt. B. Boone
2nd prize	Pte. Tommy Smith
Also ran	Pte. E. Labelle

"B" SECTION NOTES.

We are sorry to learn that Major J. E. Wilkinson of the 7th Battalion King's Own Lancashire Regiment, father of Pte. J. Wilkinson, "B" Section, was wounded the other day. We are glad to hear, however, that he is now well on the way to recovery.

We are requested to state that the well known firm of Dawson and Smith, General Merchants, have a fine belt for sale for one franc. (Editorial Note.—The price of insertion of this advertisement is exactly five francs.)

Staff-Sgt. J. Browne, Paradis, Cosgrove, Pearson and Caron have all recently returned from seven days leave in England, and all report having had a pleasant time.

From a correspondent "There is one man in 'B' Section who thinks that the sum of one penny is too much to pay for a good paper like the 'Iodine Chronicle,' and he does not think it worth while to buy one, but he will be very willing to read anyone else's copy if they have no objection."

"A" SECTION NOTES.

Pte. Millard C. Noble has two brothers in the Second Division Ammunition Column.

Sergt. A. Barry, now Medical Sergt. to the 1st Division Ammunition Park, previously a popular member of A Sec., looked in on the boys the other day. He looks as if his present job agreed with him for he appeared to be in the "pink of condish."

Pte. E. J. Earle, who left our unit on "the Plains," is now driving a car in England for the Canadian Red Cross Society.

"THE LAST OF CROZIER'S HAT."

(This eulogy is written as a small token of esteem by Don Stewart, a humble admirer, on behalf of the sorrowing members of "A" Section.)

It has gone! Never again will it gladden the eyes of the men of this unit. It had a thrilling career and has now gone to a mysterious and untimely end. Beginning life an ordinary common or garden soft, soft, trench cap, it slowly but surely lost all outward and visible signs of its former self, until nothing remained but a mere skeleton, a wreck which could only be recognised as a cap by the badge which adorned the front of it, and then it required a fearful stretch of the imagination. It was faded and worn, tattered and torn, but he loved it, did Crozier, with a deep and abiding love which earned the respect of all his comrades. His devotion to it, through thick and thin, through battle and smoke, and through the fires of criticism, was at once heroic and pathetic. It saw severe service through the thick of Ypres, Festubert and Givenchy, and also served with distinction through many lesser engagements.

It did duty by turns as hat, handkerchief, shoe cleaner, button polisher, floor rag, duster, towel and various other things too numerous to mention. It was unique, antique, spectacular, immune, and it was the only one of its kind. He loved it and now it is no more. Gone, but not forgotten! Thrilling and awe-inspiring in life, it is noble and mysterious now it is no more. No one knows its last resting place, it seems to have vanished into space, but no doubt its spirit has fled to the happy hunting grounds of all good headgears. Our hands are raised in salute to thy memory, Oh! never-to-be-forgotten cap, and in our hearts we grieve for thee with thy noble owner. And so farewell.

R. I. P.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN.

"Has anybody seen my hat."—SGT. CROZIER.

"Uncle Sam may hev long whiskers, but when he gets them trimmed, just look out."—"WHIRLWIND" BLIZZARD.

"Take his name, Sergeant Boone, take his name."—THE S.M.

"Can't issue stores without an order."—THE Q.M.S.

"Give us a chew."—MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

"Have you any tooth paste?"—SCOTTIE GILLIS.

"How are you, George? Have you got a cigarette?"—HONEST JOE.

"I want my jam."—"DOPE" STEWART.

"There are two L's in TONSILITIS."—PTE. KENDALL.

"There's is only one L in TONSILLITIS."—SGT. CHRISTIE.

"Dily piper, all abaht it."—THAT NEWSBOY AT BUSTARD.

A LAY OF THE HORSE TRANSPORT.

(This poem, which was written by a "Spud Islander" in the horse transport, is inserted for the sole purpose of making Rudyard Kipling jealous.)

I've often thought of writing
 Though I have but little talent,
 And its hard to find a subject
 With some noted facts to quote,
 But there's no use in flying,
 Nor in sleeping without lying,
 So I'll sing of noted characters
 In the Ambulance Transport.
 They are on the job when working,
 And in spare time when a-lurking
 For a cosy place for chatting
 Their Sergeant's tent they use.
 Now the Transport Sergeant's jolly
 Though he has no use for folly,
 So he passes round the papers
 With the very latest news.
 Then they read of Allies' victories,
 And less often their misfortunes,
 And they talk about these subjects
 Till the interest fades away.
 Then the Sergeant gets quite fed up
 And he feign would bind his head up,
 For he hears incessant arguing
 From morn till close of day.
 They argue about their home towns,
 And there's many represented,
 They are there from almost every place
 Beneath fair Canada's skies.
 From well-known Kingston and St. John,
 And old Quebec and Ottawa,
 Whilst the queerest pickles of the bunch,
 Of course are all "Spud Island" boys.
 Now I'm not going into cheap details,
 As space would not permit it,
 But you should hear them talking
 Of their wondrous adventures.
 And if you happen to be nigh
 You'll see a twinkle in their eye,
 If they chance to meet a Flemish maid
 When on their exercise parade.
 And as their horses trudge along,
 And Hurteau sings a little song,
 Then violent sounds break on our ears,
 We've heard more than once or twice,
 We do not have to look around,
 We know by nature of the sound,
 That Manager Pop is on parade,
 And then we know we have the Price.
 Then "Chestnut" he starts jumping,
 And we plainly hear his thumping,
 As he kicks into the air,
 And then "Morty" shouts "look out,"
 For his steed is often scrappy
 Though his master's always happy,
 Whilst his shouts would nearly knock you
 Right from underneath your hat.
 If we chance to meet a lorry,
 Then "Darky" he gets frisky,
 And the Sergeant's spurs get busy,
 As his "hoss" stands on two feet.
 And it makes us laugh quite hearty
 For to see the leaps of "Darkey"
 When he jumps into the ditches,
 And the mix up is complete.
 Now I've near finished my story,
 And I'm very truly sorry,
 For I have not mentioned Treadway
 With the pump so far ahead.
 In a cart that's drawn by Nigger
 He sure cuts a noble figure,
 As he sits upon the splash board
 Just as if he was in bed.
 Stay! but I must speak of Smithy
 Before I conclude my ditty,
 He likes to sit and rest a bit,
 It does not matter where.
 He is blessed with special comforts,
 If you saw him you'd believe me,
 For he has a seat as big and soft
 As any easy chair.

And Fannon likes to tease him,
 And says some things that squeeze him,
 In speeling off his ditties
 About Holligan and Smith.

Yet he listens quite contented,
 So the Sergeant has relented,
 And Smithy has been made exempt
 From laying broken brick.

Now Fannon is a guiding head
 In everything that's done and said,
 It makes no difference where we are,
 Even in the line of route,

And he makes a great obstruction
 Without causing much destruction,
 When he comes back from the village,
 Where they sell the English stout.

When all is quiet in the line,
 And everything is going fine,
 Our attention is attracted
 By a most familiar shout.

When Holligan cries it's time to feed,
 And so he mixes up the seed,
 He yells out, "Bring your nose-bags,
 Or you'll have to go without."

Then Corporal Pearn shakes out the hay,
 And then we carry it away.
 He shouts fall in for rations
 At Sergeant Foran's door.

And as each one holds out his hand,
 He dishes out the bread and jam.
 Then we all fall in for supper,
 And the day's routine is o'er.

A SUGGESTION.

We understand that the French Government has appointed a famous French artist to paint pictures of noteworthy happenings on the Western front. We suggest that the Canadian Government follow their example. How would the following themes look on canvas by way of a start:—

"Honest Joe and his faithful water cart."

"John Fannon seated on his war charger."

"Private Logan's remarkable escape at the second battle of Ypres."

"A noble youth saving a fellow stretcher bearer's life at St. Julien."

And there are many other like subjects too numerous to mention.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AGAIN.

SENTRY.—"Who goes there?"

ARMY CHAPLAIN (Visiting trenches).—"Chaplain."

SENTRY.—"Good night, Charlie."

(NOTE.—The above joke has been suggested as suitable for the "I.C." by about 123 and some odd readers. Our thanks to them).

CRUMMY JOE'S HOTEL.

(From the *Pudville Gazette*).

Two commercial travellers in the Hard Tack line being in Pudville to do a little business, took a room at Crummy Joe's famous hotel, so well known for its waterproof ladder.

They weren't in bed for more than five minutes when those insects which shall be nameless, but which have a great partiality for beds in this well-known hostelry, got busy doing an Indian war dance. One of the drummers hurried and slid down to the kitchen and fetched up a big jar of Black Strap Molasses.

While the other was still sleeping he hurried and spread the famous molasses around the mattress. Having finished, he jumped and laid down beside his partner so that the insects couldn't get at them without getting stuck into the molasses.

He wasn't sooner in bed than he heard a noise, so he struck a match and saw a big gang of the insects pulling the straw of a mattress and making a bridge so that they could get at them once more.

He woke his partner up and both of them retreated to the barn so that they could have a quiet sleep, but looking through the chinks of the barn, one of them, this being the season for fire-flies, seeing these bright little insects flying around, shouted to his partner, "Hustle up, Tom, and get underneath the straw, for they're hunting for us with lanterns."

A. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

- Lost.* My Hat. If still in existence will finder please return to Sergt. L. Crozier and receive his undying gratitude and a double issue of rum.
- Wanted.* Strong energetic youths to scrub hospital floors. Permanent job for right men. Apply, stating previous experience, to Staff Sergt. T. Griggs, A Sec.
- Wanted.* Guide for party of Canadian tourists. Must have thorough knowledge of all estaminets and hen-coops in district. Apply stating terms to Box 32, "Iodine Chronicle."

MEDICAL PARS.

We hear from reliable sources that a new and wonderful hypnotic was discovered during the latter days of April. This probably accounts for the eccentric behaviour of the Inventor, an important N.C.O. in "A" tent division, during the last days of the Ypres scrap. While congratulating him we sincerely hope his fervour will not rob him of his activity elsewhere.

We hear from one who knows that nothing retains the speed and twirl in a pitcher's arm like Iodine.

The correct dosage of No. 9 tablets is under the consideration of Q.M.S. Owens. The knowledge of this scientific fact will be of great service to humanity.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Capt. G. P. Howlett, who was in command of this Section at Valcartier and Bustard, and is now the O.C. of an Advance Medical Depot, paid a visit to his old unit the other day. Staff-Sgt. J. Hooper, an old member of the "C" Section is on his staff.

Pte. Fred Frazer's father is Drum Sergt. of the 21st Battalion, 2nd Canadian Division, whilst a brother is a bugler with the 38th Battalion, at present in Bermuda.

Isaac Anderson is at present head "chef" for the 1st Canadian Division Sanitary Section.

Congratulations to Robert Forsyth who was transferred to Shorncliffe a few days ago for the purpose of taking up a commission. "Lawyer Whiting" was always popular with the boys, who will watch his future career with interest.

WHAT THEY DIDN'T SAY.

I'm just wild for route marches.—"DOPE" STEWART.

I just dote on hard tack biscuits, they're so good for the teeth.—"SCOTTY" GILLIS.

I could sit and listen to the melodious Kazoo all day long.—"TOPE" MILLS.

I would (not) like to be billeted in those "Grapperies" for just one night.—AUSTIN.

"QUERIES."

By PETE.

Does Day intend to keep us all awake every other Night?

Is Manager Murphy the most graceful pitcher in the Divisional Baseball League, and does "Spud" run him pretty close?

Isn't the S.M. looking spruce these days, and didn't he prove himself equal to the occasion the other day when a regimental gink of another unit thought he could use unparliamentary language to No. 1?

Should Mutt and Jeff be given a D.C.M. each for their services to Madame and Mademoiselle during a recent bombardment?

"AMPOULES."

Who is the man who took the hop-poles for barb wire entanglements last February?

What has the Quarters been feeding Raffles on since he went back to the Q.M. Stores? We don't think it was Antipon.

When are all those Non-Coms. with the riding breeches going to buy their spurs?

Did the Germans know there was a match in progress when they dropped a piece of shrapnel near first base the other day?

"SOME" PROGRAMME.

Isn't it about time we had another Concert. When we do have one, the following items would go down well if they figured on the programme:

- (1). Exhibition of Indian Club Swinging by the well-known champion, Jimmy Camm.
- (2). Stump speech by Michael O'Brien, the famous geographical expert.
- (3). Recitation, "Me and my Water Wagon," by Albert Dupuis.
- (4). Song, "A roving sailor's life for me, upon the good ship Ni-o-be." Joe Perrault.
- (5). Song, "I've never been in Ireland, but I'm Irish just the same." Frank Kelly.

THE OXO PILLS.

In our unit we have a man,
Whose fame has spread throughout this land.
A "Doctor" is he with much skill,
Who is a wonder with a pill.

Through villages many we have passed,
The streets were lined with lad and lass,
To beg, to coax the skill
Of "Doc" and his Oxo pill.

He took a thousand from his sack,
He had three more upon his back,
And cast them to the suffering ones.
And so he went from town to town,
His pills were never wanting to be found,
And if to Paris you chance to roam,
Be sure and see the Edgcombe stone,
"In memory of him who with his skill,
Cured all in France with his Oxo pill."

D.F.

TEN YEARS HENCE.

It is regretted that we cannot reproduce from our files extracts of ten years ago for the simple reason that "The Iodine Chronicle" was not in existence at that time. We have very much pleasure, however, in reproducing extracts from a well-known Canadian daily of 10 years hence—to wit—of the 15th November, 1925:—

A "Cause celebre" has just been settled at Ottawa. The case, which is a remarkable one, is undoubtedly one of the most famous in the whole history of Canadian Jurisprudence.

"Timothy Jigginson, defendant, was accused by a highly respected pea-nut vendor, plaintiff, of having stolen 10 cents worth of pea-nuts (sometimes known to scientists as monkey-nuts) from his barrow. The plaintiff was represented by Mr. R. F. Forsyth, K.C., who made a most eloquent speech in favour of his client, pointing out the distressing financial loss that had been caused by the loss of the pea-nuts in question, and that as a consequence he was on the verge of bankruptcy. The court, however, gave the decision in favour of the defendant, the latter's lawyer, Mr. Austin O'Connor, having eaten the pea-nuts, thus destroying all tangible proof against his client. The decision caused quite a sensation in court."

"Mr. R. J. Macdonald, President of the Barbers' and Hairdressers' Association, at a convention of this Society held in St. John recently, read a paper entitled 'Narrow Shaves in Flanders.' We understand that this talented speaker has another paper in preparation entitled 'Hair-breadth, hair-raising and hair cutting experiences in the big War.'"

"Dr. Kenneth Mundell, who has been appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King, lately paid a visit to his native city of Kingston."

"We heartily congratulate Mr. John Wass upon being elected President of the Independent Order of Good Templars."

"Alderman Albert Dupuis has been appointed chairman of the Waterworks Committee of the City of Montreal. We understand that he is specially fitted for this position, having had considerable experience of water matters in Flanders."

"Mr. Williamson, sometimes known as the Canadian Edison, having so many inventions to his credit, has now completed his latest design for a machine that is to take the crinkles out of tripe."

"Mr. Leonard Crozier, the well-known railway magnate, President of the Intercolonial Railway, is at present making his annual inspection of the line."

"RANDOM NOTES."

BY THE MAN IN THE OBSERVATION BALLOON.

(The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for all the views of this versatile correspondent.)

Our inventor, Pte. Williamson, might be able to invent a pair of steel shoes with detachable furnaces to keep a certain cold-footed artist's trilbies warm for his next visit to the firing line.

Private to Q.M.S. Can I have a pair of socks?

Q.M.S. What did you do with the pair that I gave you at Valcartier?

Who is the semi-pro. ball player that couldn't make good in a practice game? We think he is better at throwing the bull than the ball.

How is it that none of A Section bearers have yet gone on pass although passes have now been issued for the past three months?

As the wet season draws near it brings to our minds the winter spent on Salisbury Plain and the many good times spent in the Canteen there. I think we should also have a Canteen of our own for the unit for the coming winter, somewhere behind the firing line.

Talking about base-ball, how ever did we manage when the "Iodine Kid" was laid up? He would probably do better at tossing pills than base-balls.

MOTOR TRANSPORT NOTES.

Driver Apperley, who was wounded at the second battle of Ypres, has now recovered and is at present a despatch rider at Rouen.

Driver P. Davis, wounded at the same time lately left the London General Hospital and is now at home.

Driver Jack Fox, who left us some time back, is now in the 12th Div. Ammunition Column.

Driver Cradock's gramophone still discourses sweet, and other music upon the desert air, to admiring audiences.

"John L," still puts up good meals. He is thinking of applying for position of head chef of the Chateau Laurier, when he returns to Canada.

FOR THOSE AT THE FRONT.

(Turning from jest to earnest, we have much pleasure in printing the following verses, with a moral. They were handed to us by a member of C Section, and were written by a friend of his in Canada.)

If you have a grey-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her,
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
To make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
To-morrow is a mystery
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasures
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show then that you care for them
Before it is too late.

HELP! HELP!

What is it that sets me scratching,
And is always hatching, hatching,
Hatching by the score.
As I feel their strange caressing,
It is really most distressing,
And to say the least depressing,
Simply crumbs and nothing more.

What is it that causes tossing
To and fro as I am dosing
In my bed upon the floor,
Nightly do they thus surround me,
As they hover all around me,
Trying, striving to confound me,
Only crumbs and nothing more.

FOR THOSE AT HOME.

(From "Letters" by the late Sgt. F. S. Brown, of the Princess Pats, who gave his life for his country, 4th February, 1915.)

His hand is all a-tremble,
His eyes stick out like pegs,
He goes all of a quiver
From the ague in his legs,
And if his name's not on the list
He wilts like a frozen bud,
Until another mail call drags
Him ploughing through the mud.

Now the moral is for folk at home,
Don't wait for him to write,
And don't just say "Dear Tom, must close,
I hope this finds you right."
A good long newsy letter
Is the best that you can yield,
In the way of downright service
To your Tommy in the field.

"THE LAST TRENCH."

(Written after a visit to a Canadian Cemetery behind the firing line.)

No ghostly marble here—
Just wooden crosses plain
That mark the daisy-covered mounds
Of these the heroes slain.
The name, the number, regiment,
The last brave manly deed,
These grim words "Killed in action,"
Is all that one may read.
The last, last trench,
Oh, what a deathless fame,
They've taken with their bleeding hearts
The last, last trench.

And musing on this hallowed ground,
I see a cottage fair,
Where maples shade the garden path,
How balmy is the air.
A grey-haired couple grace the porch,
Their far-off look is sad,
They see the lonely resting place
That claimed their soldier lad.
The last, last trench,
What love and sacrifice,
He crossed the sea and bravely took
The last, last trench.

Their far-off view was sunny peace,
And freedom was their breath,
Till smothered by the clouds of war
Which closed their eyes in death.
That beam of honour keen and fine,
Shall kindle us aflame,
That we may conquer—die at last,
For Canada's fair name.
The last, last trench,
An honoured goal to win,
We give salute and homage to
The last, last trench.

THOMAS HARTON.

OVERHEARD.

BILL.—"Going to Petty-wa-wa, next summer?"

JACK.—"Dunno, but it's Big-wa-wa this summer, alright."