

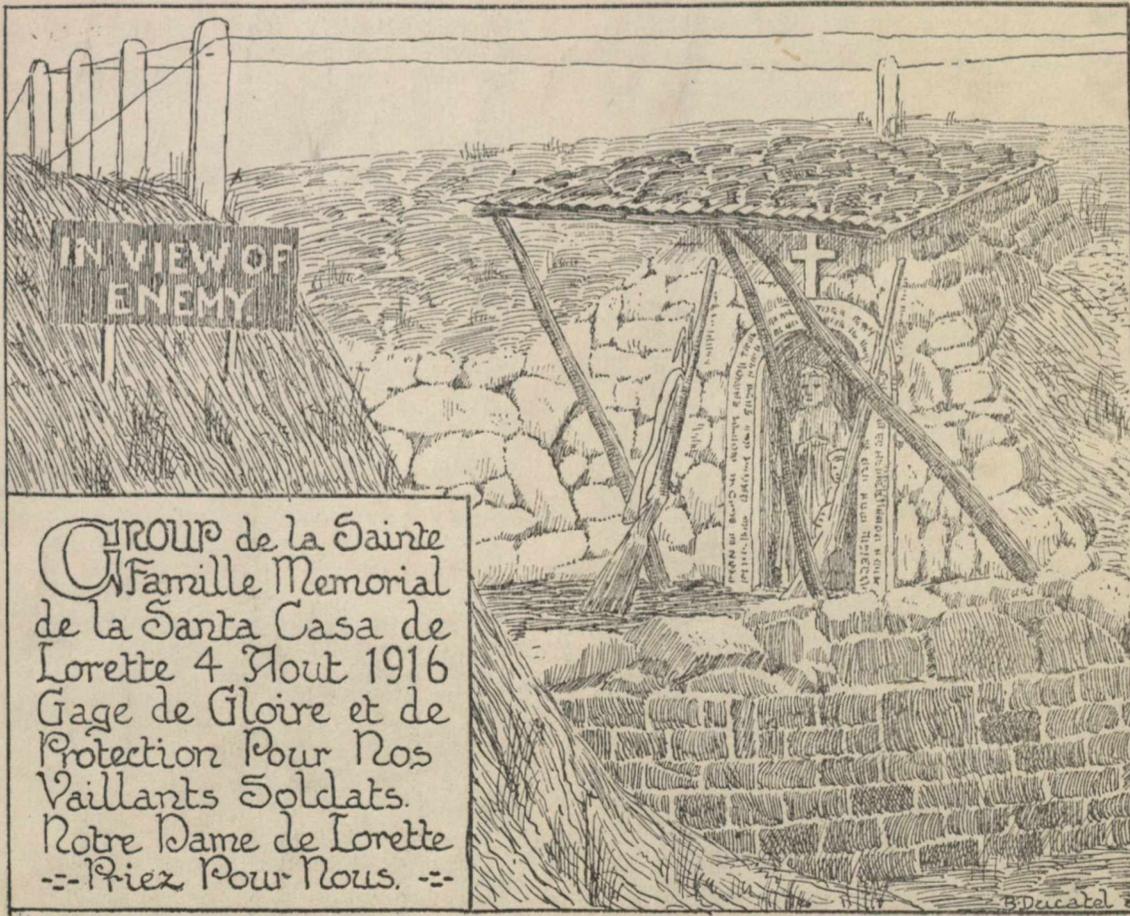
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THE

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# Iodine Chronicle

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**Midsummer Number**

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**1918**

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# The Iodine Chronicle

Printed by kind permission of Lt.-Col. GEORGE J. BOYCE, D.S.O., Officer Commanding.

MANAGING EDITOR: Capt. H. W. Whytock, M.C.

NEWS EDITOR: Sergt. J. H. Paulding.

No. 16.

JULY, 1918.

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## CONFEDERATION DAY.

Possibly this number will not reach our readers in time for Canada's anniversary. Still, our intentions were of the best, and if, perchance, there be some slight delay, we ask the kind indulgence of our many friends.

Still, the opportunity must not pass without referring to the momentous occasion which this Day marks in the history of our Homeland. Fifty-one years ago, the first of July, the Fathers of Confederation met and signed the pledge which brought together the four old Provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. This was the nucleus of the great Dominion of to-day. Since then Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan have joined the happy family, and it is not too much to hope, that as our population increases, some of the vast territories may be erected into Provinces and similarly join the Home circle.

To us Canadians on active service the Day has a particular significance. In spirit we are often back in the Land of the Maple Leaf, but on Confederation Day particularly do our thoughts dwell there, where those we love so well watch, and wait, and pray. And so, too, it is our earnest trust that the next anniversary may see us once more among them all, enjoying the blessings of Peace and Victory. Still, if circumstances should necessitate a longer stay, we are quite content, because our task here is to be completed, and we must settle the score of our brothers who have made the supreme sacrifice and gone before.

In the seat of Empire this occasion is marked by special celebrations. Britannia appreciates the generous response of one of her favourite daughters, and shows this sentiment in a most heartfelt manner. The Cause is close to us all, and all the young Dominions stand shoulder to shoulder. Out of the common association will grow mutual confidence, better understanding, brotherly consideration. Thus do we celebrate the Day, too, proud of the Great and Noble Land to which it is our honour and privilege to belong.

## CENTURION AMBULANS.

## CANADIAN LEAVE.

It seems just the other day that some of our old comrades of the 1914 class who were lucky enough to have been married before the war, packed their kits and left us on the long-expected leave to Canada.

We heard from some of them on their arrival in England, and later some of us received letters from Canada saying that they had arrived.

Our old associate Bob Ross has promised us some copy of his experiences, and we're looking to Bob to keep his promise.

This seems to be as far as the Government intend to go on their promise to take the 1914 men back to Canada on leave, and in our present position we can only "wait and see," and hope that this promise is not treated as "a scrap of paper."

Staff-Sergeant-Major W. D. Foran has returned from Canada after a prolonged stay, and reports conditions much as usual. Bill was one of the soldiers called out to the relief of the victims of the Halifax disaster, and tells great tales of his experiences.

Personally we could stand a lot of that Canada stuff.

Freddy Woods, late of C Section, we hear, is now a corporal on Medical Stores Staff, Ottawa.

Talk about Jack Horner, he had nothing on our Freddy in pulling out plums.

"Corporal Dan" Macdonald, who returned to Canada some time ago, is now, we understand, a captain in an infantry battalion in England.

We all expected to see Dan out here again, but in the infantry!!! Well, here's the best, Dan.

## CASUALTIES.

Since our last issue we have lost the valuable services of our Managing Editor, Captain H. W. Whytock, M.C., who was evacuated recently with a septic throat. At the base he underwent a serious operation for mastoid trouble, but we are pleased to be able to inform our readers that he is now making satisfactory progress in a London hospital.

Captain Whytock came to France in February, 1916, with a pioneer battalion, and served as their medical officer until he joined the ambulance in January, 1917. He proved himself to be a most efficient ambulance officer, taking every interest in the welfare of the unit and particular interest in the success of "The Iodine Chronicle."

Since he became Managing Editor we have seen many changes, and it is not too much to say that to-day the paper is better than ever, largely due to his enthusiasm and organising ability. This standard we hope to keep up and to realise the goal he looked forward to—a paper in which every member of the unit is interested and will support.

After Passchendaele, Captain Whytock was awarded the Military Cross for services rendered during the operations there, and has since been Mentioned in Dispatches. He was a deservedly popular officer with all ranks, and his many friends here wish him a speedy and complete recovery to perfect health.

We had a break in our luck a while back, and Captain F. W. Tidmarsh, Sergeant J. E. Doyle, Corporal A. K. Magner, M.M., L/Corporal H. Bailey, and Privates E. L. Brennan, F. T. Legg, M. Crossman and W. H. Chase went down the line as shell-gas wounded.

Sergeant Doyle and L/Corporal Bailey have returned to us, and we hope that when the others return to France they will rejoin us.

Wasn't it just like Pegg to blunder into the nicest kind of a "Blighty," and make England on it. Many of us will miss Peggie with his affected speech and his funny

walk. He was good company up the line; cool and calm at all times, and was always cheerful.

Red Roach was lucky enough to stop one in the right place and make "Blighty" on it.

Pte. Weddell, a comparatively recent arrival, was attacked in the rear by a piece of Krupp's best, and subsequently made England on it.

Pte. E. Enright hardly stayed with us long enough to get acquainted, he being seriously wounded in action soon after joining us.

We hope that he will regain the use of all his faculties, although we understand that he will carry the scars for life.

### UNIVERSITY OF VIMY RIDGE.

A purely Canadian effort, this, one of the best educational schemes ever tried on active service, it deserved to succeed, and that it failed can only be due to two causes, either it found no support among the rank and file of the Canadian Corps, or it was not organised on a sound basis. To us, it appears to have been the latter cause.

When the idea was first put forth I visited a small hut at a mining town, which had been lent for the purpose, and got in touch with the "Prof." He told me that the idea was to interest men on certain technical subjects which would enable them to get away with a good start on leaving the Army, in whatever work they preferred. That Khaki College at Witley was the mother organisation, and that the real work was expected to be done between the signing of peace and demobilisation.

That in this preliminary period they would take up four subjects, Science, Civics, Agriculture, and Business Efficiency, to which was afterwards added a French language class. These classes were to be held in the evenings. The agricultural class was held twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays. I was interested in this class and attended the lectures, six or eight of them in all, and was glad to see that practically the same faces came every time, and that they were the type of men that we shall need in the years to come.

However, at the end of about three weeks, the battalion to which our teacher belonged moved, and afterwards we could never get a professor to give us lessons. If it wasn't one excuse it was another, one battalion had no agricultural "prof.," another time a battalion was in charge of the hut and he had not arranged for lectures we were told. Finally the text-books began to disappear, and when we came to study the hut was locked, and then our unit moved.

Will those in power hear our voices crying in the wilderness and have compassion?

Here is the best manhood of Canada and the hope of our race in years to come; we have time which sometimes hangs heavy on our hands, and we want to fit ourselves for the return to civilian life.

Might we suggest that the work be handed over to the Canadian Y.M.C.A., who are equipped to let us have a meeting-place in every brigade area, can carry the text-books, and delegate an officer to supervise the whole course. Where a unit is separated and has enough men interested and a teacher they could be supplied temporarily with text-books.

Thus will a worthy educational scheme live, and the spare time of many a man be made profitable.

### THE "Y."

Wherever we move along the fighting area we have not long to wait before, in either a spare building, hutment or tent, there is a space furnished with tables, benches, and writing material, as well as a canteen where the smoker can buy his smokes, the hungry ones little extras, which, although commonplace in civilian life, are more than gold and silver out here, while the thirsty ones can find hot or cold drinks ready. Besides writing paper envelopes, they have magazines, books, and papers on hand, and in reserve areas concert and cinematograph tents.

This is the work of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., who have gradually built up an organisation which purchases supplies in Canada, transports them to France, has warehouses at the base, and advance depots near the front, from which they supply these branches, which is a credit to both the men responsible and the Canadian nation.

### THE SACRED ROAD.

We read in a contemporary journal that the French Government have practically decided to mark the line of what was for a long time "No man's land" by building a road from the sea to the Swiss border. This is an idea which has been discussed for a long time among us, and we think it will meet with general approval from those who have left friends and comrades along this winding line.

### ESTAMINETTS I HAVE SEEN.

We have all read about the spider who coaxed the fly into its lovely parlour, and how Mr. Fly fell for the soft words of the wise old spider, who was looking for a good fat meal.

The old story of the spider and the fly reminds me of the Mademoiselle, who stands in the doorway of the Estaminet, smiling, grinning, and showing a goodly amount of limb in a coquettish way, for the benefit of the poor unsuspecting Tommy, who passes by with his fifteen francs looking for a good investment.

When Tommy comes within firing distance, Mademoiselle immediately disappears into the Estaminet, leaving Tommy standing with his mouth open, drinking in the charms of the fair young lady, who so lately stood smiling in the doorway. He must have another look at the fair angel, and goes within the Estaminet, and no matter how sour the beer or wine may be, he stands by the counter drinking it and sweetening his beer or wine, as the case may be, with the occasional smiles Mademoiselle distributes among her patrons, who grow in number as the minutes after six o'clock pass by.

Have you ever seen the circus lady in her war paint, and heard her loving words for each and every lad who buys a diamond stick pin or set of cuff links? Well, then, you have a good idea how our Mademoiselle of the Estaminet looks and acts; in a charming way she asks first one Tommy if he loves her, and of course he does; then she asks the next Tommy if he loves her more than the Tommy next to him, and of course he does; so consequently competition is set going, and one Tommy tries to out-drink the other, ending at eight o'clock, both minus fifteen francs and waking in the morning with big heads and none too loving thoughts of Mademoiselle. By the time pay day rolls around again, both have forgotten their lesson, and the same thing happens again.

Mais c'est le guerre.

## EXCHANGES.

We aren't getting as many exchanges as we could wish for, and hope that any fellow-editor, especially of war papers, who sees this screed of ours will put us on his list.

## TRENCH PAPERS.

We have received a copy of "The Listening Post," and see that they, like ourselves, have decided that on account of war conditions they must either discontinue publication or raise the price of the paper.

However, no one could object to paying the price for the present number. The story of "The Ghost of the Old Chateau" is worth the price alone, not to mention the cartoons. The frontispiece and the story that goes with it is another tickler. Altogether it is hard to beat.

No. 37, "L'Echo des Guitounes" is also to hand, and has its usual humour and wit. They also mention contributions to the regimental funds and their disposal, also decorations and honours to members of the regiment.

They print an appeal in both French and English for a monument in memory of French and Allied Journalists of the Press at the Front who have fallen in action.

"Leon Rodier, Editor of 'L'Echo du Boqueteau,' was killed in action. Many others of our colleagues have met with the same fate. In agreement with our friend Pierre Calel, Editor of 'L'Echo des Gourbis,' we feel that it would be well to dedicate a monument, however modest it may be, to the memory of these brave men. What do our colleagues of the War Press think of the idea?"

"This appeal, and those raised by our friends Calel, 'L'Echo des Gourbis,' and Boudon, 'L'Echo du Boqueteau,' have been heard, and forty colleagues have sent in their adhesion to the project.

"But war papers, we know it, are not rich, so we shall require their moral support only. Those who would like to subscribe may do so, the others need not feel uneasy if they cannot, as we shall take care to publish at different dates, adhesions on the one hand, the subscriptions on the other.

"Two artists of great talent and noble heart, MM. Moreau-Vauthier, sculptor, and Roger Kohn, architect, both mobilized and at the front, have kindly offered to make the rough sketch of the monument.

"Monsieur le Payeur Principal Frances (secteur postale 152), is quite willing to act as treasurer.

To the three we respectfully express our deep gratitude."

Anyone who wishes to subscribe to this Fund should forward money to M. Frances as above.

## JOURNALS FROM THE BASES.

We have received No. 12 "La Vie Canadienne" (we nearly wrote "Parisienne"), and it is very good.

We see that they have French language classes, free to soldiers, also concerts and banquets (a la war-time). Their sports also take up some space.

They have a particularly good bit of verse on the famous "Bull Ring."

They also reprint from the "Daily Mail" an article entitled "Buttons," which will be echoed by many of us, so we will give it to you.

"I am in the British Army.

"I have more years of service than the oldest soldier.

"I am more heartily hated by my comrades than even the Hun.

"I am cursed more frequently than anything else in the Army.

"I fulfil no purpose other than keeping Tommy busy when he is off parade.

"I waste more of his time than anything else in the service.

"I consist of 104 separate parts, and need the constant attention of the soldier in whose charge I am placed.

"I cause him more punishment than does strong drink.

"I am an important factor in the conduct of the war when employed in a common-sense manner, though.

"I cost the tax-payers enough money to build countless aeroplanes.

"I am not in the business-like U.S., or the practical German Armies, consequently

"I am not cursed by those soldiers, neither do I cause them punishment, neither do I waste their time or their tax-payers' money.

"I am an excellent target in the sun, and am often the first part of the soldier to attract the attention of the Hun sniper.

"I am very useful, yea, indispensable to our enemy, and am eagerly collected and sent to Krupp munition plants, when I fall into his hands.

"I am not so plentiful now as formerly, and resent being thrown away in this manner when I could perform a truly useful service

"I am one of the few remaining relics of the old pre-war days, when tradition outranked expedition in the Army.

"I am wondering how long I am going to hold my present job, for I know I am not 'doing my bit.'

"I am the unnecessary brass on the King's uniform and equipment."

PAUL HAYES.

We have seen a copy of "Canadian Hospital News," which is published by various Canadian units in the neighbourhood of Buxton, Granville Canadian Special Hospitals, Canadian Discharge Depot, Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, and Canadian Officers' Convalescent Hospital. It is a small paper, but bright and witty.

A friend has sent us a copy of "The Record," published by the Labour Corps, an Imperial Unit. As it is published at the regimental depot, they draw their material from all their unit in the field. They also have a large number of advertisements, which must pay a large part of the cost. It is a very interesting paper.

We have received a copy of the "Maple Leaf Gazette," with a fine coloured plate of the King. This paper is the official journal of the O.M.F.C. (Overseas Military Forces of Canada), by which name our forces in England are now known. The material consists mostly of special articles, which are very good. They, too, apparently make advertisements pay part of the cost of the paper, which is very well printed, and costs 2s. 6d.

We have been sent by one of the 32's now in England, Sgt. Len. Crozier, a copy of "Princess Pat's Post," the journal of Princess Patricia's Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Gooden Camp, Bexhill. It is full of humour, and is an excellent paper.

A copy of "The Veteran," the official organ of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, is to hand. It is printed in Ottawa, and if they can keep it up to its present standard, it will be a valuable aid to us all when we doff the khaki. They hit out from the shoulder on problems of to-day and have ideas on future problems. They have many humorous articles, and even there they point a moral. Besides, it is well constructed, and will repay careful reading.

We have heard that "Amex," as the Yankee Army overseas is known, has a paper printed called "The Stars and Stripes," and we are anxious to see a copy. We hear that they have a reporter detailed to report news from the Front, and apparently it is to be an official journal.

A new journal has made its appearance, being called "The Sapper," the regimental journal of the Corps of Canadian Engineers. We understand that it is printed at their depot in England, and has correspondents in the various companies at the Front, who submit local news. This is an innovation, and we watch its career with interest.

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

These papers make us think of the old times again, when we used to take the girls out to dances and dinners, or else spend the evenings with the b-boys.

Some of them are heavy on the various new problems of the day, while others specialise on the social side of college life, but they are all good.

The following papers have arrived:—

"The Gateway," University of Alberta.

"The Manitoban," University of Manitoba.

"The Dalhousie Gazette," Dalhousie University.

#### POT-POURRI.

**THE BENEDICTS.**—You probably have observed how a certain number of young men are whistling, humming, singing, shouting, or otherwise giving utterance to the refrain of a certain popular song. Mayhap, you are doing the same.

The haunting strains of "He's more like a friend than a husband to me" carry a great deal of solace to the newly-wed husband; he who is still enshrouded in the mysterious glamour of the honeymoon. Somehow or other he gets the idea that the words exactly describe his own particular case, "I'm the exception," thinks he. Maybe he is, but he forgets that khaki lends a halo of romance to even the most commonplace individual. In the post-war days he will probably find that another popular song describes his case better. I refer to Miss Victoria Monks' song, "Everybody works but father."

**THE FARMERS.**—A recent news note has it that the Canadians are an army of farmers. It is easy to see how the English journalist got this interesting information. Those "leave farms" increase in dimensions at every "Blighty" pass. Some chaps, especially those happy owners of ten-acre ranches, can 'spiel off such a line as to almost deceive themselves. The Wise Men may have come from the East, but the disciples of Ananias certainly perambulate from the West.

#### CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE UNIT.

##### Honours and Awards.

##### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

Lieut.-Col. G. J. Boyce, Officer Commanding.

##### MILITARY MEDAL.

525526 Private H. J. Griffiths.

##### MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES.

Captain H. W. Whytock, M.C.

32910 Staff-Sergeant E. T. Westby.

#### THAT HOME-TOWN NEWSPAPER.

"GERMANY ASKS FOR PEACE," in red box-car letters right across the page, was what I saw when I opened the old home-town paper. It's great to get the home newspaper, but I never could figure whether it is sheer extravagant optimism or a faulty perspective which causes our "dinky" editors to make a headline out of the same news which finds itself in a short back-page paragraph of "The Daily Mail." But just the same, the old paper looks good to me. Here is Mrs. Jones organising a "shower" of socks and things for the soldiers—let's hope that the response will have Noah's flood beat for volume of precipitation.

And the Society columns. Oh, la! la! Did I ever in the past live in that world of Pink Teas and "charming hostesses," where the Mesdames Fluffy Hair and Middy Waists dispensed tea, smiles, and angel cake? Surely not. We'll turn to the next page and read with regret that the vaudeville orchestra has lost the distinguished services of O. U. Fidler, the first violinist, who has been called for service. Poor beggar, they have taken him to be a soldier; maybe Number Two wants a violinist, so perhaps he won't have to soil those delicate hands of his after all.

We'll pass over all the dances and picnics, they don't belong to our world; but here is the picture of a soldier, Private Swingit, returned from France, is given a splendid welcome home. His Worship the Mayor expresses, on behalf of the city, an appreciation of the magnificent bravery of this hero, and would ask him to accept this gold watch as a token of their gratitude. Say, fellows, how does that strike you? Guess our lucky star must have been on leave when we were born.

However, the old home-town paper is always welcome, although, as the poet said, "It sure does make I smile."

K. C. JONS.

On exploring the ration bag, Green Greenun asks, "Do they always pack the candles in butter, to prevent them from breaking?" But, really, the affinity of like for like is satisfactorily demonstrated by the way in which the butter and the candles usually emerge from the ration bag in close embrace.



The Kaiser: Mien Gott! der DRAFT iss der same kind of MAPLE KNOTS as der odders.

## "WHIZ-BANG MORTON."

Little Morton wasn't much of a man to look at. "Whiz-Bang" was the derisive misnomer applied to him by his comrades in arms. Oh, yes, he was a soldier. At least, he wore khaki, and every two weeks he presented his pay-book to the most popular man in the unit, viz., the Regimental Paymaster.

His mail was addressed to Sapper J. E. Morton, —th Co., Canadian Engineers, B.E.F., France, but his experience as a sapper or miner was so limited as to be almost nil.

You see, he wasn't one of the "old contemptibles," nor yet a "draftee" or "Military Service" man." He was merely one of the multitude of young Canucks who quietly stepped into the gap left by the "glorious dead" at Ypres and Festubert and other memorable places. Quite a commonplace young fellow with a mother and a sweetheart somewhere "back home."

During his short stay in France and in the rare intervals when he wasn't rustivating in the "clink," he collected a few souvenirs. For poor "Whiz," so provokingly slow in word and action, was yet fast enough to be always in trouble with the powers that be. Not a malicious chap, not one of the bad men by any means—just one of those unfortunates born under an unlucky star.

At various intervals and on several different occasions he has sent home such trophies as a German spiked helmet, a bayonet, a wrist-watch, a trench cap, a star-shell pistol, and a variegated collection of "Heinie" shoulder straps, numerals, and buttons.

But still he vaguely felt that there was a great want in the number of his war relics: an unknown something that was missing. At last he found the solution to the baffling problem.

It was just after the taking of a famous ridge by our troops. Back in a small town behind the lines he met a chap who was preparing a parcel of souvenirs to send home. Occupying the post of honour amongst his little stock was a German officer's cloak. — gorgeous garment of fine grey cloth, lined with rich scarlet silk. Immediately on sight of this splendid raiment, Morton knew that he had discovered his long-sought and greatly-desired treasure trove.

That night he looked on the wine when it was red, and also when it was white—in fact, he wasn't quite sure how many colours the liquor possessed. At any rate, he missed the night roll-call, and was "up for office" the next morning.

Now, his face was as familiar to the O.C. as the wife of that honourable but rather irritable gentleman, and "Whiz" was to him as red is to a bull. Added to this was a rather dark-brown taste in the O.C.'s mouth, an unpleasant relic of a banquet the evening previous. Hence the somewhat stiff sentence of fourteen days No. 1 which he issued out to poor Morton.

In the seclusion of the cellar of a deserted and dilapidated house which served as a prison-cell, "Whiz" learned of a bombing raid which was to take place that night. Then it was with the great idea "scintillating with brilliancy and suffused with glory," developed in his mind. He would volunteer to go on the raid, and with a little luck, he would be saved from an inglorious and distasteful period of detention, and, what was of greater import, he might secure the coveted prize of which he dreamed.

The night was dark. Not an ordinary darkness, but a dense, black, inky cloud of a night, in which the end

of a lighted cigarette gleamed like a veritable red star. Slowly and carefully picking their way through the numerous shell-holes and the curling, clinging masses of broken barbed wire, a small party of men was heading over "No man's land" in the direction of "Fritzie's" front line.

At various intervals along the Brigade front, numerous other parties were emulating our party, but with them we have no dealing.

Third in line, and closely shadowing a bombing sergeant, "Whiz-Bang Morton" trudged manfully on, heavily laden with the various impedimenta which he was to use in the "scrap."

Some engineering genius had discovered a new method of destroying dug-outs and blocking trenches. The work of the sappers in the party was to operate the explosive system, and each man was detailed to a dug-out or part of the trench which was to be his particular objective.

As soon as the party came within bombing distance of "Fritzie's" line, the bombers rained a volley of "Mills" at it, and immediately the explosions were silent the entire party moved forward at a run.

Rushing directly for the dug-out to which he has been assigned, "Whiz" stumbled and slid downstairs. The stairway had one turning in it, about half way down it diverted at a right-angle. Turning the corner swiftly with his rifle ready, he caught a glimpse of a white staring face, and then came a flash of light, a sharp report, and he felt a stinging pain in his left hand.

Holding his rifle in the crook of his arm, he fired point blank at the face. Without pausing he flew down to the chamber below, and immediately he knew that his luck was in. The room had evidently been used as a headquarters of sorts, judging from the amount of official documents lying around on the tables and on files. At the far end, where another entrance opened out, he saw a crumpled heap on the floor, where it had rolled down from above. But what appropriated the major portion of his attention was an article of military apparel which hung from a nail on the wall. It was an officer's cloak.

Quickly he laid his charge of explosive, and lighting the fuse he ran upstairs and made for the point where the party entered.

Too excited to think lucidly of anything, he still retained a firm hold of his prize. Stumbling along in the darkness, he became aware of a peculiar pain in his left hand and arm, but could not quite make out what it was.

Then it was that he found young Stewart, a lieutenant in his company, who had been hit in the leg and couldn't walk. Somehow or other they got to an R.A.P., and both made "Bl'gthy."

"Whiz" now has only one finger and a thumb on his left hand, and will probably be discharged, but he doesn't worry much. The silk-lined coat is in Canada, so he is satisfied.

## BOXING.

Quartermaster-Captain J. S. Walker is open to box all comers for the Flyweight Championship—Marquis of Queensberry Rules. Best purse accepted.

The fight between Johnny Canuck and Heine Allemande is still in progress. In a few words with Johnny at the ringside he tells me he is reserving his famous ridge punch, that one which gave him a good start on points, and is developing a new one. The odds are still in his favour, for Heine, although staying with it, practically admits he was bluffing and needed the mon badly.

CUB.

## KISMET.

"Yes, sir; I believe a man is safe until the shell comes with his number on, and then it'll dodge round the traverse and turn a few hand-springs to get him, and what is more, I don't believe mine has left Krupp's yet."

It was Sandy speaking, and it was the inevitable old topic of narrow escapes and coincidences, which somehow always happen to crop up when we are round the dug-out brazier. But Sandy got no further with his "spiel," for the rations arrived, and with them a big Canadian mail, of which, Sandy, as usual, got a big share. For Sandy has as many friends in Canada as he has in the Battalion, and such a good-natured, indefatigable lad as he helps a fellow with his friendship. No matter how miserable the weather, and the fatigue, he was always smiling and cheerful; he simply refused to get "fed-up," and fought against it as a disease.

But the reading of the mail even was interrupted, for in drifted the S.M. and corraled the bunch of us for a special working party. How a fellow hates to leave his mail half-read, especially after waiting two weeks for the "only girl," whether wife, mother, sister or fiancée, always writes something worth while, but we had to pocket our letters, adjust our respirators, and beat it.

I guess our thoughts were far away, as we wandered down the trench, for we scarce noticed the few shells that were coming over, until with a whizz-thud, a "dud" hit the trench mat, almost at Sandy's feet. 'Twas full moon and very bright, so that Sandy was able to have a good look at the shell, which, had it burst, would have cleaned up a few of us.

"It's got me number," yells Sandy, "me number down pat, and it's a 'dud.'"

We had a difficulty to persuade him not to carry the shell away, but finally he "cached" it away, declaring that "he'd have the shell-nose anyway," and off we started down the trench again, Sandy in the lead.

"Just a couple of feet and I'd have got it fair on the 'bean,' and 'napoo,' anyway, 'dud' or not," and so he kept on talking, all tickled to death with his "close one," so that he passed the "Keep low" sign where Heinie often enfilades the trench with his machine guns. So we yelled to Sandy, but as we spoke a gun rattled, and he reeled and dropped. The bullet had got him, and got him good, too. Buck chased off back to the aid-post for a stretcher, while Slim and I got a field dressing on his wound, and although we had a rough trip back to the M.O.'s dug-out, the plucky little beggar never let out a groan, but talked some about "troubling us and sorry he couldn't walk."

The M.O. could do nothing much for him but hurry him out, for, the sergeant told us, he hadn't much of a chance.

But game to the last the plucky little beggar wished us good luck, and as the Field Ambulance carried him out he called, "And don't forget, boys, like I did, that machine gun bullets don't have numbers."

They buried him the next day, and when we went out for rest we fixed his grave up.

And now as we sit around the brazier and talk about our narrow escapes, we think of Sandy, although somehow we rarely talk about him, for he is gone and we miss him; yet we don't mourn him, for it is us and those dear to him who lose most in losing Sandy. For he had gone to solve the Big Mystery, and while Sandy wasn't what you might call religious, he was a good friend, true and honest, and he never went back on a chum; kind and

thoughtful at all times, he was a good soldier and a real man, and if the Big Boss of the Universe expects any more of us than this, the future is going to be mighty hard on the rest of us.

With the coming of Spring comes sports, and as gladly as we welcomed the warm sunshine, so also did we embrace the opportunity afforded us for good, clean, healthy sport, and although not heading the honours list in the Brigade Sports Meet, we may congratulate ourselves there are lower places than that which we occupy, and that's a good sign for divisional sports. Sniping eggs and milk is good innocent amusement, but the young blood demands something more strenuous these days, and "Barkis is willin'" seems to be the slogan, for everybody is doing something, some running, some playing "ball," some football, and some "kicking," although happily there were very few entrants in this last event, and with a continuance of the *esprit de corps* shown the unit should have a very successful season.

"Practice makes perfect," and Carroll in the 220 yards and Owen in the mile certainly showed the lack of same; as also Schell and McLean in the jump. Whilst all four were successful in being "placed" and gathering points, they showed the "spring meeting feeling" too markedly to be passed up, but on present form and with the very essential training they should "carry lots of money" in the Corps sports.

Before leaving field events, mention should be made of the boys who pulled together on the tug-o'-war team. Rather than let the event pass without a "rep." team from the unit, they made one up on the field. That's the spirit, Sir Biddeley, and lots of it, eh?

The ball team, under the able management of Captain Thomas, have so far "come through with the goods," as was anticipated, for whilst not winning the Brigade championship, they clearly demonstrated how they could win the divisional. Yes. It's some lubricant, Practice. The absence of Thorsteinson from the game, owing to sickness, robbed the team of a very valuable asset, but he'll be around soon. Yes. Nig can play ball all right, and he didn't learn it in France. He's from "those pine-clad sandy slopes."

The first game of the series requires very little description, it being more of a "work-out" than a series game. "Stiky" Kribbs at one time made third base on that smooth glide of his, and that and Bessey's smart double play were the outstanding features of the game. Owing to a late start the game was declared in the third innings with the score standing at 16-2 in our favour. Maybe headquarters did not come to play ball but to witness the 1st and 3rd Battalion game, but the work-out showed a few weak points, which were remedied in the next game, when we beat the 4th Battalion 9-5.

Jumbo, "the bloke wot frows the ball," was as smooth as ice in January, and he pitched good stuff until the 8th, when the opposition got a little fresh, and loose fielding gave the 4th Battalion five runs. "Soixante-dix," after several attempts to catch foul balls, brought off a very sensational play by running, sliding, and finishing half-way under a barbed-wire fence on his back, with the ball safe in his mitt. That put the lid on the 4th, and left us the chance of pulling off the championship, but the 3rd Battalion, who had been resting since their last game, found our boys a trifle tired and stale, and they were not slow to realize their luck, and scored a win of 11-3 over us. The play was good for awhile, but on the whole very loose, "Soixante-dix" throwing wild on

several occasions, while Merrick made a bad fumble on third, which added greatly to the luck the third were having. Arty Monette retired in favour of Jumbo, but he, too, soon showed signs of the previous day. Confidence is half the game, and had the team become a little more confident than they were at one stage of the game, the score would have been much smaller, with the possible chance of a win. Long played good ball throughout, as also did Schell, but all showed too much the effect of the previous day's game. Now the warm weather has come to stay, I venture to suggest that the daily rum ration be discontinued, and an issue of "practice" be substituted. It's up to the quartermaster. Oh, he'll come through, boys. He'll come clean.

Unfortunately, the football camp were up against things when they had to find a team for the competition, but rather than ignore the appeal for an entry, a reserve or B team made a trip to the School, where they were defeated 5-0 by Headquarters team. The experiment of running a B team, for experiment it was, proved more than satisfactory, insomuch that talent was unearthed which promises good for the future, and it has been decided to keep the team intact for awhile, to see the results of a little training. Arrangements have been completed for the procurement of a new outfit, consisting of jerseys, knickers, and boots, and then with a little of the much-needed support, it's the Corps championship for No. 1. It's time it came this way. Any men desirous of a try-out for B team get busy and hand in your name to Lance-Corporal H. E. Fletcher. Don't stay away 'cos you think you can't play—B team wants "triers."

One word in conclusion—If you want to get in on any of the games or sports, don't say to yourself, "I'm not good enough," and leave it at that. Jump into the game for all you are worth, 'cos if you've the inclination you've got it in you somewhere, and a little work-out practice will soon show it, and you may rely on the remainder of the boys noticing it, and they will show you how to develop it. Don't let that tired feeling beat you to it, but avail yourself of every spare minute for a little recreative exercise, if it is only walking, and you'll feel better for it. No one will kick, unless perhaps the quartermaster, for exercise and sport increases one's appetite, but do not let that deter you—take chances, it's worth it.

CUB.

**ADDLED ADS.**

Wanted.—Paperhangers, painters, whitewashers, etc. A few vacancies as Staff-Sergeants are open to experienced men. Only those used to best work need apply.—Squealed, Jammed and Lanced Co., France.

Iron Workers, Boiler-makers, and Metal Workers of all kinds wanted at once as dressers. First-aid taught.—Apply P., office of this paper.

Are You a Cook?—Get your name on our lists for first-class carpenters. Great demand at present. Union wages paid.—BX19, Poste Restante.

Lumbermen, woodcutters, trappers, and all men used to healthy, up-country life, wanted as Orderly-Room Clerks. Long hours and not much to do. Writing not essential. We will sign the pay-roll for you.—The Field Punishment Co., France.

Cooks Wanted.—Previous experience not necessary. All men with knowledge of book-keeping or dispensing, musicians, preachers, and ice-cream manufacturers are eligible.—Apply at once, "Called Twins Pie Joint," Corner of Maconochie's and Stores.

**WHEN IN FRANCE**

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THE ALLIES' LUNCH COUNTER.

Rossini and Ashetti, Proprietors.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Visit the Japonaise Tea-room. Afternoon Teas our speciality.

OUR CABARET IS UNEQUALLED.

Music with your Meals.

**TO-NIGHT'S PROGRAMME.**

6.30 p.m. Signor Caruso will sing

"O! MACARONI! MEZZANI!"

FROM

"THE CAVALIER WHO RUSHED THE CAN."

8.30 p.m. Signor Rossini will sing

"THE LAST SCENE OF SUPPER,"

FROM

"THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR,"

Ably assisted by His Master's Voice.

Come and hear our wonderful

GRAMOPHONOLIA.

All the latest Revue numbers, including—

"Tipperary," "British Artillery," "Sister Susie,"

"Trail of the Lonesome Pine," etc., etc., etc., etc.

GOOD SHOOTING IN THE VICINITY.

Terms on application to—

BILLIOUS BOUGES *Conciergerie.*

**THE VILLAGE BLACKLEG.**

This is a title of a poem which has been going the rounds of college papers published in Hoosier institutions in Indiana.

"Under the peaceful olive tree, the German Kaiser stands; a mighty man of peace is he, with large and sinuous plans; the meaning of his peaceful terms is false as a devil's ban. His cloak of guile is thick and long, his face is like the Hun; he's coated o'er with Belgian gore, he robs the helpless one; he smites the whole world in the face, expecting it to run.

"Week in, week out, from throne and camp, you hear his bellows roar; he bellows peace, but all the while he spreads his conquests more. You can't believe a word he says; he's rotten to the core. The children all are taught at school the Kaiser to adore—'Gott mit uns,' 'Uber alles,' and 'Kultur,' and such-like lore. But he sows their bones to gain his ends, like chaff from a threshing floor.

"He takes the place of God and Church; he stretches forth his hands to grasp the crown of all the world, and gives his dread commands—so under the peaceful olive tree the German Kaiser stands."

**A SIMPLE WOODEN CROSS.**

In Memoriam of the late Private L. B. Bryant, No. 528533.

We'll ne'er forget you, Comrade!  
And should God it will we pass your way,  
A silent prayer we in homage pay.  
That He rests with you in your sleep so sound  
In the grave—that grave, a grass-grown mound  
O'erplanted a simple wooden cross.

They'll ne'er forget you, Comrade!  
God comforts them in their grief; and though they mourn,  
They rejoice! Was not Christ, the Son of Man, born  
To die for the Freedom and Liberty of us all?  
Did not He at Calvary answer the Call  
On a simple wooden Cross?

God ne'er forgets you, Comrade!  
And when the Herald Angels sound the last "Fall In"  
On Judgment Day, Christ, Master of Sin,  
From His throne in realms supernal,  
Will give unto you Life Eternal,  
For on earth you carried a heavy wooden Cross.

JOSEPH H. SHIMMEN.

VERSE AND REVERSE.

In a recent issue of the "Red Magazine" there appeared a short poem signed by "J.K.L.," entitled "When he kissed her." The first spasm begins "He kissed her on the balcony—it was a dreadful sin." Now, consider these beautiful words for a short time—"He kissed her on the balcony." Just what did the muse mean? Did he mean to a-muse us? What part of a woman's anatomy is her "balcony"? We have heard of such parts as the "dial," the "map," the "mush," and the "upper storey," but never of a "balcony."

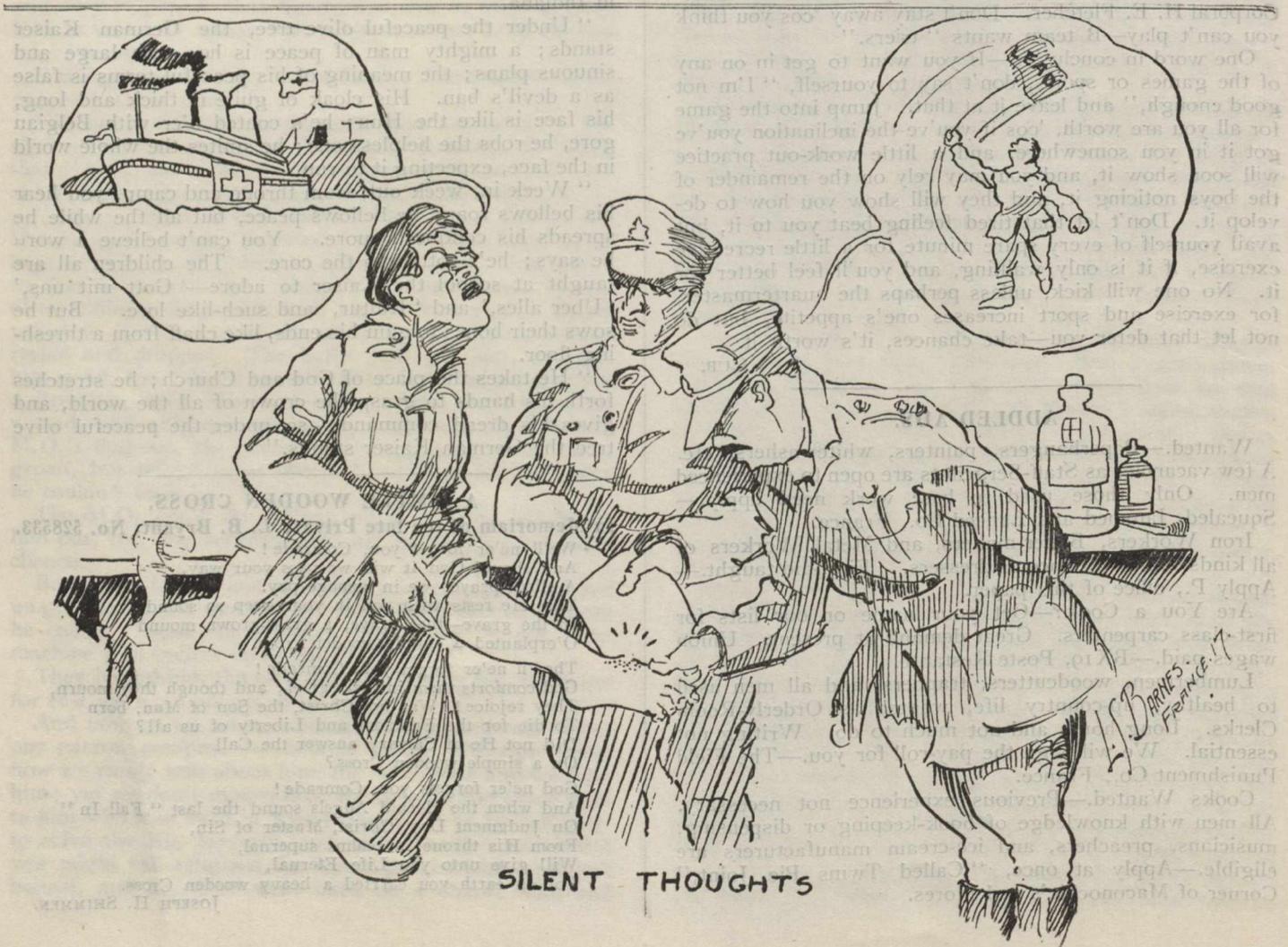
One thing is certain—it must have been an unwarranted outrage; it must have been an act in the direct contravention of the laws of Mrs. Grundy, hence the second line, "It was a dreadful sin."

This is a terrible accusation, for it indicates to what degradation the individual referred to had sunk. What a low, depraved wretch he must have been! Then it shows again how lofty are the ideals of the illustrious author; and yet, withal, our modern verse is sadly inferior in quality and morality to that of "Auld Lang Syne."

Now take that popular song, for instance—I mean that universal favourite, "When you wore a tulip and I wore a big red rose." There's a low-down silly song; think of the thousands, aye, millions of innocent children who are daily singing those awful words. They will chatter and hum without knowledge of their horrible intent. Just think of them—"When you wore a tulip and I wore a big red rose." I'm quite positive that the man who

wrote that song must have been prevaricating; he must have been picturing how he would like to have acted, not as he actually did do. I'm sure that he isn't a married man. No! he must be a bachelor. If he were married, his wife would never allow him to publish broadcast the story of his misdeeds. Of course, he might be a Hawaiian or a South Sea Islander, who had emigrated to a northern clime, and was only reflecting on the days of his youth. It's a certainty that he didn't run around Chicago or Toronto in that garb. Even the cabaret artistes in those salubrious places have to wear a little more than a tulip or a rose. I confess that some of them were very little more, still, we have stony-hearted men of law who are adamant in their demands regarding morals.

But, to go back to my original contention, that the old-time poetry was better than that of the present day. Take, for example, that beautiful song, "Sweet Marie." You know how it goes, "Sweet Marie, come to me; come to me, sweet Marie." There's a gem for you. The man who wrote that knew what he was doing. I'll wager that he married a widow; at least, he was certainly wise in the ways of women. You see how he gets her both ways—coming and going. "Sweet Marie, come to me, come to me, sweet Marie." That's putting over the double cross on her and making her like it. In trench parlance, "that's the stuff to give 'em." You don't find such verse nowadays; like going to church and the weekly bath, it's a forgotten art.



SILENT THOUGHTS

**WANTED! AN ANSWER!**

For the past two months, an old Yorkshire friend, Joe Hey, has been worrying himself considerably. The reason I succeeded in finding out the other day, and taking into account all the facts of the case cannot at all blame him. To receive an answer to a very important question which concerns his and others' welfare is that which is causing the worry. Rather than see our friend fade away in health and strength, and seeing that it is not likely that he will receive the answer from the source he expected it, probably some of the readers of the "Iodine Chronicle" will be able to furnish it him. Being a unique individual himself, he has a unique way of expressing himself, so that may be the reason for the delay in the answer. Well, we will leave the reader to judge for himself. The following is the letter Joe wrote to his prospective wife:—

Somewhere in France.  
6th March, 1918.

Darling,—I think the time has arrived for me to ask you a question; an important question, to which I have given a lot of thought during the past two years, and I feel I must now speak that which is in my heart. I have tried hard to absorb within my mind the little difficulties and perplexities which your answer may entail. Think it over, darling, and when you have pondered it sufficiently let me know the truth right from the depths of your heart. Remember, the answer may mean the blighting of our future lives. You may think it presumption on my part, if so, I can only hope and pray for forgiveness and that my boldness may be overlooked. Please do not keep me waiting too long for an answer. I shall be waiting in feverish anxiety for your reply, so, darling, I will not beat about the bush any longer, but come to the point right away—When will the war be over?

Yours in agonised anticipation,  
JOE.  
W. H. H.

If a man joins the Canadian Army Medical Corps, he has two chances. He may be sent to a hospital or to a field ambulance. If he goes to a hospital he's jake, for he never goes near the war. If he goes to a field ambulance, he has two chances; he may be put in a tent section, or he may be a stretcher-bearer. If he is in the tent section he's jake, as he keeps out of the trenches. If he is a stretcher-bearer, he has two chances; he may be killed, or he may be wounded. If he's wounded, he's jake, as he gets a trip down the line, and may reach Blighty. If he is killed he has two chances; he will either go to heaven or go to hell. If he goes to heaven, he's jake for the duration of eternity. If he goes to hell, he has two chances; he may be put to shovelling coal, or he may just sit around and watch the steam-gauge.

P. M. B.

A Scottish lance-jack attached to a town-major's staff, after having had an injured hand dressed several times, confided to the dresser that he had been a medical orderly in India.

However, he came in later when the dresser was out, and induced one of the boys to put sulphur ointment on it because the jar was in the same place that the last ointment was got from.

**LAYS OF A LINSEED LANCER—No. 3.**

He sat until the midnight hour  
Gave place to morning light;  
The way he played those records o'er—  
Good Lord! it was a fright.  
Although within my bunk I groan,  
His hand he would not stay;  
He worked that squeaky gramophone  
Until the break of day.

I often thought, upon the spot,  
Amidst war's grim alarm,  
If ever in my wno.e long life  
I'd done him any harm.  
And as he winds that jimcrack up,  
I wonder which 'twill be—  
A solo by Caruso, or  
The "British Artillerie."

Oh! it's gramophone for breakfast,  
And it's gramophone for lunch;  
It's a never-ending torment,  
And I've got an awful hunch.  
If he gives us some for dinner,  
And a little more for tea,  
In a new more weary months it's  
In the "Bughouse" I shall be.

I would not hurt his feelings  
Because the Padres say  
That I'll know the fellow better  
When the mists have rolled away.  
So when the last loud trump shall blow,  
Saint Peter, use him well;  
Send our dear dentist home to Heaven,  
And his gramophone to ———.

R. J. R.

**TO THE EDITOR.**

I observe in your Easter Number an article dealing with the exchanges made by the various Trench Magazines.

Included in the list is that journal called "The Breath o' the Heather," which is the official publication of the 236th Canadian Battalion, popularly known as the McLean Kilties of America. This magazine, as you remarked, has, up-to-date, been devoted exclusively to the advocacy of recruiting.

In the particular number which was published while Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie and staff were in Boston, Mass., there appears, as a decorative border to a group photograph of Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie and family, a held view of two officers wearing the regulation "kilty" uniform and seated astride two doubtful-looking equines.

Now, I have never had the pleasure of viewing the McLean Kilties on parade, but I hardly think that the officers of that gallant Battalion are accustomed to indulging in the strenuous art of horsemanship, clad in the conventional Hielan' garb.

Of course, these gentlemen might be close students of the classics, and were merely enacting a masculine emulation of Lady Godiva of Coventry, who rode a horse "clad only with chastity." Still, in this prosaic age, the spectacle is, to say the least, ridiculous, and certainly mirth-provoking. It reminds me of Harry Lauder's skit, in which he, in the character of a Scottish country "gawk," desiring to enlist in the army, is somewhat confused in his ideas of the service. When asked by the recruiting sergeant what regiment he would like to join, he retorted rather shortly, "Niver min' whit regiment; just gie's a horse and a set o' kilts an' let's awa' toe the front."

If this was an artistic error, then the publishers had better engage a new illustrator.

I enclose a copy of the page on which the "Bull" appeared.

NEMO.

## THAT NEEDLE.

"Are you goin' to swallow the sword to-day?" "Come on there, Bert." "Here's Shorty, he's the little man." "Where's old Paul?" "Where's Orders?" "How's the old wing?" "Take the full dose and you'll be finished." "No, I've got to work to-morrow, I'm on the ball team." "I've got to keep the Ford on the road, but I'll send some of the boys along." [Aside] "Say, Cap., what's it worth to mark my paybook in the rush?" This is a sample of the prelude to the inoculation parade.

Just then the whistle blows for five minutes to parade time, and the men have been watching the preparations trail along the road. The dispensary is in the centre room of a tumble-down cottage, and Ben and Earl have been polishing up the instruments and heating the water to boil them in.

Some of the sergeants are standing in the door of their billet, which adjoins the "chamber of horrors," a couple of French children are peeping out of the other door, while the men have had it under observation from all available angles.

Now enters one of our officers, who lays aside his coat and hat, rolls up his sleeves, polishes his bald pate, while his fellow inquisitor uncaps his fountain pen, tests it for ink, and a happy smile wreathes his face.

The section sergeant enters, salutes, and reports his section ready for the ordeal. This is evidently red tape, as you can hear various exclamations, "What's the idea, guy," "This dope isn't any good to you," "I've been vaccinated seven times, jabbed twice for wounds, and three times with this stuff," "I'm a sick woman, I am."

However, they all go through the mill, have their paybooks collected, roll up their sleeves, get the dab of iodine somewhere on the upper arm, get the needle, retrieve their paybooks, and retire.

Now comes the turn of the sergeants and officers or such as be persuaded to get it over with. Wag sends a few of the boys up and the boys call it a day.

It's all a grab-bag (reminds me of the fishpond at the church fairs at home); you never get what you expect; "you pays your money and you takes your chance." I've had them when I felt fine the day after, and I've had them when I had an arm like a leg and felt like a man convalescent from a long sickness for a week following.

## TO OUR COMRADES.

It is now our time to mourn our dead, "Chacun á son tour," as our Allies say, and when we consoled with them a short time ago, when their hospitals were bombed by the despicable Hun, we knew that some day our turn would come.

After four years of war the German is still a German, and their name stinks in the nostrils of a saddened world.

On a clear moonlight night Fritz's airmen hovered over our base hospitals and used the blood-red cross for a target, and when their bombs were exhausted they descended and raked the ruins with machine-gun fire.

Of former members of our unit who were at these hospitals, it is rumoured that Emil Martin and J. J. Dawson were killed.

To their parents and relatives we send our deepest sympathy, and to our murdered comrades we say, "Peace be with you."

## CONFECTIONS.

Tommy to French urchin: "Is yer Mar-malade?"  
French urchin (decisively): "Jam(ais)."

"Is Love that makes the world go round," but rum will have the same effect, if consumed in double issues.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but laziness is more prevalent than either.

"Rolling stones gather no moss," but who wants to be a moss-back, anyway?

"It's a long lane that has no turning," and estaminets are more numerous than cross-roads.

## A CONTRAST.

*St. Laurent Blangy.*

See, reeking there, beyond the hill,  
The shattered village, bleeding still  
From murd'rous blows, designed to kill  
The blooming beauty there.

Tall trees around the Chateau strive  
To keep that beauty still alive,  
And budding banks and hedge contrive  
To show fond Nature's care.

The sylvan sward of verdant green,  
The rippling lakes that intervene;  
To where the silver Scarpe is seen,  
So slowly surging on.

All sullied now, and grimed and stained  
By blood of men. No end attained  
Save savage lust and Nature pained,  
Her virgin fairness gone.

*Villiers Sir Simon.*

A tree-lined road, full leaved and sweet,  
Leads to a winding, cobbled street,  
The red tiled cots vine-clad and neat,  
The brick-walled pond and square.  
There, vein-like, branching roads appear,  
To neighbouring hamlets far and near,  
The white-walled chapel spires rear  
Into the scented air.

'Mid fields of ripening grain there stands  
A winding mill. And scattered bands  
Of toiling peasants. Busy hands

That never seem to cease.  
Full-laden orchards, all a-sound  
With childish laughter. Birds around  
The lowing cattle, homeward bound—  
Ah! surely this is Peace.

NEMO.

"A thousand dollars for your temperature! A thousand dollars for your temperature! And I can afford it." How the mighty have fallen! say I, but when the M.O. at the C.C.S. says "You will have to go to the base by hospital train to-morrow"—A thousand dollars for your temperature!!!

When the V.A.D. at the base brings in a basin of warm water and says, "Wouldn't you like to have a sponge? It will make you feel so much better," though you are in bed and half asleep, and though for years you have never been accustomed to have a bath more than once a day, it's worth the thousand for the temperature, and you're just as fond of water as a duck.

When the M.O. comes in at the base, quite worried and discouraged, and says with a resigned air, "You don't seem to be doing well here; we'll have to send you to England on sick leave," then those words flash back to your memory, and you are at last firmly convinced that in this frail flesh we are all liable to make mistakes. A thousand dollars for a temperature? "Why, man, to sit in dis game a thousand wouldn't pay for de chips."

**CANTEEN FEVER.**

An epidemic has broken out among canteen men of various units lately. It does not seem to be confined to any division or corps.

**Symptoms.**

The persons infected are restless and subject to hallucinations. They cannot sleep or eat regularly, and appear to be in a highly nervous condition. They are unable to sleep at night, and can be seen during the night and early morning on their way to the nearest E.F.C., where they roll themselves in their greatcoats and try to sleep. About five a.m. they arise and write the names of their units, in rotation, on a piece of cardboard, then they all gather at the nearest house where they can get eggs and coffee.

When interrogated they claim that everyone is trying to cheat them of their share of supplies, and that the list is their only way of getting a fair show, although they will tell you that even that is not run properly.

While in the canteen queue the sight of an officer, divisional canteen man, or Church Army representative purchasing, causes them to show signs of insanity.

On hearing that no trucks have arrived after they have waited since three a.m., they appear depressed; but the news of a large shipment of supplies being in seems to quiet them, and they begin figuring on spare pieces of paper and searching for liquor vouchers.

**Causes.**

Depression caused by domestic troubles and the repetition of the phrase, "When are you going to get some [insert the name of anything that you like]?" and a shortage of supplies at the E.F.C.

**Treatment.**

They should be sympathized with and persuaded to keep away from their canteens when customers are told that no supplies have arrived. Transport N.C.O.'s should not complain to them when wagons return empty.

A No. 9 and four grains of quinine might be advisable to counteract the effects of sleeping out at night, but the best treatment is plenty of cigarettes, biscuits, chocolate, and spirits.

**THE SHRINE.**

1.

Nestling beneath yon shady tree,  
Stands a weather-beaten shrine,  
Erected to the One Supreme—  
A holy, sacred sign.

2.

For years it's watched men come and go  
Along the roads of life;  
For years it's listened to the tales  
Of sorrow, love and strife.

3.

Forever will its secrets keep,  
Though its portals rot, and hinges creak;  
Through ages long its silence steep,  
Until it falls a scattered heap.

Sorrow and joy,  
Sunshine and rain,  
Is a mixture of happiness,  
Sadness and pain.

Like a slowly burning candle,  
So we live our life,  
Knowing that the end is coming,  
When radiance turns to night.

So let us all be ready,  
When that time shall come,  
Passing from this Earth in peace,  
Knowing our work's well done.

**A SOLDIER'S DICTIONARY.**

**Skinner:** A driver in the Horse Transport, A.S.C. A very unpopular person before an inspection, who is usually regarded as riding a horse or dodging work.

**Woodbine:** A soldier in the Imperial Forces, probably given because of their fondness for the cigarettes of that name.

**Jerry:** The person who lives the other side of the wire fence. A disagreeable person who is bent upon moving the line fence to his own advantage, and when caught at it looks pitiful and cries "kamarad." Otherwise known as Fritz, the Boche, the despicable Hun, and various unprintable names.

**Jakaloo:** Commonly shortened to "jake." Means, just right. Sometimes emphasized by the French word "tres," pronounced "tray jake." Origin not known.

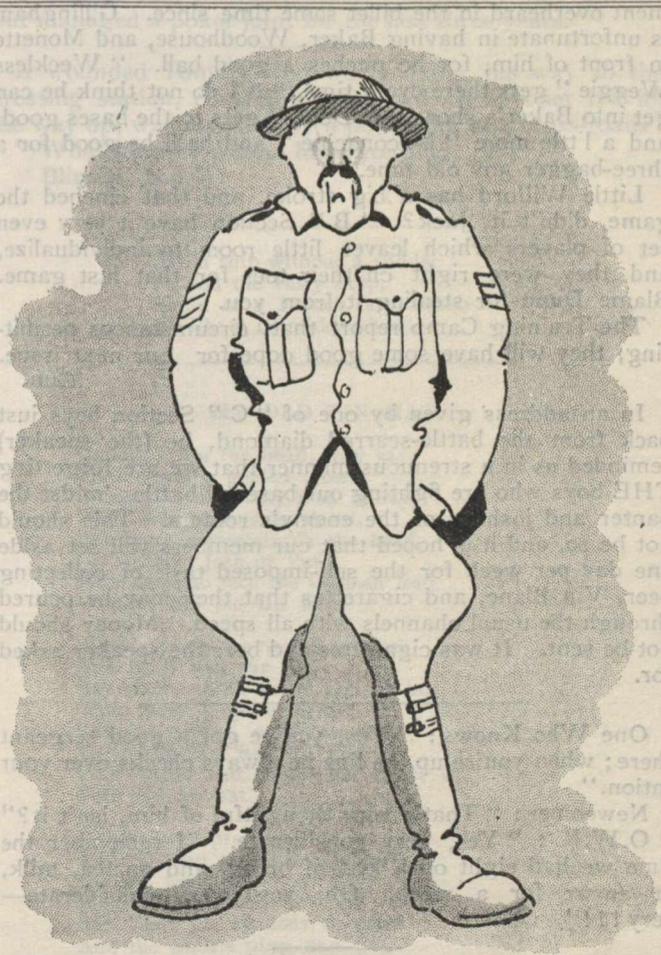
**Kiswaski:** A term used to denote anything which you are in a hurry to speak of and which everyone is supposed to know.

**Gadget:** See kiswaski.

**Hubajew:** See Gadget.

**Hujokapivy:** See hubajew.

**Buckshee:** A term used for a second helping at the cook-house, or a free meal. Also a name for anyone who tries to get more than his share of anything. Origin not known; probably brought from the East.



**Fed up?  
Nothing to do?  
Then why not write home?**

(Dunc.—B.C.R.D., Seaford.)

## BASEBALL BUNTS.

With the exception of two minor games, the club has been devoting its time to workouts and making "Diamonds." I do not mean to infer they have found a get-rich-quick recipe for making diamonds. We are talking Ball now!! and laying out a diamond on a field such as we had thrown at us entails quite a lot of work. Section men can correct this statement if I err in my surmise.

The arrival of Corporal Baker is welcomed by all in the unit, but from outside information we hear he had caused consternation, and our old-time opponents are kind of leary either to challenge or "pick up the mitt." From all accounts he is a pitcher of merit, and to see him at work leaves no room for doubt. "Seventy" McLean has wired to the States for a special Decker. "I can hold a ball," says he, "but not whizz-bangs."

Inter-section ball has showed up to advantage of late, and some good games have been witnessed. A championship series arranged between the Sections was won by "C" Section, but not easily, and the new inter-Section League which is being formed will provide some exciting games and give the big leaguers a chance of finding new material and talent.

At one section game between "B" and "C" three sergeants were observed in the limelight, one pitching whilst two were on bases. That will settle a little argument overheard in the billet some time since. Gillingham is unfortunate in having Baker, Woodhouse, and Monette in front of him, for he pitches a good ball. "Weckless Weggie" gets there every time, but I do not think he can get into Baker's shoes. "Dope" gets to the bases good, and a little more "Maconachie" and he'll be good for a three-bagger any old time.

Little Wilford has a big stroke, and that cinched the game, didn't it, Jack? "B" Section have a very even set of players which leaves little room to individualize, and they were right on their toes for that last game. Blame Dunn for stealing it from you.

The Training Camp report that, circumstances permitting, they will have some good dope for our next issue.

CUB.

In an address given by one of "C" Section boys just back from the battle-scarred diamond, he (the speaker) reminded us in a strenuous manner that we are forgetting THE boys who are fighting our baseball battles 'midst the banter and joshing of the enemy's rooters. This should not be so, and it is hoped that our members will set aside one day per week for the self-imposed task of collecting beer, Vin Blanc, and cigarettes that they may be poured through the usual channels with all speed. Money should not be sent. It was cigarettes and beer the speaker asked for.

One Who Knows: "Yes, you've got a good sergeant there; when you're up the line he always checks over your ration."

Newcomer: "That's very thoughtful of him, isn't it?"

O.W.K.: "Yes, very considerate. I remember the time we had eight on a loaf of bread, and no tea, milk, or sugar for a week. Oh, yes! very considerate—very!!!"

One of the boys just up from the base says the last time he saw "our Frankie," he was marked for the incinerator with about every complaint known to the Army.

And it all started from a saddle!

## THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

To the man in the trenches and the forward area there was one animal whose coming was always welcomed. Who of the old First didn't know "Billy," and when she came along they knew that the Canon was right behind her. Canon Scott, as he is known amongst the troops, has probably seen as much of the various parts of the front line that we have held as any soldier, and with him always came his friend "Billy," or "Alberta," to give her her proper name.

Given to the Canon at Albert, where his son lies buried, the dog was a link between the front and home, and Lieut.-Colonel Scott hoped to take her home to the wife and mother. His constant companion, as was well-known, one could not have thought that harm could come to "Billy," but under powers given by G.R.O. she was shot by constituted authority, and now lies buried in a chateau grounds in France. The Canon has marked the grave with this epitaph:

Here lies "Alberta" of Albert,  
Shot 24th April, 1918.

The dog that by a cruel end,  
Now sleeps beneath this tree,  
Was just the little dog and friend  
God wanted her to be.

F. G. S.

So died the friend and companion of the soldiers' friend, and red-tape triumphed by an act of "Malice Prepense."

## "HE WAS MY FRIEND."

As fades the day  
Into the night;  
As summer's ray  
To winter's blight—

So passes man to yonder bourne,  
From whence no travellers return.

Thus died a man,  
A comrade. He  
Had scarce began  
As yet to see

The fruitful issues of life's prime,  
Deserved by those of God's regime.

A Soldier—still  
He did not slay;  
"Thou shalt not kill,"  
Did our Lord say.

He brave'y served a gentler cause,  
A stretcher-bearer Bryant was.

Battles may wage,  
Ruthless and red,  
Yet not their rage

Annnoys the dead.

Now rests he who ran the good race,  
Trusting in Him to win a place.

[Note.—Verse 4 contains an acrostic.]

## After Lights Out.

Shorty: "And that's the frozen limit—this Army is getting worse every day."

Flip: "What's wrong with you now?"

Shorty: "Ain't you read orders to-night? It says, 'All men must parade to the cookhouse with full kif.' Get that? Full kif—full marching order!!!"

Flip: "Who's starting something, anyway?"

Shorty: "Guess."

CONCERT PARTY.

Concert Party! That's the "frame-up" of an earnest endeavour, not a facetious innuendo-isticism! Come, boys, get together on this one. There's a winter ahead of us, when undoubtedly we will have lots of sick to care for, and what cheers a man up more than a little music? Apply it to yourselves, then think of a man who is out of sorts, and you'll agree it will do more good than all the No. 9's in the dispensary. And that's where we are lacking—amusements for the patients in the long, weary, winter evenings, and not only for patients but for ourselves also. Come, jump in, and you'll find there is more fun in doing something than waiting for another Concert Party that does not arrive.

Hand your name in to Sergeant Kerr (Dentals) or Private J. H. Shimmen ("C" Section), as soon as possible, that a committee may be formed and the proposition placed on a working basis.

CUB.

The apple blossoms all pink and white  
Adorn the trees in a wondrous sight.  
While the sobbing, sighing winds do blow  
The petals to the ground like snow.

They gave their life that the trees might bear  
The rosy apple, peach or pear,  
While the bending branches sway and moan  
Under the load of fruit, full grown.

The trees all black and stripped of their beauty  
Have yielded their fruit and finished their duty,  
Rejoice at the thoughts of the work well done.  
Their branches grow dim with the red setting sun.

Poor unsuspecting hen. You would cackle with righteous indignation if you could see the seven hungry-eyed delegates lined up just outside your home. Waiting for that egg!! Those cruel robbers of homes, who think of nothing except the satisfying of their lusts.

But wait! Mrs. Hen, all is not lost. Here comes the farmer's wife, and those villainous Red Cross guys have broken and scattered, making for the fields and hedges by the shortest routes; and look! one of the robbers is held up on the barbed wire, the cruel wire has attacked him in the rear, and rest assured, he will be punished by the Q.M. man.

Your egg, Mrs. Hen, has been saved in the nick of time, and I don't blame you for cackling with sheer joy as you look forward to that yellow and black brood of chickens

Green One: "What is an all-round man?"

Jimmy: "One who works in the cookhouse 16 hours per day when the unit is out, and then does stretcher-bearing when they go in."

First Sergeant: "These fine mornings it's easy! I just call out 'Fall out the ball-players and batmen,' detail a few fatigues, and the parade is practically dismissed."

Second Sergeant: "What will you do when the rainy days start?"

First Sergeant: "I'll call out 'Fall out the poker players,' and go to sleep again."

Our wrestling champ, Private D. Roy, we hear, is now on his way back to the unit.

And then they say "they never come back."

WON'T ODDS AND ENDS.

Omar.—"It's claimed by some that to be drowned in a sea of whiskey would be the realisation of a happy death. But not for mine!! True, there would be no chance of being buried alive, for there would be ample proof; yet, how can a man be dead when in such good spirits? No! not for mine!! I prefer to keep off the bier for a while!!"

If you cannot boost don't knock, for you advertise the fact that you are devoid of the fundamental essential of a man, viz., the sporting spirit.

First Soak.—"What will the Governor of N. Carolina say to the Governor of S. Carolina these days?"

Second Soak (who saw the ball game with the 16th Batt.)—"Oh, he'll get sore, and yell, 'Don't be so long with your deliveries (Mail orders) and don't keep me waiting, Pitcher!'"

First Corporal.—"And what did you ever do that they should make you the sports corporal?"

Second Corporal.—"Well, what did you ever do that you should figure on the job?"

First Corporal.—"Oh, I'm a three-mile runner; won lots of medals."

Second Corporal.—"Shucks, man! You only run at the nose in cold weather, whilst I have not only played, but managed a poker joint for the last three years."

A wounded Tommy who was making his way to the dressing station, covered in mud and his bayonet red all the way up, was accosted by a policeman at a cross-roads: "What kind of a time have you had, Bert?" "Blinkin' bon."

Like a ship without a rudder  
Upon the vasty deep,  
Would be a French farm courtyard  
Without its midden heap.

MY OLD TIN HAT.

Unhappy lies the head, they say,  
That wears a golden crown,  
A fact that's doubly true to-day,  
With Europe upside down.  
But more uncertain is the head  
Of Tommy, Jock or Pat,  
Who dares to face the German lead  
Without his old tin hat.

Some say we use it for to wash,  
And in it boil our tea.  
But others think that's nought but bosh.  
With them I quite agree.  
Still, over here, amid the din,  
To diddle Mr. Rat,  
Your bread and cheese are safest in  
Your old tin hat.

It isn't very pretty  
And it often makes me swear.  
It's not what Maud or Kitty  
Would expect their boys to wear,  
But where the cannons thunder  
And the bullets ping and pat,  
Oft saves you going under,  
Does your old tin hat.

SIGNALLER JOHN RIGGINS, S.R.,  
Somewhere in France.

(By courtesy from the Glasgow Post.)

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Is Wag thinking of picking a Rose to Take to Canada with him?

Who is Old Bill from Lens?

Where the officer got the sprinter's medal?

What time will we use for our march music? How would 16/32 syncopated do?

What the S.M. and Orders thought when the officers fell out to the left of the road?

Whether Pete pinched the doll to see if she would squeak?

And whether a certain bald-headed delegate isn't old enough to know better?

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WORK.

A summer night and bright moonlight;  
Hospital tents with crosses bright,  
Sheltering sick and wounded men  
With nurses and orderlies tending them.

Then came the Hun with bombs and gun  
And he hovered o'er till his work was done.  
Nurses and patients shattered and torn.  
May God curse the day the Huns were born!

Where the hospital stood when the sun went down,  
Were shattered bodies in jacket and gown;  
And the sun rose again at break of day  
On a scene to remember till Judgment Day.

May these airmen see their ghosts again  
When the hour of death shall come to them,  
And their parents weep and pray in vain,  
When they hear the hum of our aeroplane.

May their wives in pains of labour know  
The fear of death while they cower below.  
And their children yet to be born shrink  
From the scorn of a world where their names shall stink.

## SOME BOOKS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED.

"Through mud and blood in the Great War," by A. H. S.

"On the trail with a withered spine," by J. E. D.

"The trials of a Quarter-bloke," by J. H. Q.

"French women I have known," by G. G. W.

"With the films on the firing line," by B. M. M.

"The story of Balaam," by J. J. W.

A big tall fellow named Mitch,  
At playing in movies got rich;  
He registers disdain, love,  
Hope, or a pain.  
It's easy to Mitch,  
He's an artist, 'tis plain.

Sing a song of quarter stores,  
And shortages, Oh! my.  
Four and twenty mess-tins in the ambulance are shy.  
When the men paraded, they all began to cry,  
"None of us are anxious for a big black eye."

MUSICIANS WANTED.—Will all those possessing a knowledge of the violin, piano, cornet or 'cello hand their names at once to Pte. J. H. Shimmen, "C" Section? Don't say "I only play a little," and forget it. So long as you have a knowledge of the rudiments and will practice, you are eligible, and if the number is satisfactory we will avail ourselves of a kind promise to supply the necessary instruments.

CUB.

## PIFFLE.

The old, old scene. A bunch of reinforcements, fresh from hospitals in England, so that the opportunity was too good to be missed, and Nigger wasn't missing much. I used to have an idea that I was thru all the Vimy stuff, but after hearing Nigger's version as given to the new soldiers, I am quite certain that I was never there.

Stuffing the reinforcement is legitimate sport, but the way John has stuffed us for the last three years with his prophecies is simply scandalous, but poor old John is having a hang of a time explaining to every second man just why the war didn't finish in February; and, say, wasn't there some talk about joining the S.B.'s; But perhaps I'm mistaken.

The Military Authorities have placed the Estaminets out of bounds." Pourquoi? I strongly suspect it was jealousy of the philharmonic efforts of Number One, which caused the drastic measure. For since the 'stams have been "out," I have never heard the old familiar disharmony about the stars which were "shining on the"—er—"cook-house door."

If you are tired of life, don't "monkey" with a Mills bomb, for there is a surer method. Tell Pdraig that St. Patrick was a good Orangeman.

Political economy was the subject, and the argument waged furiously.

"How do they lay bricks in England?" enquired Art.  
"I am not a scientist on that," replies

Up at the Aid-post Teddy comes in with some salvage, and remarks, "Don't know whether it's coal oil or gasoline in this can—taste it."

Will some philanthropist kindly forward a copy of Hoyle, for our poker friends still argue on that Joker proposition?

I do not accuse the mouse of malicious designs on Scotty's person, but whatever the scheme it sure did "gang agley." For with a yell Scottie jumped to his feet and executed an impromptu Highland fling, meanwhile making frantic efforts to dislodge the "wee mouse" which had attacked that part of his anatomy which—but it doesn't matter, only, if Scottie had had kilts on instead of "troosers" he would have caught the mouse easier.

Poker is a great game when you have a few francs, and it is not bad sport playing for cigarettes, but when the tent sub-division play for pills, we fail to "compree" the satisfaction in winning a handful of Soda Sals or a box of Number Nine.

But talking of jokes. A pretty good one of the practical variety was pulled off on Pete, while he was cooking for us up the line. Scotsmen are supposed to like porridge, but most of us do, so Pete promised us a feed. He found a bag of decent-looking, fine meal, and dumped it into a dixie, stirring away, thinking how nice he was going to make it. Well, the final result was a doubtful looking sago pudding. Of course, we joshed Pete quite a bit about it, but really it takes a first-class chef to make porridge out of sago.

Still, it doesn't do to spring too many yarns about the hash-mixers, and it's good policy to keep on the right side of the mail-man; but, say, did you ever hear of the guy who somehow or other had nobody to write to him, and not fancying the "lonely soldier" dope to draw an unknown flapper correspondent, he started writing letters addressed to himself. So now he doesn't feel out of it when the mail comes in, but grabs his self-written letter as eagerly as the delegate who is going to get married next leave.

The little Imp, whom misguided literary men still persist in calling Cupid, has been getting after a few of the boys this winter. I suppose that means we are sure to get reinforcements in 1938, anyway.

Reinforcements! Humph!! When you see the latest brand-new soldier, do you ever realize that you were as green as that? Seems kind of impossible, doesn't it? I can hear an old "three-two" growling, "I was packing stretchers before you knew there was a war on."

J.A.C.K.

THE VOLATILES.

"Are you going to the show to-night, Bill?" "What show do you mean, Tom?" "Why, the Volatiles, of course, that's the only real one." "Sure, I'm on."

And away they go. Arriving at the ticket office, purchase two seats, and enter the hall.

The band had just struck up as they took their seats. At the finish of the overture the curtain went up, displaying a show manager rehearsing his revue. The singers and dancers took the cake, and won great applause, but when Kelly, the leading (lady), all smiles and flounces, came breezing on the stage, the crowd went wild, and a close observer could see many far-away looks in the eyes of some of the boys.

Kelly's some kid, and my old gal has got to buck up some if she wants to travel with me.

That black man, well, he's as good as the ace of spades when royals are trumps. Jimmie, you're Good.

The comedian—oh, my! my sides are sore yet from laughing. His song, "Alice, where in the devil are you?" got next to everyone's "giggle-box."

The stately lady who sang "I want my Percy," was very alluring. I heard one fellow say, "She can have me if she wishes." Oh, those eyes!! Geddes, where d'd you get that clear, sweet, mellow throat? Not from taking Mist Expect, I'll bet. Your song "I'll live my life for you, dear," made my pal homesick all next day. Have a heart, eh?

"Miss" Kelly's side kick. Anderson, well, boy, if you had seen the love-light in the eyes of a dainty made-moiselle who sat in the front row one night, and had seen how the young man who attended her fidgeted about, you would have smiled.

The remainder of the artists were A1, and sure made a hit.

Sergeant McKay, how about booking that bunch of artists for London next season (?), and show the people in Blighty what a real revue really is.

If Lewis Dunn Grant would King Land Morrow?

Though we credit Joe (Le Noir) with average human intelligence, no one expected him to put across what he did a while ago, and we are still wondering if someone didn't tip him off.

Joe was put to painting various signs, and when they were finished the one for the "clink" had in one corner the mystic initials I.H.S., which our problem expert deciphered as "I have suffered."

The "C" Section War Critic visited our dug-out this morning, so we offered him the bag of cake to sit on, accepted one of his cigars, and awaited his 'spiel. "Violence is the essence of war," he bellowed in his deep bass. "With our present methods we shall be undone, whereas if we adopt violent tactics, we shall have the Hun-done." He was gone when we recovered consciousness.

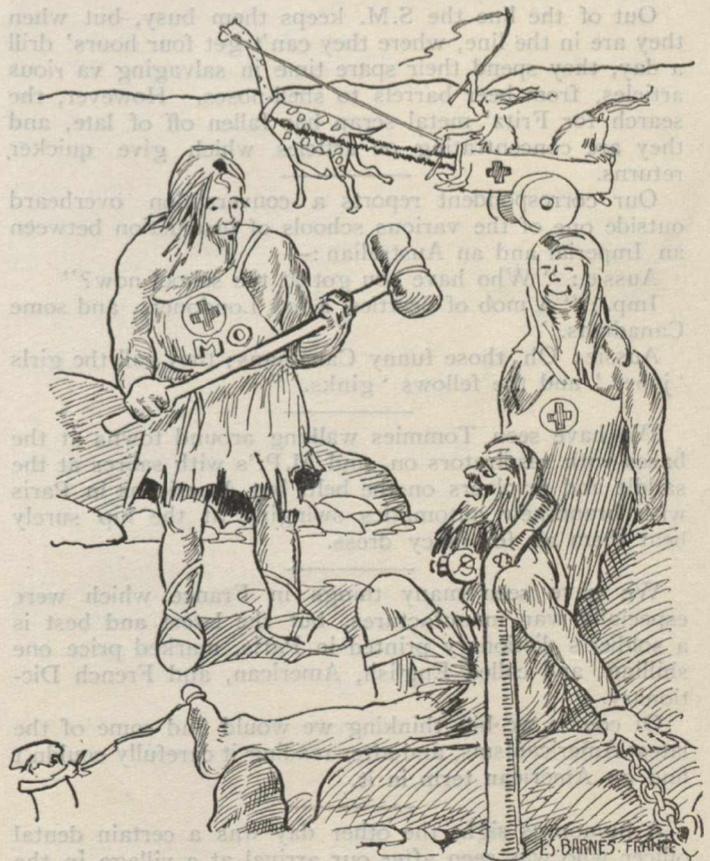
A rookie, well known for his strategy when seeking a holiday, went to the doctor and asked for a note, as he said he was ill. The doctor could not find anything wrong with him, but gave him a note, and just marked a stroke where the nature of the complaint should be.

He went to the chief officer with the note, and asked for leave. The officer took the note, looked at it, and then said, for he was certainly puzzled:

"What is this you are suffering from? I can't tell."

Then our friend took the note, looked at it, and confidently replied:

"Can't you see, sir, that it's a stroke I'm suffering from."



CURE FOR SPRAINED ANKLES IN THE STONE AGE

## CHOP SUEY.

The rumour goes that a wound that will take six months to heal means a trip to Canada, and everyone is trying to figure out what's the nicest place to stop one of this kind.

Q. What is an embussing point?

A. An imaginary spot somewhere between the start and finish of a long hike.

We are indebted to Private L. S. Barnes, 10th Cdn. Bn., for the many good pen-and-ink cartoons which have appeared in our previous issues, and we have had a letter saying that he will continue to let us have further drawings from time to time.

The pen-and-ink drawings which we are using as frontispieces are the work of Private B. Ducatel, 122nd Labour Co. They do him credit, and also the subjects which they represent. We understand that he was formerly a Fleet Street artist.

We hope to continue this series.

Sergeant E. D. Fletcher has contributed both cartoons and articles, and we hope to have more of them.

Privates C. A. J. King and T. J. Carroll are contributing considerable material, which we hope will continue to arrive.

By the way, they both did splendidly in the short story competition, Cecil taking first prize and Carroll second prize, the stories appearing in this number.

There is one thing sure—this Army of ours is full of business all the time.

Out of the line the S.M. keeps them busy, but when they are in the line, where they can't get four hours' drill a day, they spend their spare time in salvaging various articles, from beer barrels to shell-noses. However, the search for Fritz' metal scrap has fallen off of late, and they are concentrating on articles which give quicker returns.

Our correspondent reports a conversation overheard outside one of the various schools of instruction between an Imperial and an Australian:—

Aussie: "Who have you got at the school now?"

Imp.: "A mob of Scotties, a few Londoners, and some Canadians."

Aussie: Oh, those funny Canadians; they call the girls 'jynes,' and the fellows 'ginks.'"

We have seen Tommies walking around towns at the bases with respirators on, and M.P.'s with sabres at the saddle and revolvers on the belt, but Americans in Paris with brand-new automatics swinging at the hip surely beat them all for fancy dress.

We have seen many things in France which were especially war manufactures, but the latest and best is a soldier's dictionary printed in Paris, marked price one shilling, and called English, American, and French Dictionary.

Of course we bit, thinking we would find some of the latest Americanisms, and after reading it carefully couldn't find an American term in it.

A humorous sight the other day was a certain dental officer who was seen after our arrival at a village in the back area, walking about with a shell-dressing hanging from his side.

We were pleased to hear that an old comrade of ours, Louie Aubin, who left us to join one of the infantry battalions in the division, has been awarded the Military Medal for good work at Passchendaele, and has also been granted leave to Canada.

George (waxing strong for the Army): "Yes, and what have we to-day? Tell me. What is the Army to-day?"

Voice from under the blanket: "A bunch of lead swingers and brass polishers."

Reinforcement: "Why was it that only one staff-sergeant showed his kit on that parade?"

"32": "Figures he would like to be R.S.M., I guess."

Reinforcement: "He showed quite a lot of pluck, didn't he?"

"32": "Ah, oui! So could I if I'd worked at a C.C.S."

There is a big fellow named Baker,

Who at pitching the ball is a taker.

He twirls it around

Your knees or your crown.

While you fan at the air

Or pound at the ground.

Do you know old Artie Monette?

Not sure, what? Just poo tet.

He compres the anglais, wood-bine or gros tet.

He's one of zee nuts, you bet.

I stopped, I looked and I listened.

What's that?

Discs and mess-tins missing.

Where's yours, my boy?

You lost it! Go, find it quick.

But stop, Joe, give him a mess tin,

He comes from P.E.I.

There is a young sergeant named Doyle,

Who argues and reasons by Hoyle.

When down at the base, he sure sets a pace,

The nurses all say he's so royal.

I know a young fellow named Dope,

Who uses that best Parisien soap.

He's a peach, he's a pet, a dandy, you bet;

A Gilbert the Filbert, the doll of his set.

There is a wee laddie named Gunner

At singing he sure is a stunner.

He can play on the flute, yes, dance with the troupe,

Pack stretchers and bandage or lick up the soup.

There's a man with a name that they say

Means killed in the "langue Francais,"

Who one night, for a lark, pinched a maid in the dark,

In a fatherly sort of a way.

But the young maid was "fache" with Pete,

And said things that did'nt sound sweet.

But Pete was true blue, and stuck the thing through,

Then quietly beat a retreat.

On parade a sergeant in C

Was called by the unit O.C.

But he sure was in trouble

When called on to double.

He's big in the waist-line, you see.

There is a young W.O.

Who with women was never quite slow,

But he sure had us climbin'

At Villers-Sir-Simon,

When he took the fair Este in tow.

VELVET.

