

The Iodine Chronicle

PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF

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

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

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

MANAGING EDITOR:

Major George J. Boyce.

CIRCULATION MANAGER:

Capt. A. D. McConnell.

NEWS EDITOR:

Corpl. R. O. Spreckley.

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EDITORIAL

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

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

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

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

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

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

AN ECHO OF YPRES.

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

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

A GOOD SCHEME.

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

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

They then both continued on their way.

EXTRY SPESHUL! ALL ABAHT IT.

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

"AMPOULES."

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

"How much are the De Reske Cigarettes?"

"Seven francs a hundred."

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHOP-SUEY.

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

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

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

A member of the A.O.B.,

When recently on *pass*,

Did walk into a photo shop,

Alack! alack! alas.

At his most handsome dial piece

We don't presume to sneer,

But why, Oh! why, across his chest,

Did he wear a bandolier?

BY THE WAY. *

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

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

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

GET BUSY!

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

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

A TEA-RABLE TALE.

You've heard of the heathen Chinese
 Who concocted a strange mysterie,
 But you've yet to be told
 Of a chink half so bold
 With cold water, to try and make tea.
 The day it was dismal and wet,
 We wanted hot tea, you can bet ;
 To the cook-house we went,
 On this beverage bent,
 What a shock our poor feelings did get !
 A concoction there stood on the fire
 Like a puddle kids make in the mire,
 There were leaves on the top
 Like a pail full of slop,
 And our wrath it rose higher and higher.
 "It looks rather sickly," said one,
 "You're right," says another, "by gum,
 We'll its temperature take,
 See what degrees it can make,"
 Lo ! it stood at a *hundred and one*.
 Now I'm sure all you boys will agree
 That such waste of good stuff shouldn't be,
 We don't care a *button*
 If they burn up our mutton,
 But please boil the water for tea.

W. H. C.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

(By JAMES E. COCHRANE, *Private 4th Battalion Canadians*).

If I'd a been some wiser, when that cuss they call the Kaiser,
 Started into making trouble with Belgium and France,
 I'd have beat it out to Reno, with my last centime or beano,
 Now I'm out here in the trenches, and I haven't got a
 chance.
 For somehow my brain got twisted, right away I then
 enlisted,
 I was eager, and was anxious, to wipe the Hun clean off
 the map,
 When I heard old Sam Hughes' speeches, saw his military
 breeches,
 And the little old Ross rifle that he fondled in his lap.
 "And," says he, quite confidential, "it is really providential
 That in the present crisis there is one man on the job :
 And though Kitchy is a wonder, there is one who does not
 blunder,
 And though I shouldn't say it, your own Sammy is no
 slob."
 The Mark III., he made me take it ; says he, "you cannot
 break it,
 And here, my boy, is something that's a jewel,
 For a bullet cannot dent it, by a lady 'twas invented,
 'Twill really save the nation, will this little trenching tool."
 And now out here I'm stranded, 'twas October when I landed,
 And I'm living in the trenches, but I ain't spilled much
 blood,
 And my feet are cold and weary, and my eyes are red and
 bleary,
 And the lining of my stomach has a two inch coat of mud.
 For the rum you get is rummy, and your shirt gets awful
 crummy,
 Every minute you're not working, why you scratch ;
 I'll swear they use a seeder, or an incubator breeder,
 Every moment brings along another batch.
 It ain't all beer and skittles ; clay and smoke get in your
 victuals,
 And pretty soon your stomach comes to grief ;
 If you take a chance and risk it, on bully beef and biscuit,
 Your time on earth, old pal, is mighty brief.
 I'd been better off in Reno, broke without a beano,
 Than here listening to the screaming and the screeching of
 the shell ;
 I know I'll never stick it, *n'a pou* I'll work my ticket,
 Sherman was correct when he said that "war is——."

CUBIST RIDDLES.

"Why is there going to be a poor farming season this
 year?"
 "Because there are so many *Leather Jackets* about."
 "What is the difference between a Field Ambulance
 and a Minstrel Troup?"
 "Ask No. 3."

THE M.T. HEAD.

We have before us the 1st and 2nd numbers of
 "The M.T. Head," published by the Motor Transport
 attached to our unit before the "Iodine Chronicle" made
 its appearance.

The total circulation of each number of this unique
 paper was exactly 1,000 copies (minus 999). We learn in
 the leading editorial of No. 1 that the paper has a secret
 mission to fulfil, and further—that anyone who guesses it
 will be hung, drawn and quartered. We also learn that
 the paper will be published whenever the military police
 slackens.

There is some great poetry in the initial number.
 Take the following for instance—

*I thought I saw an aeroplane,
 Go flitting far from dust,
 I looked again, and saw it was
 Old 15 on the bust.*

Under the heading Auto Analogy, we extract the
 following two gems—

*G stands for Gowan,
 The soup-kitchen boss ;
 When soup bones get low
 He runs down a "hoss."*

*D is for Day,
 There sure is none greater,
 When he sleeps he sounds
 Like a bum carborator.*

That doesn't exactly look like the correct spelling of
 that part of a buzz-wagon, it is true, but it was written by
 an M.T. expert, and he ought to know.

No. 2, which is typewritten (we'd like to know where
 Sergt. Sharman commandeered that type-writer), also has
 some good skits. The Editor informs us that he assumes no
 responsibility for the opinions of his contributors or for his
 own actions. We would gather that statement was a very
 necessary precaution in view of the following excerpts from
 its columns:—

*"If a lady fell into the coal bin, would the coal-shooter?"
 "No, but the kindling wood!"*

*"A pen must be pushed, but a pencil always has to be
 lead. Which do you most resemble?"*

*"You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how
 much you soak it."*

Finally there is an *Ode* by Anon. He is a pretty clever
 chap, is Anon, as we have seen many contributions by him
 in verse and prose in quite a lot of papers from time to time.

We have to congratulate the boys of the M.T. on their
 successful joy-ride into journalism.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

Corporal "Pop" Mean recently returned from "pass."

The boys of "A" Section gave Staff-Sgt. T. Griggs a
 hearty send-off the other day when he went to England to
 take a commission offered him in the Royal Army Medical
 Corps.

Don Stewart, valued contributor to the "I.C.," and also
 cartoonist of no mean ability, has now blossomed out as a
 singer (we don't mean a sewing machine). The other day he
 brought down the house at a concert back of the firing line,
 when he sang a duet with our old friend, Ted Hargreaves, of
 semi-pro fame.

Ravenhill Wood is still called Scotty, in spite of the fact
 that we shewed that he was a Welshman in a recent number
 this paper.

H. W. Clarke, recent reinforcement, is now on the
 strength of "A" Section.

We wonder if the "Whirlwind" is
 A coming back again ;
 But, maybe, he has hit the trail
 Once more for Bangor, Maine.
 Oh dear, ! oh my ! what will we do
 Without the notes of his Kozoo ?

THE NAVY FOR ME.

By JOSEPH E. PERRAULT (*late of H.M.C.S. "Niobe,"
now of "No. One"*).

You may talk as you like of the Army,
And the good times you have there,
The infantry in the trenches,
The batteries a bit to the rear.
But if I had another chance
To start all over again,
I wouldn't join the Army,
For in the Navy I'd be.
You can talk of wonderful cities
Through which your chance to pass,
And all the beautiful churches
With lots of broken glass!
But if I were in the Navy
At the Dardanelles I'd be,
Where I could shoot at "Turkey,"
And that would just suit me.
Talk of your wonderful billets,
Where you are put to sleep,
And wake up in the morning
With pigs around your feet.
But if you were in the Navy
Quite different would it be,
You'd sleep in a nice soft hammock
And wake up full of glee.
And when you go to a farm-house
To get a glass of — milk,
This is the answer you will get:
Na-pou, messieur, finis.
But if you were in the Navy
Such things you wouldn't do,
For every day at four o'clock
Your grog is always due!
And when it rains in Flanders,
And no shelter you can try,
You've got to take a drenching,
And it takes a week to dry.
But if you're in the Navy,
And the rain comes pouring down,
There's always room for shelter,
And you needn't run around.
Then every time the unit moves
From one place to another,
You've got to pack your kit and march,
And that's an awful bother.
But if you're in the Navy,
And orders come to move,
The ship has all the trouble,
While you lay down and snooze.
Then when you're in the Army
And there's nothing much to do,
The Colonel says you need exercise,
Then route marches you'll do.
So now if you are wise, boys,
And you'd think you'd like the sea,
Just take a trip to Halifax
And join the Ni-o-BE!"

FOOTBALL ONCE MORE.

When Rudyard Kipling wrote his little lay about "Muddled Oafs" many years ago, he didn't realise in those days of pipe clay, drill and still more drill, that football, baseball and the other games of ball do more to keep *Tommy* fit and contented than all the route marches ever invented.

With full approval of the O.C. and other officers "No. One" has a Football Club, and the other day the officers were elected. The fact that S. M. Buswell, W.O., and Capt. L. N. Jones were elected President and Vice-President respectively, shows the democracy of sport, whilst further, the fact that Pte. Josh Robinson is appointed Secretary shews that every unit this side of the German trenches on our front is almost sure to receive a challenge to play "No. One" at the good old game of Footer some time or another.

We understand that the boys are going to have official football togs and when they don them for the first time our only fear is that some German Taube will spot something unusual in the landscape and drops some bombs and wipe them out—something that no other team will ever be able to do.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Ptes. A. Day and H. W. Jones, both recent reinforcements, are detailed for duty in "B" Section.

Corporal Paulding recently returned from seven days leave to England.

If the firm of Day & Knight cannot really discover the party who purloined Lance-Corpl. Hope's overcoat, we advise them to take a *Correspondence Course in Detecting* (complete in 12 lessons).

Can the above firm find out *who stole the Turkeys* from the Sergeants' mess.

THE CONVOY.

By the late Sergt. FRANK S. BROWN, P.P.C.L.I.
The sunny rose of autumn's smoky day
Had almost fled. The chill was in the air,
When issued forth from Gaspé's smiling bay
A grand Armada, 'neath a cruiser's care;
A great and grand flotilla, speeding forth
Beneath the oily pall of clinging smoke—
A gift to Motherland, of priceless worth—
Th' Atlantic's lazy swells to life awoke.
Thrice ten and two great modern Argosies,
That hurried to the Field, the best of youth
To bear their country's colours o'er the seas,
And herald Canada to national growth.
Great sons of sires whose willing blood has given
To our New World the sterling of the old;
Most worthy volunteers are these, undriven
To take up arms; freemen, but strong and bold.
Beneath the watching escort's wakeful eyes
The fleet pulsed on. The ocean's lazy roll
Bore three long straggling lines, 'neath low'ring skies,
Spread as a flock of geese cleave toward their goal.
Thrice ten and two great, sullen merchantmen,
As, sullen in their cloaks of drab and black,
They freighted over thrice ten thousand souls.
How many of these same may they bring back?
The days roll by. The ocean slowly yields
Its bosom to the squadron's steady pace
Until the cliffs of England rise to greet
The scions of her colonizing race
Come home—to give their all. Come home—to fight.
Come home—though born of that far western land
Where Britain's shield is 'stablished for the right,
They volunteered to lend an armed hand.
Oh! Plymouth, cradle of the mighty Drake;
The haven of his vessels hopes and fears;
Yet have you ever seen so fine a sight?
Or have you ever waked to such a crest of cheers
As roars aboard the transports, on whose decks
Are packed the khaki hosts? Has e'er a day
Such wealth of loyal blood, such willing hands
Brought to your shores?
All England answers—"Nay!"

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given in accordance with instructions received from our client, Albert Dupuis, water wagon attendant, of the Parish of Montreal in the Province of Quebec, and now Private, serving with the First Canadian Field Ambulance, on active service in France.

It having come to our notice that a certain publication to wit, the "Iodine Chronicle" did print and publish a certain article referring to the person of the said Albert Dupuis, namely, his moustache, and furthermore did print and publish certain remarks as to the nature of his employment.

NOTICE is hereby given that the aforementioned Albert Dupuis in order to avoid and prevent further offence and remark, has removed the moustache above referred to, and any person or persons printing or causing to be printed any reference to the said Albert Dupuis, the moustache heretofore mentioned, the water cart in charge of the above person, or the contents thereof, will be proceeded against, with the utmost rigour of the Military Law.

Dated, this first day of January, 1916.

CARLESS & Co.,
Cigarette Solicitors.

Water Chambers.

"C" SECTION NOTES.

Ptes. H. C. Hayes, J. Maycock, F. McLean and C. R. Price, recent reinforcements, are now on the strength of "C" Section.

We do not know who wrote the following lines, but they are herewith inserted, with compliments to Bill McLeod and Hawley Grant:—

*"And bring me many hundred-weights of soap,
Loofahs and brushes, many sponges more,
That with great labour I at last may hope
To turn again the tint I was of yore."*

Under the caption, "Poetry from the Front," "Private Hutchins' Mouth Organ" appears in the Christmas number of the *Northampton Independent*. We didn't know it was poetry when we penned that "pome," but we thank them for the compliment all the same.

The evil-doers from now on
Will have to do a hop,
The reason is not far to seek—
Fred Murphy is a cop!

Dave Paton is a very proud man indeed, for his home town—to wit—Markinch, in Fifeshire, is also the native place of our new Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Douglas Haig; the latter was born there on June 19th, 1861.

DINNER.

By A. H. METCALFE.

That roast of beef so fresh and sweet
Although the tenderest of meat,
May prove to you like hard concrete,
You never know your luck.

Think twice before you e'er devour
That pudding à la Dope, with flour,
It may lie on your chest an hour,
You never know your luck.

That tempting pie for which you yearn
May give you such a bilious turn,
Then once again you'll sadly learn—
You never know your luck.

That cup of coffee, strong and hot,
May touch you in a tender spot,
And cause you to your bed to trot,
You never know your luck.

But when these trying times prevail,
And when your face is looking pale,
Perhaps you've had some English ale,
But we never know our luck.

THIS AND THAT.

By far the best pennyworth we have come across for a long time is No. 8 of the "Listening Post" of the 7th Canadian Battalion, recently issued. The paper is twice the usual size and it is chock full of original copy written by the boys. They are a versatile bunch in the "1st B.C." We know both the Editor and the Printer of this highly interesting paper and in view of the fact that the former knows hardly any French and that the latter most certainly cannot speak English, it is a mystery how very few printer's errors appear in the type. We have to acknowledge the kind assistance and advice freely given to us by the Editor of the "L.P." when we first thought of launching the "I.C." upon the public.

"A little bird" tells us that at least one more Canadian Field Ambulance in the 1st Division is shortly going to enter the journalistic field. *Come on in, the water's great.*

The London "Observer" says that our contemporary "The Dead Horse Corner Gazette" is "a very bright and breezy franc's worth."

Congratulations to Brother Trowsdale, the hard working Editor of that enterprising journal.

The Winnipeg Tribune states that the "I.C." is a neatly printed paper—good quality paper and good quality ink, too.

There's a bouquet for our printers; anybody who can decipher so correctly the caligraphy that we call hand-writing deserves a bouquet.

Our paper seems to have travelled some. We now hear that sympathetic references have been made to the "I.C." in a paper at London-in-the-Bush.

We desire to express our appreciation of the assistance given to the Circulation Department by Sgt. H. W. Button, Corp. H. A. Brown and our old "stand-by" and esteemed friend, Bill Long.

HORSE TRANSPORT NOTES.

Albert Liberty recently returned from leave in Angleterre.

"Slim" Wingrove wears a beaming smile,
Its width is not quite half-a-mile,
Ah! no, he hasn't got the sack,
He's just been made a full Lance-Jack."

Hodge, Simard and Roy, recent reinforcements, are now in the Horse Transport. There is a rumour going around that Roy is some Hackenschmidt as a wrestler; any way he's willing to try conclusions with anybody in "No. ONE."

E. Martin has received a promotion! he's been transferred from the A.O.B. to the Horse Transport.

TO OUR NAVY.

By MICHAEL PATRICK O'BRIEN.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
Who man your ships so bold,
And swept the waters end to end,
As your fathers did of old.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
Who make such a gallant stand,
E'er willing to do your little bit
On water or on land.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
On you your land depends
For food and many other things
That comes from foreign lands.

Bravo! you Ocean warriors
You have showed that you are true,
And your country will regret
The loss of any one of you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Written by our versatile contributor, DON STEWART).

"G. W." No, George, we cannot persuade the Q.M. to issue complexion Cream. Wagon grease, mixed with insect powder, is a good substitute, however. Try and let us know results.

"Teddy H." Sorry we cannot supply you with the derivation of the phrase "throwing the bull." Seeing that you are an expert in that line, why worry about the origin?

"Hank" wants to know why he felt so dizzy after eating a few eggs at a certain *Estaminet*. What did you drink with the eggs, Hank?

"S. M." Glad to hear that you have mastered the Flemish language, sir. It does come in handy at times, doesn't it?

"Edison" sends us particulars of an invention whereby he is able to turn water into French beer. We can't see the difference between the two, anyway.

"Tommy, H." The story that Zepps have destroyed Kilmarnock is utterly false. Our old friend, "J. W.," is still going strong.

"Admirer" (England). Honestly, sir, we would no advise you to invest in "Iodine Chronicle," stock very LIMITED. The Boches are liable to drop a 12in. foreclosure on us at any time, and then where would you be? Try a plunge into War Loan, its safer.

"Q. M. S." Opinions differ as to how long a pair of socks should last. If in use all the time they should not last longer than three years.

"Chef" wants to know how to make a dinner for 40 men out of two cans of bully beef and a pint of water. We have to reply "Sap-aw."

WHAT OUR FRIENDS OF THE 14th M.A.C. WANT TO KNOW.

- Who is the modern Munchausen among the R.A.M.C. orderlies attached to the 14th Motor Ambulance Convoy who climbed the mast of a ship to light the lamp, but upon coming down again found that the ship had gone? (After that the aforesaid hero spent eleven hours afloat in the water although he could not swim.)
- Did the prospective Editor of the *Headlight* have one of his headlights put out the other day?
- Wanted the name of the man who does not wish Corpl. Gardener and his bride *beaucoup de* good wishes for their future happiness. (May no weeds ever grow up in the Garden of Love, only beautiful blossoms.—Ed.)