

The Iodine Chronicle

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

No. 1 CANADIAN FIELD AMBULANCE.

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

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EDITORIAL.

We have been very much encouraged by the splendid support that has been given to the "Iodine Chronicle" by every man in the unit, and we are assured that this support will be continued so long as our little paper continues to make its appearance twice every month.

It is an ambitious thing for a small unit like a Field Ambulance to have a paper of its own, yet this we have succeeded in doing, owing to the splendid *esprit de corps* that exists in the unit, and the hearty support we have received from all ranks.

Many literary compositions in verse and prose, some of exceptional quality, have been received, and in thanking these valued contributors, we must confess that the success of our paper has been largely brought about by their efforts. We feel sure, however, that there are a number of men in the unit with a literary turn of mind, although they may not necessarily be aware of it, and we appeal to them to get pencil and paper right away and write something for *their* paper, the "Iodine Chronicle." At the same time we want our old contributors to still continue to send in their welcome contributions, which we are sure will do so much to ensure the future success of our paper.

A TRIBUTE

(to the thoughtful ladies on duty at Victoria Station).

Good ladies who at early morn
Arise before the break of dawn,
A debt of thanks we owe to thee
For a delicious cup of tea.

As, after travels of the night
In London town we did alight,
Your sandwiches upon a tray
Our hunger did much to allay.

Ye fair ones, who despise your rest,
And hustle cheering cups with zest,
Your kindly welcome makes us feel
As if 'twas both sincere and real.

To you, these very halting lines
Are e'en addressed as humble signs
Of gratitude, of sincere class,
By one who's just returned from "pass."

R. O. S.

MOTOR TRANSPORT NOTES.

Driver F. R. Stevens has been promoted to the rank of Lance-Corporal. Although somewhat youthful, L.-Cpl. Stevens has a good knowledge of his work, and this promotion has been well earned.

Present indications are that by the time this appears in print we shall be in possession of the long-looked-for Ambulance to replace the one lost in the second battle of Ypres last April. The handicap under which the summer's work has been done is somewhat compensated for by the satisfaction of knowing that we have kept up the work of a seven car convoy with only six cars.

Fifty per cent. of the M.T. boys have now been on pass. The present burning question is "Who's next for Angleterre?"

Evidently the Motor Transport is not the most unpopular branch of the service. Six men in different units have asked to be transferred to our M.T. during the past week.

It is rumoured that another of our drivers will ask the O.C.'s permission to take unto himself a wife in the near future. "Some" soldier! to take part in two campaigns at one time. It has been suggested that there should be some special decoration for heroes of this type.

"A" SECTION NOTES.

An impromptu Concert (vocal and instrumental) was given by "Whirlwind" Blizzard the other night. It was greatly enjoyed by all those fortunate enough to be present, and in a fit condition to enjoy it. It is hoped by all that this talented entertainer will favour us again in the near future.

"Sniper" Stuart went on pass last week. It is understood that he is combining business with pleasure on this trip, as he expects to have an interview with the Hon. A. J. Balfour with regard to having the ships of the British Navy supplied with rubber funnels, such as have been used with such great success on the "Niobe."

"Whirlwind" Blizzard busted his glasses whilst making a balloon ascension the other day, and now he says he can see scarcely nothing hardly.

ANSWER TO CHALLENGE.

In answer to a "B" Section challenge for two debaters to meet Ptes. Smith and Dawson, "A" Section wishes it to be made known through the medium of this paper that they have two men they are willing to back, not only against Smith and Dawson, but against the whole of "B" Section.

They desire the public to know that they have a dozen or more men that are good debaters (on pay night), but their two champions, Ptes. Hargreaves and Merrick, can make more noise than all the rest of them. If "B" Section wishes to have the challenge taken up, they will kindly give notice of same in the "Iodine Chronicle," further, the attention of "B" Section is drawn to the fact that the "A" Section men are liable to appear in the professional class in the near future. In fact, as is well known, Pte. Hargreaves was in civil life a semi-pro.

OUR CANADIAN BOYS.

BY MICHAEL PATRICK O'BRIEN.

We are the boys of the Maple Leaf;
On a wonderful mission we are.

I'll tell you what, we'll see it through,
And for this we've come from afar.

We have won a name on the battlefield,
Whilst fighting a merciless foe;
We have made them run; yes, five to one,
And they fear us, wherever we go.

We've fought the foe in trenches,
On hill side and hill top;
In every battle we've been in
We've made the foemen hop.

Talk to some British soldiers
Who've been with us since the start;
They can tell you all about us,
To do so is not our part.

And when the war is over,
And we are homeward bound,
Acrossing the briny ocean,
To where all is calm and sound.

When we arrive in old Canada
(Those who're left of her soldier sons),
Who've fought for her like heroes,
And a name for her have won.

They will meet with a hearty welcome,
A welcome true and kind,
For they'll loudly be applauded
By the loved ones left behind.

"B" SECTION NOTES.

Private M. Crossman can go down to posterity as a genius. Having occasion to erect two furnaces in the "Ram pasture," and being short of stove pipes we understand that he made good the deficiency with salmon tins, sardine tins and chair legs.

Blondie Knight can truly be said to be on the water wagon these days.

Private Clarence David Hope is employing the famous firm of detectives, Orr and Day, to track down the man who stole his overcoat.

Who was the Staff-Sergt. who poked his head through a window in the Ram pasture breaking the glass. (We understand that it resulted in our esteemed friend, Coney Island, getting wet).

Sgt. J. S. Christie who has transferred to the Divisional Troops Supply Column, leaves behind many friends in No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance. Although he had been in the unit only a few months, yet he had already won the esteem of all of the members of "B" Section, who are very sorry to lose such a popular N.C.O.

COMPLIMENTS TO CAPTAIN B———Y.

Adapted from a poem in "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

Who always speeds along the rail
Twice in each month, and without fail
Brings to the boys their well-earned kale?
The paymaster!

Who is it breaks the constant grind
And gives a certain peace of mind
And help leaves trouble far behind?
The paymaster!

Who is it, when we're sad and glum
And feel completely on the bum,
We hope will very quickly come?
The paymaster!

Who is it when he comes in view
Does with delight us all imbue?
(He leaves behind a jolly crew)
The paymaster!

Who is this very thoughtful gent
Who brings to us a sweet content
When we are broke or badly bent?
The paymaster!

Who is it says to gloom "Ahoy,
Get out and make some room for joy,
Your days are numbered now, old boy?"
The paymaster!

"C" SECTION NOTES.

W. Craig, T. Hutchins, G. Hitch, H. Grant, E. Sugden and F. Wood, have all recently returned from seven days leave.

The man with the most "pull" in C Section is Maples (who was transferred recently from the 1st Battery, C.F.A.). He's a dentist!

Pte. Frank Chare, who was invalided to the base some time ago, has now recovered and is at present at Shorncliffe.

A certain private in "C" Section contemplates entering into the matrimonial state when he goes on pass. The good wishes of all the boys go with him.

A popular member of "C" Section has lately been promoted to a staff job in the kitchen, and as a result, those famous culinary experts Buttoni and Haggerti, will have to look to their laurels, for the new comer in this department is gaining fame not only as a "chef," but as a pudding expert, par excellence. Obtaining the necessary materials from some source or another, our hero determined to give the boys a treat and make them———*a pudding*. There are various cruel rumours in the air with regard to solidity and specific gravity and weight per square inch of the pudding in question, but we hasten to set all these rumours at rest, for we tasted it, and to vindicate the character of a rising young artist, we venture to express appreciation of pudding aforementioned in the following "poem":

"DOPE" STEWART'S PUDDING.**A VINDICATION.**

I've often eaten bully-beef
And cart loads of hard tack,
And of Machonochie I guess
A fairly tidy whack.
On Tickler's and the other kinds
Of jam I fairly dote,
And when we get "Plum" all the time
It never gets my goat.
I've oftimes tasted antelope,
And lunched on bear steak,
Whilst jumping deer for *table d'hôte*
I've chewed at Larder Lake.
I've supped of tasty Canvas back
(No single bite I waste),
And prairie chicken nice and plump,
Has a most charming taste.
I've often tasted lemon pie,
And apple pie as well,
And as for peach and pumpkin
I know their flavour well.
I'm fond of Boston pork and bean
(We never get out here),
Whilst doughnuts I can put away
Without a-feeling queer.
Now all these delicacies, I
Above have 'numerated,
May be, have been perhaps a bit
Just slightly over-rated.
For none of them can e'er compete
In culinary scope,
With that most wondrous masterpiece,
The pudding made by "Dope."

OUR MAIL BAG.

"Whirlwind" says he wants a nice genteel job in the office, but he always did hate the smell of ink, and he wants our advice. We advise the gentleman that they use indelible pencil most all the time in the office these days.

"Statistics Collector," as an old newspaper man, congratulates us upon the all-round excellence of the first number of the "I.C." and wants to know how the chances are to sell "ads." on our weekly (weakly) rag.

"Everybody." The "Iodine Chronicle" will be published (providing circumstances permit) on the 15th and last day of every month. It will be our endeavour to have the paper on sale at the physiological moment—namely, pay-day whenever possible. *Compreé?*

"Q.M. Stores" wants to know why nearly every applicant for a new pair of puttees, pants or tunic, states that the old ones were destroyed at Ypres. If they said it was Festubert, Givenchy or (Censoredville) it would be much more plausible.

"Mike O'Brien" wants to know who is the greatest living Liberal, Albert Liberty or Sir Wilfred Laur-i-ay? Hon. Joe McDonald is in the running, see account of speech by him in another collyum.

THIS AND THAT.

"The Lurgan Mail" says that the "Iodine Chronicle" has "some fine poetry." Congrats. to our budding poets.

Our respect for the London "Daily Chronicle" has gone up a hundredfold since it gave this paper a nice little boost the other day.

Congratulations to our little friend, Private Anthony Ginley, of the 14th Battalion Canadians, upon being awarded the D.C.M. Though only 15 years of age he was through the thick of Ypres, Festubert and Givenchy, and was awarded this distinction for carrying messages under a heavy fire.

The 14th M.A.C., who are a great bunch of fellows, put on a very successful concert at a town that shall be nameless, recently. A boxing contest between "The Miller" and "The Sweep" was quite a feature. It would appear that refreshments were provided, for on the well-drawn out programme is an announcement that the catering was done by Spratt and Machonachie, two well-known providers.

The "Forty-niner" has nothing to do with the paternal parent of that ill-fated lady, Clementine, whose sad fate we have so often heard about at amateur concerts, but is the official paper of the 49th Battalion Canadians, and was published by them at Shorncliffe. It came out monthly and was sold at the ambitious price of sixpence. A stray copy that we happened to get hold of was full of lively skits and news of the boys of this Battalion when in England.

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE.

By JOHN FANNON.

A fair-haired boy, in a Flanders trench,
At sunrise was to die ;
Alone he sat with his head bowed low,
From his heart there came a sigh.
He'd deserted from the ranks, they say,
The reason they can't tell why ;
But the orders that the Captain gave
Were that he'd have to die.
And while the hours did quickly pass,
A messenger on wings to him did fly,
"Save that boy from an unjust fate,"
A pardon, but—it came too late.
The volley was fired at sunrise,
Just at the break of day,
And while the echo lingered
His soul had passed away.
Into the hands of his maker,
There for to know his fate ;
There was a tear, a sigh, a last good-bye,
But the pardon came too late.
Around the camp fires burning bright,
That's where the story was told ;
The mother on her dying bed
Had sent for her boy so bold.
He'd hastened when he'd heard the news,
And was captured on the way ;
Little she thought it was her brave boy
That was to die at break of day.

NOTES FROM THE A.O.B.

(Ancient Order of Batmen).

Who is the Canadian millionaire whose son is a batman at the front? And does the son aforementioned honour No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance with his presence?

The rumour that Joliette, the home town of Pte. Laporte, has been bombarded by a Zeppelin has been very much exaggerated.

Who was the man who put in three hours' work on a strange officer's horse and saddle, expecting to rake in 5 francs at least for his labour—and received a pear, value 20 centimes? Is the man in question usually called "Blokey" for short?

Why is there so much ill feeling in our horse transport on account of Hector Martin being admitted to our noble Order?

How much water would it take to wash a room 40 feet square, considering one of our members uses 50 buckets of H₂O to cleanse a room 10 feet by 8?

A STRETCHER BEARER'S BALLAD.

"I'D RATHER BE OUT HERE."

By R. J. MACDONALD and ALFRED EVANS.

The men who stay at home at ease,
And go to bed just when they please,
Have lots of baccy and of beer,
And yet "I'd rather be out here."
The chaps who stay at home and dine,
Have heaps of wittles and of wine,
With walnuts shelled, and all good cheer
"Tis better to be shelled out here."
The chaps who stay—the lucky dogs,
Can stroll around in tailor's togs,
Whilst sometimes my make-up is queer,
And yet "I'd sooner be out here."
The chaps who stay at home and play
Tennis and ball through the livelong day,
Ne'er fall a-bleeding to the rear,
And yet "I'd rather play out here."
Sweet-hearting? oh, you lucky chaps,
Who go a-woeing, well, perhaps,
Unless I get a nasty whack,
I'll get a girl when I go back.
And yet who knows, there still might be
Some girl to love a bloke like me,
There's Dolly—would she drop a tear,
If I "went under" over here?
The men who live at home at ease,
May do exactly as they please,
And yet I think, my conscience clear,
I would much sooner die out here.

DIVISIONAL CONCERT A GREAT SUCCESS.

Evading, with difficulty, some 50 or more comrades who were trying to borrow "only half a franc" (it is a most foolish and awkward time to have a concert 10 days after pay day and should be provided against in the K. R. and O.) and eventually parting with one franc to "R. J." and "Corn," who pushed into my reluctant hands three souvenir bullets dovetailed into each other, one of which "R. J." solemnly informed me had actually been embedded in the leg of a German, I managed to reach the place where the "Big Show" was to be held, with my sole remaining franc as price of admission. It is true at first I thought of going into the half-franc seats but realised that it was my duty, as representative of a paper of such dignity and importance as the "Iodine Chronicle," to sit in the franc portion of the house.

The programme opened with a swinging march with which the Divisional Music Supply Column endeavoured to out-Sousa Sousa himself, and pretty nearly succeeded. In short, the music was fine, and reflected the greatest credit upon the band and every member. The next item was a song, by a young lady with a soprano voice, entitled "I'm dreaming of you," at least you'd have thought it was a young lady until you looked up and saw a Tommy in khaki, seated at the piano and warbling away "to beat the band." Then two other khaki vocalists came on and also sang songs about dreaming and other things, and were vociferously applauded. Next, selections by the 13th Canadian Battalion Pipers, and fine looking fellows they looked in their tartans of the royal Stewart clan. Never did men, wearing this tartan, fight with greater valour than have the men of this and the other Scottish Canadian Regiments during the last nine months of the present conflict. "Finest music in the wu-r-r-r-ld," said a Scotchman from Dundee, seated on my right, as he listened to the music of his forefathers with rapt attention. "Say, that fellow can swing them sticks," said the mere Englishman on my left, as he gazed at the herculean figure of the man handling the big drum. I agreed with him. The famous Minstrels of the 3rd Canadian Field Ambulance followed, and they caused many laughs with their jokes containing numerous local hits. It was unique in that it was about the first minstrel troupe that the writer has ever seen that did not have ill-placed jokes about "Mothers-in-Law" and "Undertakers," and for that reason alone they deserve great credit. The singing was good, "M-U-double-L-I-G-A-N spells Mulligan," bringing tears to our eyes, whilst "We're going to be here for the winter" struck a chord in the hearts of many. "It used to be some climate when we lived on Salisbury Plain" was heartily encored by the many veterans of Bustard, West Down and Sling Plantation, present in the audience. A dramatic scenoramic, highly spectacular, melodramatic and touching play, the scene of which was a barber's shop, came next, whilst the Hielan men followed with some Scotch dances. A collection for prisoners in Germany was taken during an interval, and we understand that with the amount taken at the doors a substantial sum was raised, which will be used for buying good things for the boys in Allemagne, and of which, according to all accounts, they are sadly in need.

The proceedings, of course, ended with "God Save the King," and as the audience trickled out to answer their respective roll-calls, we can safely make a frank admission that everyone had good value for a franc. "R. J." afterwards informed me that he'd been to lots of shows in Canada when he'd had to pay 50 cents., and didn't have nearly half so good a time.

RECORD PRICE FOR AN "IODINE CHRONICLE."

Pte. Josh. Robinson sent a copy of No. 1 of the "Iodine Chronicle" to the Editor of "The Lurgan Mail," North Ireland, and that paper was good enough to give the "I. C." a little boost, giving a number of extracts from our columns. We now hear that the copy of the "Iodine Chronicle" which Pte. Robinson sent to his home town was afterwards put up for sale at a patriotic auction in Lurgan Town Hall on 30th October, and was knocked down to the highest bidder, bringing in £7 15s. 0d. for the cause. The proceeds of the auction are going to buy comforts for the men at the front.

"AMPOULES."

One of our recent reinforcements thinks that promotion is very slow in this unit. Another reinforcement says he's heard of Mike O'Leary, but who's this Caffy Ooley they're all talking about.

Who is the Staff Sergeant who took an uncommon interest in the gas meter in the cellar at Vlamertinghe?

If the Germans Loos Lens, would they then magnify their victories?

ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

(To be sung to the tune of "Moonlight Bay."
Canadian Papers please DON'T copy.)

We were sailing along on Salisbury Plain,
When from the darkness
I heard some one say,
That's no Canteen, tho' it might have been, so come away,
As we splashed and splashed through mud on Salisbury Plain.
We were there five months and a few days,
We sure got our share,
Old London says ;
And we visited that town and had to come away,
As we splashed and splashed through mud down Amesbury way.
Now we've been out here for nine months,
We have no fear
Of wet or clay.
It near broke our hearts on that parting day,
But we splashed and splashed it down the road to Amesbury way.
But if we get back, I'll go and see,
That beautiful spot
Called Salis-bur-ee.
But I guess as it won't rain that day,
Like when we splashed and splashed it down by Amesbury
way. A. H. METCALFE.

A CANADIAN.

(From a Canadian Paper).

A distinguished visitor was passing through the wards of a hospital in England, filled with wounded soldiers. Stopping at the bed of one of them, he asked what regiment he belonged to. The soldier replied, "I belong to the Canadian Contingent." He gripped the wounded man by the hand and said, "It means a great deal to be a Canadian to-day, a great deal more than it ever did before."

The courage, coolness and bravery displayed by the Canadian troops at the battle of Langemarck was, in every way, most commendable. Their splendid conduct in holding back the German onslaught, in the face of a terrific fire, and then "Saving the Day," as General Sir John French termed it, and preventing a great disaster to the allied troops, puts them in the first rank of heroic men.

A Canadian is looked upon with pride and honoured to-day as never before, and there is no part of our great empire regarded by the Motherland with more favor than our own. We have proved worthy sons of the noble sires who first came to this land, and made it what it is. The young people of this generation have a great heritage. They must see to it that they live up to the high standard set for them, and make the name "Canadian" stand for all that is best and highest in public and private life.

When this terrible war is over and peace is restored and the tide of immigration sets in toward our fair land again, as no doubt it will, we shall have to mould and fashion the political, social and religious life of all who come to our shores. What an opportunity we shall have to make the name "Canadian" stand for all that is noble, honourable, and praiseworthy, to build up a national life which shall stand for all that is highest and best in human endeavour; our standard must be the best, and our national life the most worthy before God and man.

SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Biographical Sketches.

EVANS, A. Usually known as "Corn," like many other distinguished men, comes from St. John, N.B. Some years ago he made a trip to the Arctic regions with Captain Dalton's ship, the "Stanley," which we understand was engaged in exporting acid drops to the Esquimaux in those parts. Anyway, can tell a lot of stories about those interesting people.

FANNON, J. Sometimes called "Jetey" or the "Kingston Delegate" for short, has had an adventurous career. When he should have been at school learning "how many beans make five," he was travelling round with a circus, the result is that to-day he cannot read or write, although he has a wonderful memory, for he can sing songs by the hour, some of which he makes up himself. "The pardon came too late" in this number, was dictated by him to his private secretary, who happens to be another member of the horse transport where our hero is located. In private life, Fannon has been fireman, hack driver, hospital orderly, groom, circus attendant and a few other things as well. He is most at home with horses and has been known to take the straw out of his mattress when on "the Plains" to provide litter for his team.

MACDONALD, R. J. More commonly known as "R. J.," is a tonsorial artist by profession, of no mean ability, and

since he has joined the army, we know of one colonel at least who hunts "R. J." up, whenever he wants a shave. We understand that the residents of St. John, N.B., for this is the town he hails from, are at the present time chasing around with long hair and unshaven chins, waiting for our friend to return from the war. We hope to have further contributions in the future from Pte. Macdonald and his equally talented collaborator of Arctic fame, "Corn" Evans.

METCALFE, A. H. This talented young poet and song writer, like John Fannon, Colonel Ross and other famous men, comes from the Limestone City, and he is usually called "MET." When at Valcartier he did a conjuring feat in the shape of a disappearing trick which would have made Maskelyne, Cook and David Devant turn queer with envy. However, he turned up a few days later, and has been a credit to the unit ever since.

O'BRIEN, M. J., was born at Cork about 21 years ago, hence his natural liking for light verse. At the age of five years he emigrated to Canada, taking his parents with him, and when the war broke out he was at St. John's, N.B. Pte. O'Brien has achieved considerable fame in this unit as a geographical expert, and having the sincerity of his convictions, he will argue for hours against the probability of the world being round. We hope to have more of his poems in forthcoming numbers of the "I. O."

STORMY SESSION OF "A" SECTION DEBATING SOCIETY.

The above Society met to discuss affairs of state during the "wee sma' hours" of the 3rd inst. A prominent member who had just returned from leave in England with a pound or two in his pocket, kindly supplied the debaters with the necessary "oiling up" material. Their throats being successfully oiled, the members started in.

Joe McDonald, the well-known liberal stalwart, called upon the boys to start the ball rolling with "Three cheers for Laurier." Several gentlemen failing to accede to this request caused the Hon. Joe to descend from the platform (which happened to be a pile of hay) and endeavour to wipe up the floor with aforesaid members. This having been accomplished in a most business-like manner, Frank Kelly, the Irish patriot, rose to ask a few questions about the Ross Rifle. He had only reached the third query when a belligerent member gave him a slight push, which caused the patriot to collapse in a gasping heap upon the floor. Then rose Tom Harton, declaring to all and sundry that he was a Scotsman, and that he didn't give a "whooping hurrah" for any Irishman that ever breathed. This statement led of course to a little mix-up between the Scots and the Irish, of which there seemed to be considerable numbers present. After the dust had blown away, and the blood wiped up, the Scotsmen started howling "Annie Laurie," whilst the Irish hooted "Killarney." Their combined efforts drew yells of rage and showers of boots from some outsiders who wished to sleep. After a while the music subsided, and then Dick Merrick commenced a short address on "Fur Trading around Hudson's Bay." Corn Evans, the famous explorer, declared that he knew something about Hudson's Bay, as he had lived there for three years on whale blubber.

"Yes, Sir, I've been all through that country," said Corn. He used to catch the whale by making a noise like a mackerel and then stabbing them when they come around.

R. J. Macdonald then butted in by telling a few of his experiences whilst on the Spy Trail. He hadn't got far, however, when he got the order of the boot into the straw pile. Result—another little set-to, during which Joe Perrault could be heard declaiming that the "Niobe" was the only boat which could force the Dardanelles. Several members thereupon fell on Perrault and fired him into his bunk, where he cried himself to sleep. "Whirlwind" Blizzard then obliged with a Kozoo solo, after which Hon. Joe McDonald declared he was the man who built Laurier's platform, and he defied any man to prove he didn't. Several gentlemen thought he didn't and said so, whereupon the meeting ended with a free for all fight. Long after the wounded had been put to bed by their pals, Tom Harton could be heard proving to Frank Kelly that St. Patrick was a Scotsman. D.S.

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

- (1) If it takes one officer, one N.C.O., ten men, one motor lorry, and a journey of 16 miles to fetch 24 broken bricks, what would it take to remove a couple of barrow loads?
- (2) Who is the R.A.M.C. orderly who is billeted on the wrong side of the main road? Don't you think he'd better be in a "home"?