

· THE · VICS · PATROL

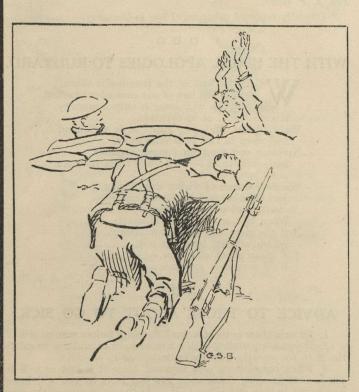
PASSED BY CENSOR OF GENERAL STAFF 2ND CANADIAN DIV. I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

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INSULT TO INJURY.
(A FACT.)

Snowball: "Now then, Fritz, hold this bomb while I climb over the parapet."

BATTLE CRY.

H ISTORY impartially has placed the blame
For many a loss upon many a famous figure;
But strangely has failed, in most, to cede the fame
That's rightly due, since ever man pulled trigger,
To them, whose was in all the harder lot
To remedy each foeman's tour de force.
What slogan always cooled the ardour hot
Of enemies—Hun—Vandal—Moor or Norse?
"The 24th—Stand to!"

No faintest echo of a social fracas
That e'er disturbed serenity mundane,
But instantly its message came to wake us:
"Stand to, the 24th, or hope is vain!"
Does price of fish go up in Petrograd?
Or silver market break in far Calcutta?
The Army Council says, "While yet so sad,
"Tis not too late." Then words begin to stutter:
"The 24th—Stand to!"

A ship is pinched in ice of Greenland's floes?
Someone at Ottawa accused of profit?
A girl in bathing—someone steals her clothes?
Does Patagonian Navy lose a raft?
Nothing too trivial or too far away—
And English sparrow drowned in German beer
Has power, no less than greater things, to sway
Those councils wise, whose mandate most we hear:
"The 24th—Stand to!"

Prophetic vision sees that future time:
The V.R.C.'s their charge have made, and all (Except Paymaster, mascot, cooks and crime Sheets) have ascended to the great Valhal.
One day a sweating messenger seeks Heaven (After a thousand years of war-less bliss);
St. Peter opens "Army Form Q. 7,"
Initials the counterfoil, and frowns at this: