

THE VICS PATROL.

The Official Organ of the 24th Canadian B'n, Victoria Rifles of Canada, British Expeditionary Force.

A Monthly Newspaper devoted to mental, physical, and moral culture, and to the suppression of militarism in all its forms.

All rights reserved, including the translation of contents into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief	- - - -	Capt. the Rev. C. STUART, Chaplain.
Assistant Editor	- - - -	Pte. A. D. SMITH, Jr., "D" Co.
Business Manager	- - - -	C.Q.M.S. LYON, "D" Co.
Religious Editor	- - - -	Cpl. A. S. TRACEY, Signal Section.
Art Editor	- - - -	Sergt. G. S. BUSHE, "C" Co.
Temperance Editor	- - - -	Sergt. W. W. WALLACE (<i>temporary</i>).

EDITORIAL.

THE EDITOR offers the apologies of the Editorial Staff for the apparent tardiness with which this second copy of THE VICS PATROL is issued. We believe it was promised for July 1st, but many things have combined to delay its appearance past this date. There was a tour in the trenches at the critical moment when the material had all been collected; a certain reluctance, too, on the part of the contributors to come forward with the result of their brain-storms; finally, the Assistant Editor took himself off to "Blighty." It is really most disconcerting and upsetting to have our Assistant Editor fade into the distance in this way, especially when we rely on him to do all the hard work in the preparation of a copy of this illustrious newspaper. We may suggest two reasons for his action. Either he fled in fear of his life from the threats of those who were brought into prominence in the last issue, or else he found it impossible to endure the reproaches of those whom he had left in obscurity. At any rate, someone got into telephonic communication with the friendly Hun and requested him to kindly remove the Assistant Editor from our midst; and Fritz, always ready to oblige, did his best, with the result that we have to carry on in the trenches while our *confrère* indulges in a sardonic grin at our expense, and a so-called captivating smile for the benefit of the fair V.A.D. nurses in an English hospital.

We hope he will speedily return to our midst, so that another copy of this paper may be produced before next Christmas; and in the meantime the Editor begs to announce that applications for the vacant post of Assistant Editor *pro tem.* should be addressed to him in quadruplicate at the earliest opportunity, every candidate to thoroughly understand that he does all the work, but we get all the credit. (N.B.—There is no salary attached to the position.)

One hears a great deal about the *moral* of the troops. Needless to remark, it is a subject upon which any young lady can safely converse, as it has no connection at all with the men's morals. It is, on the other hand, rather an intangible quantity, and is more easily discussed than defined. But all will agree that on the termination of a tour in the trenches, when shells and minnenwerfers and rum-jars, and all the other specimens of German inventiveness, have been exhibited for our delectation, the favourite expression is that our *moral* is low. So Commanding

Officers put their heads together to consider this important question, "How to raise this elusive article—*moral*?"

Various methods present themselves. There are some who prefer the ancient and honourable method of eternally forming fours. There are some who, confusing it with morality, advocate a larger amount of psalm-singing. Others, again, put their whole trust in unlimited quantities of food and sleep. Undoubtedly these all have their place, if used in moderation, but the prescription *par excellence* for this matter is "amusement," and this, during the warm weather at least, narrows down to "games."

The importance of games cannot be over-estimated. Not only do they give the men physical exercise, but they train the eye and the brain to rapid movement, and at the same time they afford pleasure to a large number of spectators as well as to the players themselves.

The net result is the incorporation of a *mens sana in corpore sano*—in other words, *moral*. Healthy amusement drives out gloomy and depressing thoughts which deteriorate the men's efficiency, and renders them fit once more to face any crisis.

It may be very truly remarked that this is a platitude, but, after all, there is nothing new under the sun; and if this is such a well-known fact, why is it that more attention is not officially paid to games while the Battalion is in rest billets? Why are not baseball and football teams formed from the different companies and sections, and duly encouraged and supported by the rest of the Battalion? Surely it would be easy to arrange an inter-company schedule to be played off each time we are out of the trenches, and a little enterprise would produce a similar schedule within the brigade. As it is at present, one only discovers by accident that a game is going to be played, and judging from the result of the last two Battalion baseball games, we need either a development of talent or some more practice. In either case this could be obtained from the schedule system.

THE VICS PATROL trusts that the good start made with the sports will initiate a new order of things, and that a fresh enthusiasm and encouragement will arouse itself in the Battalion, not only for our own interest and amusement, but also for the improvement of the general *moral*.

There are several distinguishing marks which tell us without any mistake that we have become the real thing in "trench warriors." Long ago, of course, we have ceased to shudder at a rat gently slithering over our face in the dead of night; we have grown used to a diet of bully-beef, hard-tack, and cold water, with occasional offerings of the famous "M. and V."; we can quite comfortably dispense with washing for a few weeks (otherwise how can one explain the colour of the scouts' faces at times?); but it has remained for yet one more indication to prove to us that we are finally acclimatised and have become the real thing.

"One more indication," we have suggested. To tell the truth, there are a thousand indications to be found almost anywhere in the Battalion. They travel in tribes, and are migratory to the highest degree. Yet in themselves they are simple little things. They have become so tame that they will almost eat out of your hands and answer to their names; and if it hard for us to distinguish Jenny from Lizzie, or Tom from Harry, we are at least sure of their common name. They form an invariable topic of conversation. The M.O. is especially chatty on the subject, and desires the apprehension of a good specimen.

We need name no names. We have always been taught that such things are not mentioned in polite society. But we feel a just pride in this final proof that we are the real thing, and that no one can cast reflections on our ability to withstand any enemy.