

IN writing up the story of the fight for the St. Eloi craters, Sir Max Aitken pays a deserved tribute to several of our officers and men for work which they did on that front. But he neglects to mention the stirring events of the night of April 16th, when the garrison of Crater X repulsed an "attack" and nearly scared the garrison of Crater Y to death—until the latter discovered that no bombs were being thrown except our own.

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Partial list of things which would be chased off with machine-guns if I were Kaiser of West Flanders:—

Fatigue parties.
Wiring parties.
Belgian beer.
"Listening posts" in subsidiary trenches.
Ambitious artillery.
Marmalade.
"Me no compri dat."
Section commanders.
Divisional reserve "rests."
The "furnished on repayment" idea.
"A little arm drill this morning."

A. D. S.

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"THE TWENTY-FOURTH SWELLS."

(24th Battalion Marching Song.)

IF you study fashion both in manner and in dress,
You need not travel far, but stay just where you are.
Cast your eyes and gaze upon these gems of loveliness—
You'll say we are the swellest things that ever happened yet.

CHORUS:

We are the Twenty-Fourth Swells,
And we mean to shine.
We've got no V.C.'s,
But we've done lots of C.B.'s.
They send for us cuties when there's trouble around;
And when we're on the firing line
Fritz has a pretty rotten time.
He sends a whizbang, we do a bizzbang.
(Pump-diddy-om-pom—BOMB RIGHT!)

We are the Twenty-Fourth Swells.

They gave us a dandy send-off the night we came away—
They wanted us to stay, and we would if we'd had our way.
It broke the hearts of our lady loves who came to see us off—
They knew we were in for a pretty rough time, and so did the
Twenty-Fourth.
(Spoken.) But....

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ADDITIONAL VERSES TO "THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER."

(50-50 with Rudyard.)

WHEN you're at —, and the craters you hold,
And to get back to billets you'd give all your gold,
Remember the others have feet quite as cold,
And wait to be killed like a soldier.
Killed—killed—killed like a soldier, etc.

When you're back in reserve and your billets are shelled
Till they're worse than the craters that lately you held,
Just get behind trees, if there's one yet not felled,
And pray for your leave like a soldier.
Leave—leave—leave like a soldier, etc.

When you're in "Highland Wood" and the batteries around
Are shelled day and night, pay no heed to the sound;
Get something to read and lie close to the ground,
Or sleep through it all like a soldier.
Sleep—sleep—sleep like a soldier, etc.

When they find fresh equipment to hang round your neck,
Till you feel like a hardware store out on a trek,
Just swear if they hang any more there, by heck,
You'll "ditch" all your kit—like a soldier.
Ditch—ditch—ditch like a soldier, etc.

"STARBUCK."

THE MUSE AT WORK.

LIKE our worthy Chaplain, I have no intention of inflicting a speech on patient readers, but only pause long enough to add my quota of good wishes to the numerous blessings hoped for the "baby" born into journalism in the sphere of Active Service and christened THE VICS PATROL.

Apropos of ventures (and I cast no aspersion on the PATROL when I classify it as a venture, its success being fairly well assured by being born in the 24th Battalion), one day, hearing a close friend of mine—one who wears a crown also—raving of woman's eyes and Heaven's dome, I was much concerned for some few moments, my friend being a fairly well-balanced sort of a chap as a rule; it was one of those spasms which precede "something." Aided by a close study of my friend's antics I elicited the truth. What do you imagine he was up to? He was trying his hand at composition!

Just fancy for yourself a staid, business-like Scot—oh, yes, he is a Scot, and "frae Aberdeen" at that, mind you—as I was saying, just fancy my friend, and at his age too—for he is getting quite grey—trying his hand at composition! What? Verse? Yes, it was verse he was after—not common everyday prose, but verse with a marked sentimental strain; but be it added to his credit, it was not some silly, mushy stuff he was trying out; it had that martial strain that bespeaks the fervid patriot; and what nation, may I ask, can lead old Scotia in patriotism?

To come right to the point, my friend was endeavouring to compose a toast to our Flag—"the Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." It was infectious. Before long he had inveigled me into the game. The main idea was to embody in the lines the vivid impression of the wondrous blueness of the blue, the glorious redness of the red, and the virgin purity of the white, combined in our inspiring emblem of freedom—the Union Jack.

After a short partnership our combined brains, or, if you prefer it, our combined efforts, resulted in the effusion which is here presented for your delectation. I claim no rights, and positively refuse a crown of laurels, while all royalties are payable to my friend from Aberdeen. (He will claim them anyway, so I may as well renounce all claim gracefully as be worsted in a court of law; there is a decided strain of shrewdness in our friend.) Nevertheless, gentle readers, if you are quite ready, allow me:—

TOAST TO THE FLAG.

There's no such red in April's blooms,
On blushing rose or sparkling wine;
There's no such white in winter's snows,
On iceberg's peak or angel's shroud;
There's no such blue in woman's eyes,
In ocean's depths or Heaven's dome;
There's no such red or white or blue
Wherever else our eyes may roam.

The rainbow with its myriad hues
Alone supplies the wondrous blend
Of colour in our emblem dear
That waves o'er Freedom's land;
O'er empire wide, in every clime,
Its folds around our hearts entwine:
Here's to the flag that ne'er goes back—
The flag, our rag, the Union Jack.

A. C. S. M.

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SIGNAL SECTION NOTES.

WE hear that one of the little niggers is going strong as an art student, and hope to see him blossom out in the PATROL, or perhaps the *Bystander*.

The pipe belonging to "Bill the Buskey Sail Chaser" is getting worse. We shall have to wear our respirators when Bill is around.

The Jersey Cow would like to know if Old Rufe intends to transfer to the Old Timers' Battalion, now being recruited at Pink Grass, Montana.

The horse owners of London were much perturbed when they heard that Joe the Mexican Bandit was coming on leave.

Nobby the Cook would like to know if there is any book published giving instructions on the easiest way to sprain an ankle.

We understand that the great Bobby, of the firm of Nobby and Bobby, of the Hillside Café, is getting leave on the Derby Group system.

That alleged baseball team, recruited from an old ladies' home, but claiming to represent the M.G.S., is slower than Headquarters leave—and that is some slow.

C. A. S.