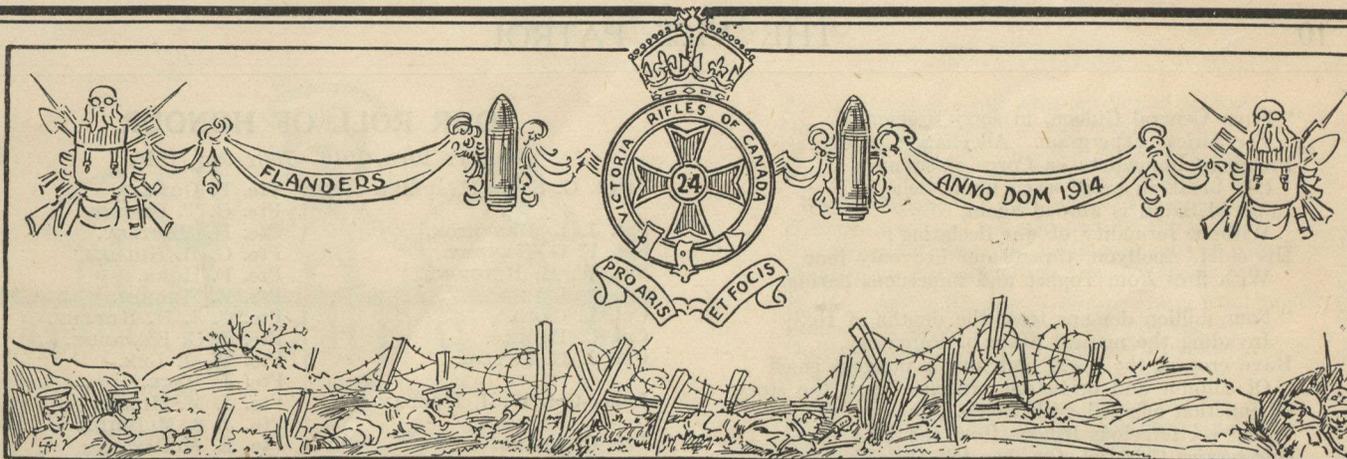


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THE ACTIVE SERVICE JOURNAL OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA. C. Dolphin 1916

# 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.

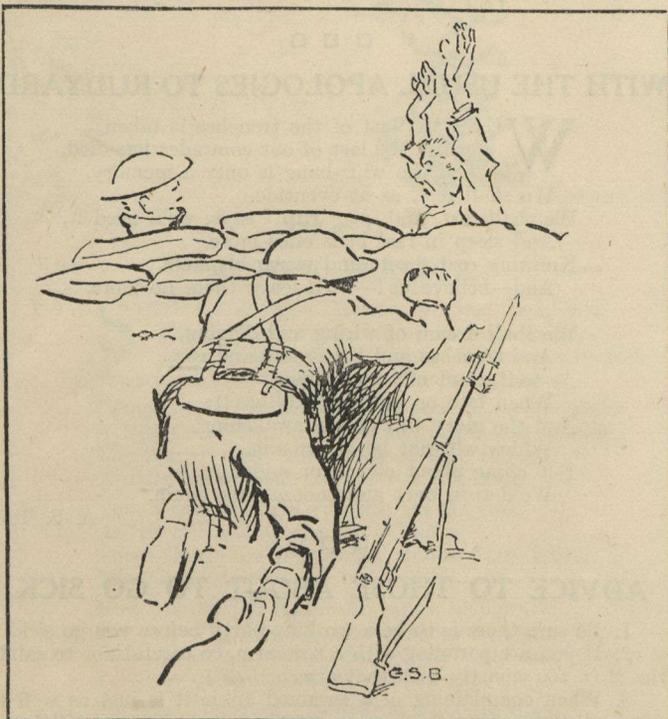
PRINTED BY PERMISSION  
OF LIEUT.-COL. J. A. GUNN,  
O.C. 24TH B'N (V.R.C.)

Vol. I.—No. 2.

TRENCH EDITION.

JULY 15, 1916

## BATTLE CRY.



INSULT TO INJURY.  
(A FACT.)

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

**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 flocs ?  
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 :

"From General Gideon, in sorry urgency,  
Per Airless Ethergram. All charges paid.  
Pressing—Immediate—a Corps emergency.  
(By break in orbit seven hours delayed.)  
Imperial Satan is abroad again,  
Without formality of war declaring;  
His chief, Apollyon, threats our heavenly fane  
With fires from Tophet and impetuous daring.

"Four million demons from the depths of Hell,  
Invading the neutral State of Purgatory,  
Have crossed the Styx, and now a pungent smell  
Of sulphur and brimstone credence lends the story  
Of junction effected with Be-elzebub  
And six ferocious legions from the Pit;  
Our service Celestial, too, has felt the rub  
Of fire balloons, and such, that bither fit.

"Already through the blue of Heaven's vault  
Resound the echoes of his Hymn of Hate,  
Save's something quickly done, he'll soon assault  
The very threshold of the Pearly Gate!"  
St. Peter's vision clears: "Our Gideon's made,"  
Said he, "an error—not for us at all—  
'Tis a Battalion matter, not Brigade,  
And quickly settled. Major! Send a call:  
'Shades of the 24th—STAND TO!'"  
STARBUCK.

□ □ □

### A MISTAKE.

**I**T was a time of great solemnity:  
The Battalion mustered on parade;  
The Adjutant was there himself to see  
Two serious promulgations made.

Matters proceeded, grave and orderly,  
The Companies drawn up around,  
Forming a hollow square; the Adjutant  
Stood in the centre of the ground.

The men stood at attention: all was still;  
Let me repeat—it was a time  
Of great solemnity. Not e'en a smile  
Or sigh disturbed the peace sublime.

'Mid deathly silence culprit Number One  
Advanced to hear his sentence read.  
The escort stood aside; the B.S.M.  
Reached up and bared the culprit's head.

No sound disturbed the silence of the square  
As Number One stepped back a pace,  
And Number Two, advancing in his turn,  
Followed him in the prisoner's place.

The escort stood once more on both his flanks  
In solemn, stern array;  
The B.S.M. advanced alone to bare  
His head in the accustomed way.

But lo! A gasp of horror, half-suppressed,  
Ran through th' assembled multitude;  
A moan escaped the twitching lips of those  
Who rigidly and at attention stood.

A mistake—a terrible mistake—had just occurred:  
The innocent had suffered wrong;  
A stigma cast upon the once fair name  
Of one who'd served both well and long.

For when the B.S.M. stepped up to do  
The task allotted to his care—  
To take the cap from off the culprit's head  
And soulfully regard his hair—

The cap came off with due solemnity,  
'Tis true; but I regret to say  
'Twas not the culprit's, but the escort's head  
The B.S.M. bared to the light of day.

P.

### OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

MAY 10TH, 1916—JULY 6TH, 1916.

Lieut. G. S. LE MESURIER

Sgt. J. L. BRERETON.  
Sgt. F. G. HENDRY.  
Sgt. W. H. REDMOND.Cpl. L. CAVE.  
Cpl. C. PAINE.  
Cpl. J. R. TAYLOR.

Lance-Cpl. W. J. HOBBDAY.

Pte. C. ADAMS.  
Pte. G. K. ADAMS.  
Pte. W. C. ANDERSON.  
Pte. F. BATTEN.  
Pte. A. BAXTER.  
Pte. R. B. BICKERDIKE.  
Pte. J. BORTHWICK.  
Pte. M. BROWN.  
Pte. W. CLUNIE.  
Pte. H. COLLINS.  
Pte. R. M. COOK.  
Pte. W. COOPER.  
Pte. M. W. COUND.  
Pte. J. CROFT.  
Pte. G. CRONKWRIGHT.  
Pte. A. DAVIS.  
Pte. M. DINGWALL.  
Pte. T. W. FAREWELL.  
Pte. J. FARRELL.  
Pte. L. FERGUSON.  
Pte. J. FRASER.  
Pte. J. H. GALE.  
Pte. J. T. GARBUTT.  
Pte. H. A. GODWIN.  
Pte. A. F. GORE.Pte. F. GORMAN.  
Pte. G. T. GRUNDY.  
Pte. H. HARTLEY.  
Pte. G. B. HOLMES.  
Pte. F. HORN.  
Pte. E. HUGHES.  
Pte. C. J. H. HURLEY.  
Pte. J. G. KENNEDY.  
Pte. W. J. LEE.  
Pte. J. MACK.  
Pte. J. M. MILLER.  
Pte. J. S. MCBRIDE.  
Pte. E. MCCAW.  
Pte. A. McDONALD.  
Pte. G. F. MCGONNIGAL.  
Pte. J. MCKAY.  
Pte. O. PATENAUDE.  
Pte. E. PELLETIER.  
Pte. J. J. G. RICHARDSON.  
Pte. G. W. RINGLAND.  
Pte. W. ROWE.  
Pte. O. L. SANSOUCIE.  
Pte. R. SHORROCK.  
Pte. J. C. SIME.  
Pte. G. H. SIMS.  
Pte. A. SMITH.  
Pte. D. A. SMITH.  
Pte. H. J. SWEENEY.  
Pte. H. L. SWEENEY.  
Pte. F. TESSIER.  
Pte. F. G. WHITE.  
Pte. S. K. WRIGHT.*Missing.*

\*Pte. D. K. WAITE.

\*Pte. A. G. WILDE.

\* Officially reported prisoners of war in Germany.

□ □ □

### WITH THE USUAL APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD.

**W**HEN the last of the trenches is taken,  
And the last of our comrades has died,  
And the whiz-bang is only a memory,  
We shall rest, as at eventide.  
We shall rest, and, as "Kip" says, we'll need it,  
And sleep in real beds once more,  
Knowing real sheets and warm blankets,  
And—believe us!—we'll leave them no more.

We shall dream of wiring and digging,  
And trenches and bath-mats and gas,  
As well as of officers wiggling  
When late on parade (silly ass!);  
And the glory will be the awakening,  
Which will not be at six a.m.,  
But along about eleven or midday  
We'll turn over and snooze once again.

A. S. T.

□ □ □

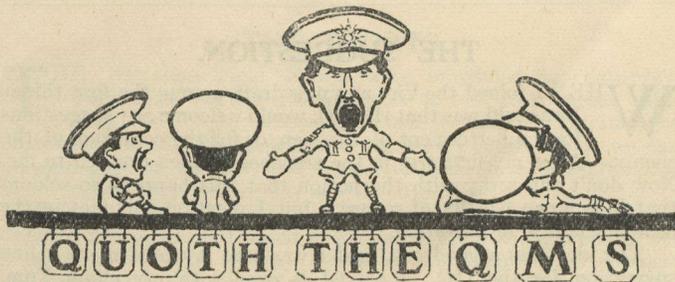
### ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO GO SICK.

1. Be sure there is to be a working party before you go sick.
2. If you are parading with a sore arm, be careful not to salute the M.O. too smartly with that arm.
3. When complaining of a sprained ankle it is just as well to put a distinguishing mark upon the bad foot, so you will know which foot to limp on. (Dear Q.M.,—As the grammarians say, you should not use a preposition to end a sentence with.)
4. If you want a high temperature, don't chew phosphorus. You might bite off more than you can chew. For further advice see my publications, "How to Get a High Temperature" (fr. 1.00); "How to Get a Very High Temperature" (fr. 2.50). Those seeking a personal interview may find me in my tent between a.m. and p.m. Fee, fr. 5.00 or one dollar Mex., or a nickel real money.

Q.M.S.

Gift of

Offert par



THE other night  
I dreamed  
I was home.  
And I went  
Into a restaurant  
With good food  
And foreign waiters  
And a band  
And a printed menu  
And things.  
And I saw  
Lots of subalterns  
With one star,  
One lonely star,  
On their sleeves.  
And they  
Were  
Foot soldiers;  
But all of them  
Wore spurs  
And carried whips,  
Large whips,  
Great big whips  
Like cowboys carry  
In the movies.  
And I  
Wondered  
At it  
And larft  
At the whips  
And spurs.  
And then  
I saw  
K.—  
The K.—  
K. of K.,

And he hadn't  
Spurs  
Or whip  
Or anything  
Or other,  
And I wondered  
At it  
And larft.  
And I woke up  
And got  
Some tea and bacon  
From Jack Wheeler,  
Old Jack Wheeler,  
Our cook.  
And I was glad  
I was here,  
And not  
In that swell joint  
With a star,  
One lonely star,  
And spurs  
And all that,  
And I  
Larft.

Q.M.S.



I thank you.

□ □ □

**ACTIVE SERVICE.**

SOME think that "Active Service" is a name  
For thrilling deeds, heroic exploits, fame;  
Days of excitement, nights of hard-earned rest,  
Welcomed by soldiers as an honoured guest.  
Casualties, of course—some deaths, some wounds—  
A Red Cross flag, heart-rending sights and sounds;  
The roar of guns, the shriek of shot and shell,  
A nightmare cinema of Heaven and Hell.  
That's true enough, yet only so far true  
As 'tis tell a child the sea is blue;  
These things are trimmings, merely fluffy frills,  
The sugar coating over bitter pills.  
Now for the pill itself: An ounce of fight,  
Say one of thrills and two or three of fright,  
Some pounds of thirst and hunger, cold and heat,  
Lashings of weariness and blistered feet.  
Endless "fatigues," of guards a goodly store,  
Orders and counter-orders by the score;  
Ounces of this and that, of one thing 'Tons—  
Stark BOREDOM—worse to face than Vickers' guns.  
Just try ten days of it. Perhaps the mail  
Is late—no letters, parcels, papers stale,  
A month ago. Yes, bully-beef to eat,  
Or, if you're lucky, chilled Australian meat.

The never-ceasing toil with spade and pick—  
Dig, dig, and dig until you're simply sick  
Of sight of toil, and then that something gun  
Wrecking the work you really thought you'd done.  
"Ration fatigue," "Fall in!"—the daily game,  
Week in, week out, in cold or heat the same;  
Staggering with sharp-edged boxes, coils of wire,  
Through narrow pitch-dark trenches under fire.  
That's "Active Service"—frowns and a fitful smile,  
Honours in inches, "tellings off" by the mile;  
Sleep reckoned by the minute, work by the week;  
Life in a mud-hole. Glorified hide-and-peek.  
Grouse, do I? Well, why grudge a soul its salve?  
Engines would burst without their safety valve.  
We know the cause is good, we're proud to fight;  
But twice two can't make five, and black's not white.

THE GROUSER.

(From "The Snapper," the monthly journal of the East Yorkshire Regiment, April, 1916.)

□ □ □

**CHARIVARI.**

FURTHER list of things which are proper subjects for internment at Wittenberg:—  
Daylight saving.  
"Say, A. D., here's something for the paper." (Usually a witticism that would make a police reporter blush.)  
Mashed potatoes *à la* chloride of lime.  
New and strange ways of wearing gas helmets.  
Minnenwerfers.  
Whiz-bangs.  
All other German artillery variations.  
"Two-day" turns in the salient which work out to 120 hours.  
Messieurs Maconochie and Tickler.  
The current system of apportioning rest periods between Imperial and Colonial troops.  
Blighties which blight nothing but their owners' hopes of extended sick leave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bilious reflections of a home-sick Yank:—  
Do old, bald-headed men with children really enjoy being referred to as "young subalterns"?  
Why is it that the prettiest girls always have the least sense?  
A steel hat affords fair protection, but a brass one seems to be better.

What on earth is that tune that a certain Company Commander is for ever whistling?  
One time I came out of the trenches with all my equipment intact except one respirator. A cold-eyed Q.M. met me with threats of twenty-eight days No. 1. Last week I came out with nothing but a broken rifle and a water-bottle which was suffering from shell-shock. The same Q.M. greeted me with smiles and kindly words, and gave me the pick of the stores.  
"What man knoweth the mind of a King?"

\* \* \* \* \*

From a war diary:—  
Sunday, —th June.—6 p.m.—The C.O. has just announced that we go up to the trenches to-morrow night. 7 p.m.—The General has arrived to take dinner with the Officers' Mess. 8 p.m.—The Major has come around to tell us that we don't go in for three days more. . . . Here's hoping they keep the General all night!  
A. D. S.

□ □ □

**EUCLID IN THE ARMY.**

A DUG-OUT is that which, if inhabited by any given number of men, contains room for less than half that number.  
An adjutant is that which has no heart or gratitude.  
Any two whiz-bangs together will cause a newcomer to duck.  
Any number of Army biscuits are together worth less than one sound tooth.  
A major has the shortest temper between two meals.  
No one may wear more than one gas helmet on the same head.  
Sergeants who swear in the same manner are equal to one another.—Daily Paper.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I am quite aware that most of your readers may be incensed at the thought of the Censor having a grievance. On the contrary, they feel that they have unlimited complaints to register against my august self. Censoring letters is a thankless task, in spite of the inspirations for one's own correspondence that may be derived from letters of absolutely identical content, and yet addressed to Mabel and Clarissa and dearest Jane. When one runs out of ideas for one's own sentimental correspondence, one only has to apply for the Censor's job in order to tap an unfailing source of new thoughts and impressions. With regard to this the Censor has no complaints to make.

But what does it mean when I find on the back of an envelope the letters, "S.W.A.K."? Does the writer imagine that the man who licks the flap really wafts an osculatory caress to the fair recipient? Or that the lady would wish for such a thing from a mythical person of doubtful age and beauty? If not, the Censor is sailing under false colours, and the lady searches in vain for the thing signified. I know one Censor who unfeelingly seals all such envelopes with a sponge! Naturally, I remonstrated with him; but the utmost reform that I could manage was moistening the flap with wintergreen tooth-paste, so that the seeker after hidden caresses might imagine that the sender had been chewing gum.

I therefore request that amatory writers kindly refrain from the use of this cabalistic sign.—Yours, with a frown,

THE CENSOR.

(We regret that we are personally unable to meet your modest request, as there are no girls on our correspondence list. But we gladly pass the suggestion along.—Ed.)

DEAR SIR,—I hopes as how you'll excuse the libberty I ups and takes in writing to you but I am a soldier of the King one of these here soldiers what they sings about and Ive got a grievance which I asks of you to pass to the King its about my Quarter Bloke here I am a fighting soldier up in the trenches and there he is back in camp and I says as how his duty is to stuff his men and does he do it no he dont and does he stuff himself not arf he dont lumme Mister editor only yesterday after doing eight parades I asks him for my issue of rum and he ups and tells me to go to I dont use no bad langwidge but you knows where he means, and he tells me to drink water and I ups and says if that stuff rots yer boots what will it do to yer stumuck him what I sees all the time riding upon a horse and me a soldier what beats it up on my hoofs and am I to be refused my rum I says no I says and I says as how I wants you to write to the King about it.—Your loveing freind,

PTE. BOOZEHARD.

(We can only say, in reference to the foregoing doubtless justified complaint, that the matter is being given serious consideration. Wait and see.—Ed.)

□ □ □

## QUOTH THE KAISER.

THE Kingdom of mine is too small, you'll agree—  
Too small for my legions, too tiny for me.

You cannot expect me to move and to prance  
Unless I can capture the vineyards of France.  
And even with France more room must I have,  
So why not annex all the land of the Slav?  
'Tis a pity Great Britain to leave in the cold,  
And that's why those islands I'm going to hold.  
Turkey's the country to rob and to fleece,  
And then I can turn my attention to Greece.  
The Japanese Navy I'll tow into Kiel,  
And China 'ill be made all my power to feel.  
Of course, in my clutches I keep sunny India,  
And rob all the Princes from C.B. to Seindia.  
I'll overturn India, causing her pain;  
And then I'll exterminate Servia and Spain.  
To colonise Afric and Egypt's my job,  
And also American millionaires I'll rob;  
In fact, I'll be King of the World (that's my rôle),  
And prove to all nations I'm right up the Pole.  
And when of the world I really am boss,  
I'll decorate "Gott" with the great Iron Cross.

(From "The Snapper," the monthly Journal of the East Yorkshire Regiment, April, 1916.)

## THE SUGGESTION.

WHEN I joined the Vics as a new draft, among the first things I was told was that the C.O. would welcome any suggestions for the betterment of the men, or for the confusion of the enemy. After my first trip in the trenches an idea occurred to me. Now don't run away with the notion that this happens so seldom that it is alone worthy of record; but I mention this fact in the ordinary course of narration.

The idea was a good one, and I was sure it would make a fine suggestion for the C.O. I talked it over with my chum Tom, because I wanted his opinion. Tom and I have known each other for years, and he has been with the Battalion from the start, so that I thought his opinion would be worth having. Besides, I was afraid of talking of it with anyone else of the draft, because they would want to pinch it and let the C.O. think it was their suggestion. Tom has just been made a lance-corporal, so that shows he knows a thing or two.

Tom listened to my suggestion very kindly, and told me to go to the C.S.M. in the morning and ask to be paraded to the Company Commander; and he finished up by giving me a pat on the back and a friendly smile, and telling me (what I am really rather modest about repeating, but he did say it) that he was sure I would be a sergeant some day soon, for there was room at the top for a fellow with brains.

Next morning Tom was good enough to speak to the C.S.M. for me, while I was waiting to be paraded before the Captain, and I could not help seeing the Sergt.-Major's eye light up when he heard there was one man anyway who had used his grey matter. When I got before the Captain I saluted smartly, but I did not know how to begin; so the Sergt.-Major helped me out by telling the officer I had a suggestion to make. "Yes, my man," said the Captain, "what is it?" "I got the idea, sir," I said, "when two men were buried in our trench." And then I told him what my suggestion was.

I could see that he was pleased with me by the way he smiled, and he said he was glad to perceive that I was taking an interest in the work. Then he told me to go to the Orderly Room, and he himself would speak to the C.O. about me. I said "Thank you, sir," and saluted.

I felt rather nervous in front of the C.O., but my Company Commander was there as he promised, and he whispered to the Colonel about it. The Sergt.-Major said, "Man wants to lay a suggestion before you, sir." "What have you to say to me?" said the Colonel. "Sir," I answered, "two men were buried by the explosion of a shell in our trench the other day, and when we dug them out they were nearly suffocated. I would suggest, sir, that men should put on their respirators during a bombardment so that if they get buried they will be enabled to breathe."

"Well, you know, my man," said the C.O., "we cannot have this sort of thing in the Regiment. Discipline must be maintained. Don't let it happen again. Five days' C.B."

"Left turn! Quick march!" ordered the Sergt.-Major, and I was outside before I had time to speak.

Of course it was all a mistake; but it was a very unfortunate mistake.

They call me "Respirator" in my platoon now; but as soon as I have finished my five days, I intend to go to the C.O. again, and then things will be put right. It is a perfectly good suggestion.  
G. S. B.

□ □ □

## ODE TO A BATH-MAT.

IN a dug-out where we lived (I should say "existed") for a few days lately, our roof was simply a bath-mat covered by a ground-sheet. Hence the following:—

Little Bath-mat, staunch and true,  
What should we without you do?  
You keep away the dust and mud,  
And save us from the drenching flood.

I hope you'll never meet a shell  
(You may some day—you ne'er can tell);  
But if you do, just stiffen some,  
And it will bounce back on the Hun!

W. E. C.

(Yes, it will; I don't think.—Ed.)

## THE SPORTS.

**T**HE Battalion Field Sports were scheduled for Saturday, June 24th, but the grounds were so wet from recent rains that they were postponed until Sunday. (To such an object to this anti-Sabbatarianism, we merely suggest that we can fill sand-bags on Sunday, and we can sit under shell-fire on Sunday, so we reckon that we can play a little on Sunday.)

Colonel Gunn, although unable to be present in person, kindly donated £10 to be distributed in prizes. This, although we are not a mercenary people, greatly increased the eagerness to compete and participate, and simplified the task of the recruiting committee.

To the credit of Major Alexander and the various committees in charge, the sports came off smoothly and with great success, and during the afternoon some very fine talent was brought to light—some of it in quite unsuspected places. In the three-legged race the senior N.C.O.'s developed some unexpected capacity for team work. In the Officers' race (100 yards), Major Ross, D.S.O., won—as he was bound to do on form—but was made to hurry it the whole way by no less a person than ye Editor, about whom there is nothing that suggests sprinting abilities.

That Transport Sergt. Durman's brother won the mule race may be passed over as a coincidence; but when Sergt. Bliault led the band to the tape it was clearly a triumph of mind over matter.

The reveille race showed the 24th at its best, for we have had practically ten months of incessant training for just such an event.

The bomb-throwing contest showed plainly the difference between what may be called catch-as-catch-can bombing and the professional style. Nobody grudges the Bombers their easy victory in that event, and we all feel sure that their abilities will hold to form when the target is something other than a chalk circle.

The horseback wrestling—an exclusively Transport stunt—furnished plenty of amusement. There seemed to be no rules of procedure, and his late Lordship of Queensberry would have suffered in seeing the means adopted by the bareback warriors in unseating their opponents.

Brigadier-General A. H. Macdonell, C.M.G., D.S.O., honoured us with his presence during the afternoon, coming especially to see the tug-of-war, and we certainly put in a good one for him to see. The Bombers' carefully constructed team carried off the honours, but not until the Headquarters' detail had given them a first-class tussle. Lieut. Walker accompanied the General, and added no little gaiety to the proceedings by taking charge of the greased pig. The pig, secured by Capt. Armour from Heaven knows where, was an extraordinarily affectionate animal, and responded enthusiastically to Mr. Walker's blandishments.

The Battalion is indebted to the 26th Battalion for their courtesy in permitting the use of their parade grounds for the sports, and to the various committees in charge, and especially to the individual efforts of Major Alexander, Major Ross, D.S.O., Major Parr, Capt. Armour, and Battalion Sergt.-Major Hennessey. The Brigade Band played a number of excellent selections and helped to make the affair a success.

## COMMITTEES.

Major Alexander and Capt. Armour, in charge.

*Entries.*—"A" Company, C.S.M. Picken, Pte. Milne; "B" Company, C.S.M. Sewell, Pte. Taylor; "C" Company, C.S.M. Denman, Cpl. Dunn; "D" Company, C.S.M. Sullivan, Pte. A. D. Smith; Bombers, Pte. Bagg; M.G.S., Lance-Cpl. Greenough; H.Q. Details, Sergt. Robins; Transport, Sergt. Durman.

*Starters.*—Major Parr, Lieut. Robertson, C.S.M. Sewell, Sergt. Butteris.

*Judges.*—Major Alexander, Major Ross, D.S.O., Capt. Ritchie, B.Q.M.S. Donovan, C.Q.M.S. McKay.

*Grounds.*—Capt. Hall, Capt. Armour, Lieut. White, B.S.M. Hennessey, Sergt. Stewart, Sergt. Thorpe.

*Programme.*—Lieut. Amphlett, Lieut. Walker, C.S.M. Picken, Sergt. Bushe, Sergt. Wetherman.

## RESULTS.

*Reveille Race* (fr. 10 and 5).—(1) Pte. Bridges, "C" Company; (2) Pte. Holwell, "A" Company; (3) Pte. Wilkinson, "C" Company.

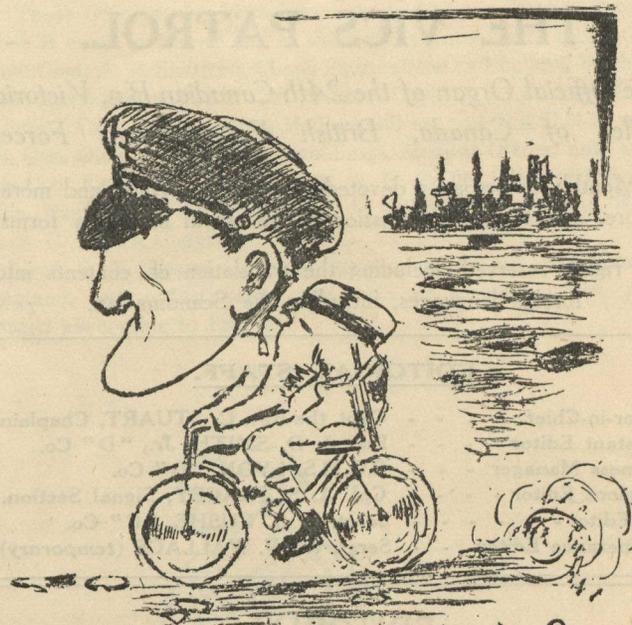
*Band Race* (fr. 10 and 5) (Bandsmen only).—(1) Sergt. Bliault; (2) Pte. Beaton; (3) Sergt. Lapine.

*Mule Race* (fr. 10 and 5) (Transport only).—(1) Pte. Durman; (2) Pte. Liddle; (3) Pte. Jeffery.

*Wrestling on Horseback* (fr. 20) (Transport only).—Winning team, 4 up: Pte. P. J. Smith, Pte. Howe, Pte. Durman, Pte. Watts, Pte. Holden, Pte. Hayes.

*Tilting the Bucket* (fr. 12 and 6).—(1) Sergt. King and Sergt. Baxter, "D" Company; (2) Pte. Bushe and Pte. Grant, Signallers.

*Three-legged Race* (fr. 10 and 5).—First Heat: (1) Ptes. Struthers



Who said Morrell?

and Dixon, Scouts; (2) Ptes. Hayes and Green, "A" Company; (3) Ptes. McDonald and Crawford, Scouts. Second Heat: (1) Ptes. Burden and Breckenridge, Signallers; (2) Ptes. Buckley and Pollock, M.G.S.; (3) Ptes. Wood and Easton, "A" Company. Finals: (1) Ptes. Burden and Breckenridge, Signallers; (2) Ptes. Struthers and Dixon, Scouts; (3) Ptes. Buckley and Pollock, M.G.S.

*Tug-of-War* (fr. 80).—Preliminaries: Bombers won from "A" Company; "B" Company won from M.G.S.; H.Q. Details won from "D" Company; "C" Company won from Base Details. Semi-Finals: Bombers won from "B" Company; H.Q. Details won from "C" Company. Finals: Bombers won from H.Q. Details.

*100 Yards Flat Race* (fr. 15, 10, and 5).—First Heat: (1) Lance-Cpl. Greenough, M.G.S.; (2) Pte. Adams, "C" Company; (3) Lance-Cpl. Grant, "B" Company. Second Heat: (1) Pte. Struthers, Signallers; (2) Pte. Frayne, "A" Company; (3) Pte. Simmons, "B" Company. Third Heat: (1) Pte. Denning, Bombers; (2) Pte. Eldridge, "B" Company; (3) Pte. Crawford, Scouts. Fourth Heat: (1) Pte. Dixon, Scouts; (2) Pte. Jackson, "B" Company; (3) Pte. Savord, "D" Company. Finals: (1) Pte. Denning, Bombers; (2) Pte. Dixon, Scouts; (3) Lance-Cpl. Grant, "B" Company.

*Officers' Race.*—(1) Major Ross, D.S.O.; (2) Capt. Stuart; (3) Major Parr.

*220 Yards Flat Race* (fr. 10 and 5).—First Heat: (1) Lance-Cpl. Dwyer, Scouts; (2) Pte. McDonald, Scouts; (3) Pte. Mahoney, "A" Company. Second Heat: (1) Pte. Denning, Bombers; (2) Pte. Savord, "D" Company; (3) Pte. Grundy, "D" Company. Finals: (1) Pte. Denning, Bombers; (2) Lance-Cpl. Dwyer, Scouts; (3) Pte. Grundy, "D" Company.

*Bomb-throwing, four-men teams* (fr. 40).—

Company.	Throwing.	Style.	Total.
Bombers ..	48	43	91
"B" Company ..	19	44	63
"C" Company ..	22	41	63
"A" Company ..	17	31	48
"D" Company ..	8	37	45

*Relay Race, four-men teams* (fr. 20).—(1) Bombers; (2) Scouts; (3) "A" Company.

## NOTES.

We will put the Padre into training for two weeks and back him against Major Ross, D.S.O., over any distance for any part of £10,000—say, 30 francs.

What tune was Sergt. Bliault of the Band playing when he cantered under the tape?

Capt. Hall and Lieut. Robertson took a chance in the tilt-the-bucket affair, and got away with it beautifully.

Discipline is becoming slack. The entrants in the reveille race were not made to shine their buttons.

Hints for golfers!—When you tire of putting a gutta-percha ball with a putter, buy a malacca cane and hire a greased pig. It's great—for the gallery.

"Pop" Carr had the time of his life filling the water bucket. It was unfortunate his hand slipped once.

## 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.

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### 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 acclimatized 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.

IT has been suggested that, since THE VICS PATROL is meant to be a record of the Battalion's actions and of those matters which are of interest to us all, it would be well to have a list of those Officers who have served overseas with the Battalion.

Certainly we like to feel that in a sense they still belong to us, and that nothing can sever the connection between their lives and our own. One only wishes that the same scheme might be carried out with regard to the Non-Commissioned Officers and men, to assure those who have left the Battalion for various reasons that they have not been forgotten. But such a list would necessarily be large, and lack of space prohibits the entertainment of this idea. However, with the Officers the matter is not an impossibility, and consequently the following list has been prepared:—

Three of our Officers have given their lives for their King and Country, as has already been noticed in the columns of this paper: Lieut. Buchanan, Lieut. Macnaughton, and Lieut. Le Mesurier. Some have been wounded or transferred to other battalions or Brigade units; but the Officers who left England with the Battalion were as follows:—

Lieut.-Col. J. A. Gunn.

Major C. H. Hill, now Lieut.-Col. commanding the Royal Canadian Regiment; Major R. O. Alexander; Major E. O. McMurtry, wounded; Major J. A. Ross, D.S.O.; Major C. B. Parr.

Capt. F. T. Bown, now O.C. traffic control, 2nd Can. Divn.; Capt. R. K. Robertson, now with Can. Training Divn., England; Capt. R. D. Sutherland, now with Can. Training Divn., England; Capt. C. F. Ritchie, Adjutant; Capt. B. H. T. Mackenzie, wounded twice.

Lieut. H. D. Kingstone, now Captain; Lieut. W. R. Hastings, promoted to Captain, now in England; Lieut. W. D. Chambers, now with C.A.S.C.; Lieut. A. L. Walker, now with 5th Brigade Staff; Lieut. A. L. S. Mills, now with Can. Training Divn., England; Lieut. P. L. Hall, now Captain; Lieut. D. H. Beckett, invalided to England; Lieut. C. G. Greenshields, wounded twice; Lieut. G. R. Robertson; Lieut. V. E. Duclos, now in hospital in England; Lieut. A. G. Woolsey, wounded; Lieut. H. A. Murray; Lieut. H. G. Davidson, invalided to England; Lieut. H. Kennedy, invalided to England; Lieut. D. C. Skinner, now employed in D.A.A.G.'s office; Lieut. J. C. Heaton, wounded twice; Lieut. C. S. B. White, wounded; Lieut. M. Laing, wounded, and now returned to duty; Lieut. I. R. R. Macnaughton, killed in action; Lieut. V. G. Walsh, wounded; Lieut. R. M. Fair, now O.C. 5th Brigade Trench Mortar Battery; Lieut. R. H. B. Buchanan, killed in action; Hon. Lieut. H. D. Campbell, Quartermaster.

Since the Battalion arrived in France the following Officers have been added to its strength:—Lieut. E. G. N. Lidstone, promoted from B.S.M., now with C.E.; Lieut. E. R. Wright, now employed with D.A.A.G. at Base; Lieut. E. M. Amphlett, promoted from Machine Gun Sgt.; Lieut. D. A. Ewan, promoted from Sgt., wounded; Lieut. C. Dolphin, promoted from Sgt., wounded; Lieut. J. N. Bales, promoted from B.S.M., wounded; Lieut. R. H. Lamb, now with 5th Brigade Staff; Lieut. A. M. Dewar, promoted from B.S.M.; Lieut. G. Haddock, promoted from Sgt.

These Officers have joined recently as reinforcements:—Lieut. A. Fowlie; Lieut. J. A. Parke; Lieut. H. E. Scott; Lieut. N. J. Marion; Lieut. A. B. Campbell; Lieut. R. L. Weaver, wounded; Lieut. G. S. Le Mesurier, killed in action; Lieut. J. M. McArthur; Lieut. J. C. Carling; Lieut. G. G. Garvey; Lieut. N. L. Le Sueur; Lieut. G. A. McGiffin; Lieut. J. F. Meek; Lieut. J. C. Grant; Lieut. E. G. Hart; Lieut. K. S. Drummond; Lieut. W. A. O'Hara; Lieut. H. C. Mathias; Lieut. C. A. Howell; Lieut. S. Cowan; Lieut. C. P. Smith; Lieut. J. D. Macintyre; Lieut. C. E. Hill; Lieut. W. M. Rogers.

Those Officers who have been attached to the Battalion both when it came to France and at subsequent times are as follows:—Hon. Capt. A. P. Shatford, Chaplain, invalided to England, but now in France again with 3rd Can. Divn.; Capt. G. F. Furlong, Paymaster; Capt. J. S. Jenkins, Medical Officer, now D.A.D.M.S. with 4th Can. Divn.; Capt. H. E. Cummings, Medical Officer, now with 4th Can. Field Ambulance; Capt. A. H. Taylor, Medical Officer; Hon. Capt. C. G. Armour, Y.M.C.A. Representative; and Hon. Capt. C. Stuart, Chaplain.

Lieut. S. M. Harman was on the strength of the Battalion in England, but unfortunately met with an accident which prevented his coming to France.



The famous firm of Hiram Walker, distillers of throat oil, have informed us that grease does not agree with dove-coloured breeches.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

THE VICS PATROL offers its heartiest congratulations to those of our number who have been awarded decorations in the recent honour lists.

To Major J. A. Ross on being created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order;

To Captain P. L. Hall on being granted the Military Cross;

And to the following recipients of the Military Medal:—Battalion Sergeant-Major J. Hennessey, Sergeant H. Naylor, Corporal A. Metzger, and Lance-Copl. A. E. Mott.

We should also like to extend our congratulations to Capt. H. E. Cumming, of the 4th Field Ambulance, who for some months was the Medical Officer of this Battalion, and who has lately been awarded the Military Cross.

## MATTERS MORE OR LESS PERSONAL.

**W**E are given to understand, on unimpeachable authority, that one of our Company Commanders needed a bucket of creosote in his bath the other day.

Can anyone imagine less appropriate names for strafing our friends the Huns than Lamb or Meek?

What makes the "C" Company cooks lock up all movable articles when their officers' cook appears on the scene?

We tried to get rid of "Pop," but no chance; he is always around when mess gear is called.

If anything is lost, or by any chance follows anybody away, it sure is "B" Company's cooks whom we ask first if they have seen it.

A suggestion to the committee at the next Battalion Sports: Why not a 100 yards dash for cooks to some estaminet?

How did Jackson, the "D" Company mechanic, make Blighty?

The other company cooks are interested to know where a certain lance-corporal cook, when he loses anything, sends his side-kickers to find it.

Who put the "con" in Maconochie?

"A" Company's quick lunch is doing record business these days.

"C" Company cooks have invented a new form of frightfulness. Have you tried it yet?

The Iron Ration demon tells me that the cooks fight with the men up the line and feed them down, and all their spare time is their own.

Is our auburn-haired Sergeant whose post of duty is perched on the Headquarters' ration wagon again in love? Rumour says he is once more devouring jewellers' catalogues and burning many midnight candles on the composition of love notes. Our sympathy is most hearty.

We are informed that our Regimental Quarter bloke has recently acquired a corner in the shares of the firm who produce the "Ideal Concentrated."

According to report, the custodian of the Base detail's menagerie recently tried to add a calf to the collection. We understand that only the lack of consent on the part of the animal's owner prevented the deal from going through.

Which C.Q.M.S. is it who mounts the officers' mess cart with spurs and riding crop? Does he know that there is also a bandolier included somewhere in the Transport equipment?

When is the O.C. Stamps going to produce some more Canadian mail?

□ □ □

## DID YOU EVER?

**D**ID you ever get up in the morning,  
And find you'd no fatigue to do?  
Did you ever go up to the kitchen  
For anything else but stew?  
Did you ever back a winner,  
And forget with whom you'd bet?  
Did you ever do a working party,  
When it didn't turn out wet?  
Did you ever lose a gas-bag,  
And not have to pay for it?  
Did you ever chew Pears' Shaving Soap\*  
To throw a dummy fit?  
Did you ever put in for a pass,  
And then be for guard that day?  
Worst of all, did you ever forget  
To go and draw your pay?

\* I get a dozen sticks of soap for this ad.

Q.M.S.

## FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

**F**OR Sale, cheap, one perfectly good Mauser rifle; owner has no further use for same.—Write Max Haunslaugheimer, Prisoners' Internment Camp, England.

Wanted to Exchange, ten tins orange marmalade for one tin of real jam. If exchange cannot be effected, the marmalade may be had by anyone who will cart it away.—Apply, Private Fed-up.

To Rent.—Commodious Dug-out; good water supply, splendid view of ruined farm and Fritz' funk-hole. Its portability has been proven by H.E. shells. Splendid smell of rum; recently inhabited by Sergt. X—; no extra charge for troupe of performing rats.—Apply, Lance-Private Grousehard.

□ □ □

## POETIC DON'TS.

**D**ON'T think you are the Army.  
You've got a lot to learn;  
And you're just a tiny atom  
In a mighty big concern.

Don't cheek an older soldier,  
Though his education's *nil*.  
You'll find he knows a trick or two  
That'll make you feel quite ill.

Don't dress up soft and sloppy,  
Nor look dirty, nor look slack,  
Or you'll get a shock that'll send cold shivers  
Down the middle of your back.

Don't tell the Orderly Corporal  
He knows nothing—you don't think,  
Or you'll find your body wandering  
To that Home of Rest—The Clink.

Don't tell your Platoon Sergeant  
You are right and he is wrong,  
Or you'll find his flow of language  
Makes your hair stand stiff and strong.

Don't tell your Sergeant-Major  
Things you think he ought to know:  
You will find, as far as you're concerned,  
Promotion's rather slow.

Don't criticise your Officers:  
They know a thing or two;  
And you'll find you'll only put yourself  
Into a nasty stew.

Don't say your Corps's a bad one  
To men of other Corps,  
Or your best chum, if he hears you,  
Will make your face feel sore.

Don't be afraid to grouse and growl  
When working—'tis your right;  
And the finest set of grouzers  
Are the best men in a fight.

Don't use foul and filthy language,  
Keep your tongue reserved and cool;  
You may think 'tis big to curse hard,  
But you only look a fool.

Don't forget that your own Regiment  
Is the best one of them all,  
And your proud you're posted to it  
Now you've answered Britain's call.

"ONE LEG AND A SWINGER."  
(From "The Snapper," the monthly journal of the East  
Yorkshire Regiment, April, 1916.)

## INDOOR BASEBALL.

**A**N Indoor Baseball League has been arranged between the officers forming the four battalions of the 5th Infantry Brigade. Already two series of games have been played, which were severe and well-contested combats, though fortunately no blood was shed. The Y.M.C.A. kindly allowed the officers to use their ground, and in each series a large gallery was present to applaud their respective representatives. Brig.-General Macdonnell, C.M.G., D.S.O., accompanied by Major McAvity, D.S.O., was present to watch the games on the first day.

So far the 24th Battalion have not been able to carry off the palm ; but we should like to adopt the British Premier's famous counsel with regard to the future—"Wait and see." Anyway, it was not through any lack of effort on the part of Colonel Gunn that we failed to win the first series, his pitching being of an excellent quality.

The results of the first series were :—

The 24th officers won from the 22nd officers.

The 26th officers won from the 25th officers.

The 26th officers won from the 24th officers.

The 26th officers thus became possessors of the silver cup presented by Colonel Gunn.

In the second series the games were as follows :—

The 25th officers won from the 24th officers.

The 25th officers won from the 26th officers.

Unfortunately the 22nd officers were not present when the second series was played.

A Challenge Cup has now been donated by the officers of the different battalions in the Brigade, and some interesting games are promised in the near future.

□ □ □

## "BELGIUM, 'TIS OF THEE."

**T**WAS outside K.1 Cookhouse  
 On a cold December morn,  
 A Grub-spoiler rustled dixies,  
 And cursed the day he was born.  
 He'd been dreaming of Lady Godiva's,  
 Of a midnight cabaret,  
 When Heinie slipped over a whiz-bang :  
 His cookhouse was in the way.  
 No kitchen, equipment, or rations,  
 Such was his awful plight ;  
 To have his breakfast ready by "Stand-to"  
 He'd sweated for half the night.  
 He'd nearly a blighty from coke fumes,  
 One lung was outside the door ;  
 Through cutting up bacon by moonlight  
 One finger went West on the floor.  
 He had that "Belgium-itch" feeling—  
 His grey-back had more than one crumb,  
 The sergeant had just then informed him,  
 "To-day there's no ration of rum."  
 All his dopes were under the *débris*,  
 Playing tag with the Bully and Mac !  
 'Twas the first day of the tour in, and  
 No dope issue till they got back.  
 He strafed all the square-heads in Belgium,  
 In France, and way back on the Rhine ;  
 And vowed through the next war you'd find him  
 Corner of Peel and St. Catherine.  
 Then, addressing the graves of the Gordons,  
 The salt tears filling his eyes,  
 He murmured, "Not yet, but soon ;  
 O Lawdy, Sherman was wise !"  
 Finis—and about time too.



OUR TURKISH MILITARY ATTACHÉ.

## YE ANCIENT TALE.

**A**ND it came to pass that a bobagee, a man of grease and smoke, travelling from Zillywilly to the Rattler Dug-outs, which is a three hours' journey, as every good shell-shock knows, met a high official with a crown on his arm and a tin cover on his thatch, who said unto him, "Would'st barter a portion of food in exchange for V.C. Fluid?" And the man of grease and smoke answered him and said, "Can a duck swim?" which meaneth "Yea!" and sometimes "Yea, verily!" Then these twain proceeded to the abode of the bobagee, a place of strange odours and doings. Then the bobagee from a concealed cavity took a box of weird and fantastic design, marked with cabalistic characters thusly, "Macco Nochi," which box contained eatables of divers sorts, namely, fifty-six and one, and they did consume them even unto the uttermost crumb. Then did these two men slake their thirst with shell-shock's joy, and after a while they were attacked with a strange sickness like unto a rolling sea, and their hearts were sore within them, while the earth became covered with the "Macco Nochi" they had consumed. And the bobagee spake to him of the many ribbons and said, "Of a truth that which thou gavest me I have returned"; and thereupon he of the many batties answered and said, "To him that hath shall be given," and straight-way did likewise, and departed upon his way, weeping exceeding bitterly.

□ □ □

## DAILY ECHOES AROUND THE CAMP.

**T**HE one that will never die away: "Orderly sergeants on the double!"  
 Orderly Room: "Halt. Right turn. Right dress."  
 "Sir: The accused, etc., etc." "Well, sir, it was this way—"  
 "Twenty-eight days." "Left turn. Quick march."  
 Nine (or maybe eleven) times a day: "Fall in, the recruits!"  
 At guard mount: "Fix! 'Zyou were. 'Zyou were."  
 At the canteen: "We've got no change. What's your name?"  
 "Say, have a heart. This is only half full." "The more you put down the more you pick up." "If you won't speculate you won't accumulate." "Any more for any more?" "That's the lucky old mud-hook!"  
 PRIVATE INQUIRY BY THE R.Q.M.S.: "Who is the sergeant who always gives gold watches and rings to his lady friends?"

## ALMOST A CASUALTY.

ONE Friday morn we all marched down  
To take our turn:  
The proper way to put gas helmets on  
We had to learn:  
And after oft-repeated orders clear,  
We got all set,  
With safety-pins behind, before,  
And no outlet  
Through which the overpowering heat  
Could make its way,  
Or noxious fumes of poison gas  
Force an *entrée*.

Like flocks of hooded owls they stand,  
Ready for aught,  
And nobly advance and step into  
The ditch, well wrought,  
And filled with clouds of gently moving gas  
Of greyish hue,  
All safe, secure within their helmets: see!  
They march right through,  
And up the other side they boldly step,  
Rejoicing well  
That with this good protection they  
Could march through h-ll.

But what is this? A moving form,  
A delicate shape,  
Walking straight towards the spot  
Whence none escape.  
Into the jaws of death without a thought  
The lady goes,  
Smelling along the ground with her  
Prehensile nose.  
But a casualty is averted, for  
A corporal gay  
Drives back the sow with kick and shout,  
And saves the day.

C. S.

□ □ □

LITTLE FRITZIE went to war:  
John Bull shot off a five-point four;  
When he'd registered the hits,  
John Bull picked up the bits of Fritz.

Q.M.S.

□ □ □

HONOURABLE MEN HAVE BEEN HANGED  
FOR LESS THAN THIS.

1.

THE VICS PATROL last month was born  
It sold like cakes so hot;  
I hope before many days do dawn  
Its existence will be not.  
"There'll be no weeping or gnashing of teeth"  
If peace stops Number Two;  
And we'll eat no more bully-beef,  
Or what the cooks call stew.

2.

The Kaiser's High Sea Fleet came out  
From the quiet Kiel Canal,  
Thinking they would meet, no doubt,  
Few ships to knock to h-ll.  
They reckoned not on Jellicoe,  
So, boys, give him a cheer:  
To Heligoland he chased the foe  
Commanded by von Scheer.

A. B.

## OUR MOTTO.

PROUDLY in this line we hold  
Reasons to the world grown old  
Of conflicts other than for gold.  
  
Altars, laws which Germans rend,  
Religion bids us now defend.  
In humble faith we come to fight:  
Shall not God defend the right?

'En so upon religion's cause  
The human heart builds up its laws.

For love of country bids us plain  
Our homes defend, our hearts maintain,  
Calling out in every heart  
Instant desire to do its part.  
Such is our motto, such our aim.

C. S.

□ □ □

## PUZZLERS FROM THE BOMBERS.

THE Bombers would like to know whether there is an issue of canoes for the rest billets in H— Camp during the rainy season.

Who is the cook in "B" Company who said it was through his good feeding that the Bombers won so many events at the sports?

Who is the C.Q.M.S. who swore he would cut down our ration because we beat his company at the tug-of-war? Does he intend to give the rations he takes from us to his tug-of-war team?

What did the Adjutant mean when he said, "Bombers again," after we captured the pig?

Who was the C.S.M. who tried to get two of our best men for his tug-of-war team? Did he think we were good "Picken" (picking)?

□ □ □

## SIGNAL NOTES.

MAC and the Sinn Feiner are still going strong on the Canteen Listening Post, and expect soon to be mentioned in Gillie's despatches.

We hear that the genial Signal Sergeant is going to leave us for a while. We all wish him luck in his venture, and hope to see him back all dolled up.

A debate is being arranged between Corp. T— and Fanny Field, to take place some time after the finish of the war. The subject will be: Resolved, that the Blue Funnel Line is a Bum line. Fanny will uphold the affirmative, while the negative will be supported by the Corp.

We should like to know what Louisa said when his brother refused a bomb-proof job!!!

What was the origin of Mexican Joe's remark, "It's most unfortunate"? and will the cause be found in P—?

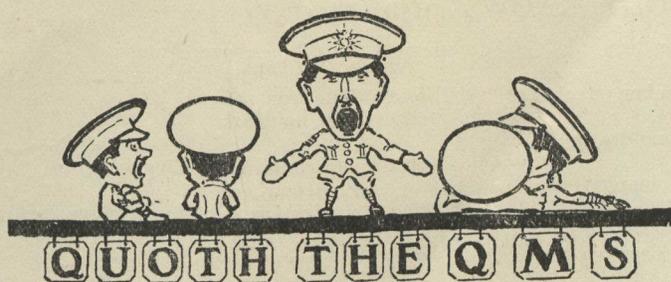
What did Flatfoot say when the Q.M. fired the H.Q. cooks?

What did Dickson think of Talcum's two-bagger which he made in his first game of baseball?

Mex. expects an S.O.S. call from his old friend Carranza very soon.

How does George Mac work in his little Hospital stunts?

We hear that when old Rufe heard that he was to go to Blighty he said, "The h-ll ye say." That's Jake with ten levers up.



**Y**ESTERDAY  
Captain Armour  
Gave me

A copy of  
"Life,"  
And in it  
Was a picture  
Of girls,  
Pretty girls,  
Peacherinos,  
With curly hair  
And dainty shoes  
And sunshades  
And all that;  
And each girl  
Was in a canoe,  
Making eyes  
At a  
Fellow.  
And it started me  
Thinking,  
Because  
It's June,  
And  
Out at the Lakeside  
The sun is shining,  
The birds are singing,  
And all that kind of thing  
The Poets  
Tell of,—  
And if they're not,  
They oughta be;

And out there  
I've gotta girl,  
A Peacherino,  
With curly hair  
And dainty shoes  
And all that,  
**AND A CANOE.**  
And I'm wondering  
How many of  
US Guys  
Have got a girl  
With curly hair  
And all that,  
And a canoe;  
And we're all wondering  
Who the fellow is  
In the  
**CANOE.**

Q.M.S.



I thank you.

□ □ □

### THINGS THAT BOTHER THE "D" COMPANY SERGEANTS' MESS.

**I**S the Revue at the Alhambra in honour of the Canadian Corps?  
Is it exactly complimentary to close the canteen when  
the G.O.C. visits the Battalion?

We notice that that Pipe Band of a sister battalion plays only  
during canteen hours. What's the answer? Is it to make us  
satisfied with the restricted hours?

Who was the S.M. who nearly ruined the reputation of an  
innocent escort at a recent court-martial parade? (Really, old  
top, this is getting to be old stuff. Besides, it was only a minor  
error. The S.M. says so himself.—Ed.)

Will the other companies chip in with us to defray the expense  
of a dinner to the G.O.C. Brigade whenever we are due to go to the  
trenches? We will guarantee the appearance of our sleight-of-  
hand artist on all such occasions.

When is that issue of Keating's powder coming along? (Rush.)  
Have those fish been caught yet?

### "WHERE HAVE YE LAID HIM?"

**W**HERE are you sleeping to-night, my lad?  
Above ground or below?  
The last we heard you were up at the Front,  
Holding a trench, and bearing the brunt;  
But that was a week ago.

Ay! that was a week ago, dear lad;  
And a week is a long, long time,  
When a second's enough, in the thick of the strife,  
To sever the thread of the bravest life  
And end it in its prime.

But this we know, dear lad, all's well  
With the man who has done his best.  
And whether he live, or whether he die,  
He is sacred high in our memory;  
And to God we can leave the rest.

So—wherever you're sleeping to-night, dear lad,  
This one thing we do know—  
When "Last Post" sounds, and He makes His rounds,  
Not one of you all will be out of bounds  
Above ground or below.

—Canadian Paper.

□ □ □

### A FEW QUESTIONS.

**W**HAT were the kind words which Snowball said to his German  
prisoner?

What do drafts think when the Adjutant reads, "and  
he was shot"?

What was it the field punishment artists said when the R.M.P.  
went into the trenches?

Why is the Q.M. issuing so much new equipment? Have the  
men found a better excuse than the whiz-bang one?

Why we are not known as "Sons of Gunn's"?

□ □ □

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**CAN WILLIE:** Ask "B" Company's cooks who found the  
shell, and who got the shock.

**BOMBER:** (1) Mills' bombs ought not to be hung by  
their rings on nails. (2) Certainly you won, but remember who  
trained you before the sports. (3) We can quite understand why  
Bobby and Nobby are getting leave on the Derby Group system.  
Private Nash is making arrangements to celebrate his golden  
wedding when he goes on pass.

**ESSOFFIER:** We have it on good authority that "A" Company's  
chief cook is a white man, although we have never seen him in  
swimming.

THE night was quiet: all was still  
 Within the wood;  
 The cuckoo sounded every hour,  
 Just as it should.  
 Sleep reigned supreme, save where a few  
 Engaged in toil,  
 Building new dug-outs, filling bags  
 With sandy soil.

Midnight drew on. 'Twas one o'clock,  
 And very dark;  
 The building party were compelled  
 To cease their work.  
 No longer could they dimly see  
 What each one did;  
 And if the blind shall lead the blind,  
 Someone will skid.

So back into the long dug-outs  
 The party crawls,  
 And courts a well-earned slumber  
 Within its walls.  
 But suddenly upon the air  
 A summons comes—  
 A sound which rises far above  
 The roar of guns!



TWO  
 COMPANY  
 SERGEANT-  
 MAJORS.



### "WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS."

It strikes a note of terror deep  
 Into the heart;  
 It rouses men from slumber sweet  
 With sudden start.  
 What can it be? the long-drawn wail  
 Of Claxton horn?  
 Not once, or twice, but many times,  
 It sounds forlorn.

But when the mists of sleepiness  
 Are chased away,  
 And consciousness returns again  
 Like break of day,  
 Immediately they understand  
 The horn's sweet voice:  
 "The Huns have let off gas somewhere  
 Upon our boys."

And all with one accord do make  
 A sudden grab:  
 "Where's my gas helmet? Where the —  
 Is the — bag?"  
 A flannel shroud is pulled on quick  
 Over the head;  
 The tube is seized between the teeth,  
 And held like mad.

And forth from the dug-out doors  
 Issues a stream—  
 Like some weird birds of darkest night  
 They surely seem—  
 Of hooded, goggled, masked  
 Humanity;  
 Beneath the hoods—alas!—unmasked  
 Profanity.

The goggles somehow fail to be  
 Just where their eyes  
 Are trying to peer through (at least,  
 So I surmise);

For in the ditches, over stumps,  
 They headlong fall,  
 Losing their iron rations, kits,  
 Rifles, and all.

Yet through it all they cling like fun  
 Unto their masks,  
 Almost as tight as Scotchmen cling  
 Unto their flasks;  
 And all the powers persuasive of  
 The B.S.M.  
 Cannot induce a man to roll  
 His up again.

"There's no gas here as yet," he yells;  
 "It's down the line.  
 Take off your helmets; see and smell:  
 The night is fine."  
 But all they seemed to hear was just  
 The one word "gas";  
 They cling unto the flannel masks,  
 A frenzied mass.

And by-and-by it trickles through  
 A brilliant brain  
 That someone has been fooling them  
 This once again;  
 And cautiously he lifts his mask,  
 And smells the air,  
 And finds that, after all, indeed  
 There's nothing there.

So sheepishly, and one by one,  
 They breathe again,  
 And ask each other furiously,  
 "Just what's the game?"  
 "Who blew the Claxton horn? and why?"  
 "Where's the alarm?"  
 Well! Someone was anxious to protect  
 His men from harm.

P.

□ □ □

### AN APPRECIATION.

WE tried to feel modest about the initial number of this paper, and hoped it would take the place it was designed to fill. However, several letters of appreciation have found their way into the Colonel's hands, which show that our efforts seem to have met with approval even outside the boundaries of our own Battalion.

We can only hope that the matter, rather than the form in which the matter is presented, has found favour. Yet we cannot help being touched by the kind words of one who was formerly in command of the Victoria Rifles, and is now filling the important position of G.O.C., Valcartier Camp, to whom a copy of our paper had been sent.

To Brigadier-General Wilson we are very grateful for his inspiring letter, which is reproduced below, in order that the message contained in it may reach all ranks in the Battalion for whom it is intended.

VALCARTIER CAMP, QUE.,  
 26th June, 1916.

Lieut.-Colonel JOHN A. GUNN,  
 Officer Commanding, 24th Can. B'n, Victoria Rifles of Canada,  
 Army Post Office, France.

DEAR COLONEL GUNN,

I am this morning in receipt of Vol. I., No. 1, of THE VICS PATROL, published 3rd June, 1916, and have read the contents of same with the greatest of interest and pleasure. I have been particularly impressed with the Roll of Honour, the names of the heroes who have given up their lives in defence of Canada and the Empire in this great struggle. All honour to the dear boys who have made the supreme sacrifice! It is true they have died a few years before their time, but their memories will live for ever and be held in reverence and admiration by generations to come. I congratulate you and your Regiment on this splendid publication.

Kindly give my warmest regards to all ranks in your Corps.  
 With best wishes for yourself, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. W. WILSON, Brig.-General.