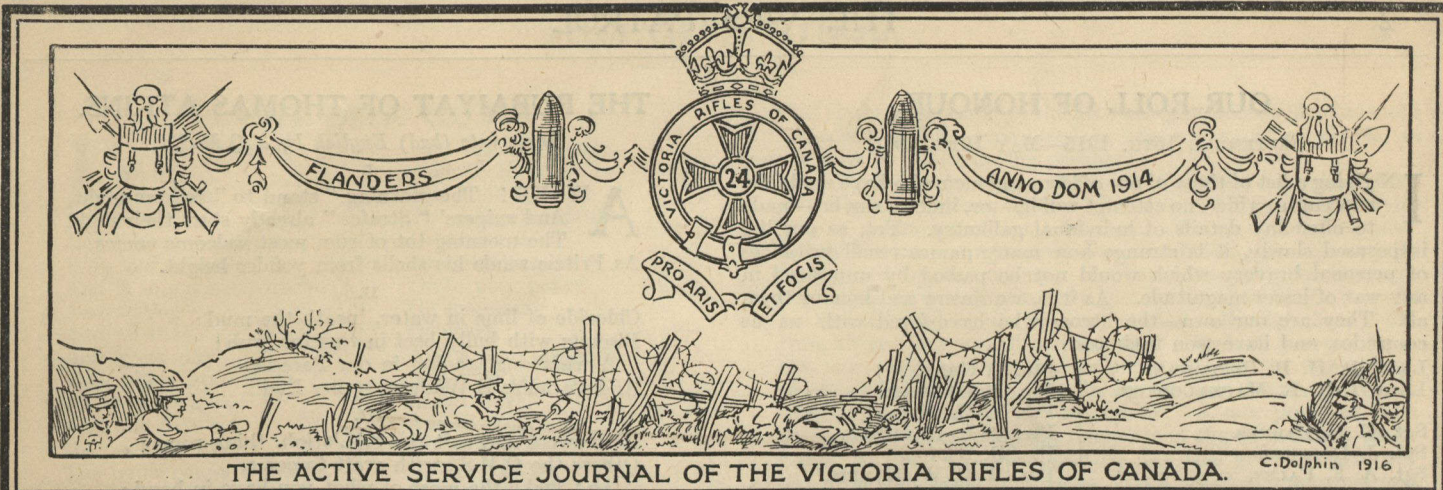


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# THE VICS PATROL

Vol. 1.—No. 1.

TRENCH EDITION.

JUNE 3, 1916

## OUR BIRTHDAY.

THE VICS PATROL feels that it could not have chosen a more auspicious day on which to make its premier appearance than this, the anniversary of the birth of His Majesty the King. In expressing, along with the more sedate journals of the Empire, our wishes that His Majesty may live to see many more birthdays, THE PATROL is

**God Save the King.**  
God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

not wishing for anniversaries for itself. The prospect of another twelvemonth on this "comfortable and well-padded Western Front" does not appeal. As the Treaty of Peace will be the death-warrant of trench journalism, our most whole-hearted wishes of to-day may be expressed in one sentence: Long life to the King, and quick and sudden death to THE PATROL!

## H.R.H. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

THE First of May was the birthday of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and as the Governor-General is Honorary Colonel of the Victoria Rifles, Colonel Gunn dispatched the following cable on that date:—

FLANDERS,  
May 1, 1916.

MILITARY SECRETARY,  
OTTAWA.

Please convey to His Royal Highness hearty congratulations of all ranks 24th Battalion Victoria Rifles of Canada, and assurance of their loyalty and devotion.

(Signed) COLONEL GUNN.

On the 5th of May the following reply was received:—

OTTAWA,  
May 3, 1916.

COLONEL GUNN,  
Commanding 24th Battalion Victoria Rifles,  
C.E.F., France.

Many thanks for congratulations and wishes.  
ARTHUR.

## THE VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA.

"PRO ARIS ET FOCIS."

ON April 20th, 1916, permission was formally granted by the War Office that the Battalion should be known henceforth as the "24th Canadian Battalion, Victoria Rifles of Canada." This had been arranged, as a matter of fact, before the Battalion left Canada; but it was only on the above date that we became authoritatively entitled to the designation. Naturally we feel proud of the honour and distinction. On the other hand, it arouses in our hearts a sense of responsibility. For the Victoria Rifles of Canada have been in existence for over half a century, and we feel the need of a certain humility and earnest endeavour to live worthily of the Regiment's high reputation and good name.

That our Battalion in the Expeditionary Force should be chosen to carry on the old name seems particularly fitting as one studies the original personnel of the 24th. The Colonel, the Adjutant, and the Battalion Sergeant-Major were all members of the mother Regiment, besides many others, both officers and men. On them, as upon us all, is laid the burden of making the child worthy of its parent.

Yet Montreal can rest assured. We are not forgetful of the place we hold in her history, and our dearest wish is to uphold the name of Victoria Rifles of Canada as being synonymous with all that is honourable, all that is noble, all that is worthy in the history of Canada.



OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1915—MAY 10TH, 1916.

IN giving a list of those of our officers and men who have made the supreme sacrifice, no attempt will be—or, indeed, can be—made to offer any details of individual gallantry. Yet, as our list is perused slowly, it is strange how many names recall instances of personal bravery which would not be passed by unnoticed in any war of lesser magnitude. As it is, we revere and honour them all. They are our own—the heroes who have lived with us as comrades, and have won their rest.

Lieut. R. H. B. BUCHANAN.  
Lieut. I. R. R. MACNAUGHTON.

Sgt. E. E. BARNES.  
Sgt. J. DOLPHIN.  
Sgt. A. F. FALES.  
Sgt. F. A. LUCK.  
Sgt. A. H. RAE.  
Sgt. J. WILLIAMSON.

Cpl. C. R. BREWER.  
Cpl. A. COOK.  
Cpl. A. A. ECCLESTONE.  
Cpl. T. P. JONES.  
Cpl. A. H. MCKENNA.  
Cpl. E. A. MOTT.  
Cpl. B. M. PATERSON.  
Cpl. G. G. R. TAYLOR.  
Cpl. T. A. WILCOX.  
Cpl. H. L. YOLLAND.

Lance-Cpl. E. R. RICHARDS.  
Lance-Cpl. J. J. SHANNON.  
Lance-Cpl. J. E. SMITH.  
Lance-Cpl. D. F. TORRANCE.

Pte. R. ANDREWS.  
Pte. P. I. BAKER.  
Pte. H. BRANNEY.  
Pte. W. BROWN.  
Pte. J. R. CANNON.  
Pte. J. CARSON.  
Pte. C. S. CLENDENNING.  
Pte. E. A. CLIFT.  
Pte. W. J. COLE.  
Pte. F. A. COLLYER.  
Pte. L. W. COULTHARD.  
Pte. K. B. CROSBY.  
Pte. C. J. DIVER.  
Pte. R. H. DRISCOLL.  
Pte. R. EASSON.  
Pte. S. ELFORD.  
Pte. F. FITZGERALD.  
Pte. W. FLEMING.  
Pte. A. GAGNON.  
Pte. J. GAGNON.  
Pte. J. E. GILLARD.  
Pte. O. GILMOUR.  
Pte. S. GOUGER SINGH.

Pte. C. GRAY.  
Pte. A. GRENIER.  
Pte. T. HARDIE.  
Pte. C. L. HARDMAN.  
Pte. B. HARDS.  
Pte. R. C. W. HARRIS.  
Pte. F. J. HAYES.  
Pte. C. HILL.  
Pte. H. HILL.  
Pte. J. HOGG.  
Pte. W. J. HUTCHINGS.  
Pte. E. A. JAMES.  
Pte. E. E. JOHNSON.  
Pte. A. JONES.  
Pte. J. JONES.  
Pte. F. P. JUTEAU.  
Pte. T. D. L. LONGMORE.  
Pte. J. MARSH.  
Pte. J. H. MOLLOY.  
Pte. S. MORRIS.  
Pte. W. D. McDONALD.  
Pte. S. MCGREGOR.  
Pte. A. MCLEOD.  
Pte. B. O'BRIEN.  
Pte. O. O'KEEFE.  
Pte. G. PARKER.  
Pte. M. A. PONTON.  
Pte. C. W. PRICE.  
Pte. W. O. ROBERTS.  
Pte. F. ROMEA.  
Pte. R. M. ROSS.  
Pte. J. ROUSE.  
Pte. H. E. SIMPKINS.  
Pte. H. W. SMART.  
Pte. F. J. SMITH.  
Pte. T. G. SMITH.  
Pte. T. J. SMYTH.  
Pte. F. W. SQUIRES.  
Pte. A. STE. MARIE.  
Pte. E. STEWART.  
Pte. J. STURGEON.  
Pte. J. R. SULLIVAN.  
Pte. J. SYDER.  
Pte. R. THAIN.  
Pte. H. THOMPSON.  
Pte. W. A. WARD.  
Pte. G. A. WEBB.  
Pte. W. WEIGHTMAN.  
Pte. T. G. WHITFORD.

□ □ □

“IN FLANDERS’ FIELDS.”

IN Flanders’ fields the poppies blow,  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved,—and now we lie  
In Flanders’ fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders’ fields.

Lieut.-Col. JOHN MACRAE.

THE RUBAIYAT OF THOMAS ATKINS.

Done into (bad) English by a Q.M.S.

I.

AWAKE! The morning “stand to” follows night,  
And snipers’ “Strafes” already start their flight;  
The morning tot of rum most welcome comes,  
As Fritzie sends his shells from yonder height.

II.

Chloride of lime in water, ’neath the mud;  
Biscuits with bully beef in tins for grub;  
A whizbang landing in our Paradise—  
And Paradise is Wilderness, my Lud!

III.

How sweet and soft the S.M.’s job, think some;  
Others the Q.M.S., with graft to come.  
Ah! make the most of what you have in hand;  
Be thankful for thy daily tot of rum.

IV.

I think that never looks the ale so brown  
As when some French gendarme, with fearsome frown  
Lights down upon our favourite pub. and says:  
“’Tis eight o’clock now. Time for all lights down.”

V.

Give thanks for time we may in billets spend  
Till back unto the trenches us they send.  
Mud, mud, more mud, and nothing else but mud—  
*Sans* food, *sans* coke, *sans* candles, and *sans* end.

VI.

And some there are in angry mood will say  
They get no coal or coke the livelong day.  
A sergeant from his dug-out loudly cries:  
“Complain not. See, a coal-box comes our way!”

VII.

Ah! leave the wise to drill and show of arms;  
To bombing, with its numerous noisy charms.  
But just to “dodge the column” is my aim—  
The word “fatigue” can cause us dire alarms.

VIII.

Some of a strict C.O. will talk to me,  
And says he hands out much and hard C.B.;  
But once the C.B. done, we soldier well,  
He is our friend, he will not angry be.

IX.

Escaped from listening post (which is no joke),  
An hour has dragged without a single smoke;  
But now thy troubles all are quick forgot—  
Lo! down the road there comes the ration moke.

X.

And when thy time is finished, and thou goest  
To Blightie or to Montreal (who knows?),  
Think now and then of one in dreary trench,  
And with tobacco help us strafe our foes.

TAMAN SHUD.

(The Quarter-Block says this is Arabian for “The End,” but I don’t guarantee it.)

□ □ □

THE QUARTERMASTERS’ FRIGHTFULNESS.

PRIVATE JONES, an old hand who knows all the tricks of the profession, meekly approaches the Quartermaster.  
Pte. J.: “Please, sir, may I have a new tunic?”  
Q.M.: “What for?”  
Pte. J.: “I’m going on leave to-morrow.”  
Q.M.: “What’s the matter with the one you’ve got?”  
Pte. J.: “Sir, I’ve worn this tunic ever since I’ve been in the Battalion.”  
Q.M.: “Well, that makes no difference. It seems all right. I can’t give you another.”  
Pte. J.: “But, sir—”  
Q.M.: “That’ll do. I’ve no time for you. Dismiss.”  
(Pte. J. tactfully retires for about five minutes.)  
Pte. J.: “Sir, how about that tunic?”  
Q.M.: “Quartermaster Sergeant! Give this man a new tunic and get rid of him!”  
C. S.

Gift of \_\_\_\_\_ Offert par \_\_\_\_\_  
GEORGE V. WALSH COLLEC-



## PLAINT OF A C.Q.M.S.

I'M perfectly willing  
To do  
All I can  
To help;  
But I know a man  
Who had a horse,  
And it was a good horse,  
And willing  
And all that,  
And every day  
He'd pile a little more  
On to the wagon.  
And one day  
He piled so much  
The horse couldn't pull it,  
But it tried,  
And broke a blood-vessel  
Or a leg  
Or something  
Or other,  
And died  
Or had to be shot  
Or whatever it was.  
And after that  
The man  
Hadn't a horse  
Or anything;  
And I want to ask you  
If you won't  
Leave me alone.  
I want to be good friends  
With the officers  
And N.C.O.'s  
And men  
Of "A" Company  
And "B" Company  
And "C" Company  
And "D" Company,  
And the Signallers,  
And the Bombers,  
And the Pioneers,

And the Transport,  
And all that.  
But I sit down  
To make an indent  
Or a return  
Or something,  
Or to play poker  
Or something  
Or other,  
And a man comes in  
And tells me  
A sad story,  
And says he lost  
His gas helmet  
Or iron-rations  
Or goggles  
Or something  
Or other.  
And he tells me  
A whizbang  
Took away  
His cup,  
And I sympathise with him,\*

\* Yes, he does!—EDITOR.

And promise  
To get him a new one;  
And I know  
I haven't got it,  
And later on  
He'll hate me  
Because I lied to him.  
I'm supposed  
To write something  
Humorous  
For the PATROL,  
And I'm not a humorist,  
But I gotta be,  
And I can't be  
If they won't  
Lemme alone.

"RUBY."

□ □ □

## THE CRATER FIGHTING.

IN a recent issue of the weekly magazine *Canada* there is published in full Sir Max Aitken's account of the events of April—not so stirring, perhaps, as the events of April of last year, but stirring enough. It is a relief to have a true statement of affairs other than the sometimes amusing (though in one case distinctly annoying) accounts which British journalism affords to men who are actually in the trenches.

As Canadians, we have read with pride many details concerning the brave deeds of our sister battalions; deeds which would never have come to our ears, perhaps, except through this fitting channel. We have also read with interest the names of those singled out for particular gallantry and devotion to duty, both officers and men.

In dealing with the work of our Brigade, Sir Max Aitken goes on to say:—

"Two nights in succession Major J. A. Ross, Victoria Rifles, left our trenches to reconnoitre the enemy's position. On the first occasion he was accompanied by Lieut. C. G. Greenshields, on the second by Lieut. Victor Duclos, officer of his battalion. Lieut. Greenshields at the outbreak of war enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Having secured a transfer to this battalion, he was wounded last autumn, but rejoined his unit on April 1st.

"On another night an excellent reconnaissance was carried out by Lieut. Duclos, accompanied by Lieut. Ross Robertson. Lieut. Charles Dolphin took out patrols on three successive nights, securing useful information as to the enemy's dispositions. Lance-Cpl. W. Hobday went out in front of the trenches while a hostile attack was in progress in order to observe and report on the movements of the enemy; and Lieut. A. L. Walker, of the Brigade Staff, formerly Scout Officer of the 24th Battalion, made a close inspection of the enemy's forward positions."

That the enlisted ranks of the 24th also gave an excellent account of themselves is fully recognised by the writer of the article, as may be seen by the following passage:—

"Three weeks ago, when the Germans launched their overwhelming attack against the craters, Sergt. H. S. Naylor was in command of a machine-gun crew in a detached post. When the enemy advanced the trench had been practically obliterated by the enemy's bombardment, but the Sergeant succeeded in withdrawing the gun to a point where it could be cleaned and again put into action, although heavy fire from three sides was directed against the small party. From the new position fire was once more directed on the enemy, checking his advance; but finally the gun became so badly clogged that it could not be righted. A new gun was then secured and manned by the remnants of the detachment under Sergt. Naylor. On the following day this gun was also put out of action, being repeatedly struck by shell fragments and choked with mud splashed on to it by exploding shells. While it was being cleaned and repaired, the emplacement was converted into a temporary dressing station for the wounded. Later the gun was fired with good effect from an improvised shelter, but this position was also struck by a shell and the gun buried. Once again Sergt. Naylor succeeded in repairing the weapon. Through four days and nights of strenuous exertion Sergt. Naylor remained in the front lines, working or repairing his gun.

"In more recent fighting, Captain H. D. Kingston, although wounded in the head, refused to leave his post, and remained on duty with his unit. In the same battalion, Lance-Cpl. H. E. Gillespie carried messages to advanced positions, and Lance-Cpl. Hobday established communication with one of our listening posts under violent fire. Ptes. J. E. Gillard and J. E. White, stretcher-bearers, tended to wounded with the greatest indifference to personal danger. Pte. Gillard was mortally wounded while so employed."

□ □ □

## A CONCERT.

ON the night of May 5th the Battalion had the pleasure of attending a concert especially arranged for us in the show-tent of the Y.M.C.A. The band of the 28th Battalion (as excellent a band, by the way, as can be found in the Division) gave us several enjoyable selections, including an attractive pot-pourri of late popular melodies. The balance of the entertainment was provided by our local talent, headed by Capt. Bown, who roused the men to a pitch of enthusiasm rather greater than might be expected after eight months of this lovely life. Other enjoyable numbers were songs and recitations by Corps. Tracey and Thorne and Ptes. Nash, Holdworth, and Macdougall.

During Pte. Nash's monologue, Capt. Stuart was seen to leave the tent, but we are assured that his departure was in no sense a reflection upon Pte. Nash's Rabelaisian humour. (The Padre has been with us for some time now, and is getting used to things.)

A very funny dialogue between Corp. Tracey and Pte. Nash concluded the men's part in the show, and the Colonel mounted the platform to express our appreciation of the efforts made to entertain us. We are especially indebted to Bandmaster Foote and the members of the 28th Band, as it was their fourth evening's work within the week; to Capt. Stuart, who arranged the programme; and to Capt. Hancock, of the Y.M.C.A., who enabled us to secure the tent for the evening.

A. D. S.

(The Padre also wishes to thank the modest but most efficient accompanist for his services.)

□ □ □

## WHAT THE SERGEANTS' MESS WANT TO KNOW.

WHO was the Sergeant who took on the duties of B.S.M. and ordered "Lights out" in the tent of a C.S.M. at 7 p.m.?

Who was the Sergeant that could not account for himself after coming off of a fatigue party? Had the rum issue anything to do with it?

Who is the S.B. Corporal who is getting a commission on the patrol boat between Iceland and the Orkneys?

Is Jimmy still with "the boys"?

Who was the Sergeant on leave the other day whom a fair lady mistook for Charlie Chaplin?

What distinguished N.C.O. of the Police dissipated the gas attack on Highland Woods so quickly that nobody else even saw or smelt it?



## THE VICS PATROL.

*The Official Organ of the 24th Battalion (Victoria Rifles of Canada) Canadian 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.  
 Religious Editor - - - - Cpl. A. S. Tracey, Signal Section.  
 Dramatic Editor - - - - C.Q.M.S. Lyon, "D" Co.  
 Marine Editor - - - - C.S.M. Picken, "A" Co.  
 Military Editor - - - - Sergt. Hendry, Police.  
 Temperance Editor - - - (Vacancy.)

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## THE VICS PATROL.

IN presenting THE VICS PATROL to an unsuspecting world the Editorial Staff is responding to a sentiment long felt—and voiced—by practically everybody in the Battalion, from the Colonel down; that is, the 24th must have a newspaper of its own. For a time we had some doubt as to whether there was room in the field for another religious paper, but the success achieved by various other regimental papers—notably *The Listening Post*, *The Brazier*, *The Growler*, and *The Gazette*—encouraged us to allow our friends the benefit of the wit and wisdom long concealed in the bosoms and brains of our *personnel*.

In the eight months during which we have been engaged in the not-so-simple-as-it-looked task of rescuing poor Belgium from the horrible Hun, we have undoubtedly accumulated a stock of experiences out of which much interesting material could be produced. All ranks, therefore, are invited to submit copy, and anything passed by the Editors and Censors as being fit for publication in a family journal will receive full space at our regular rates, *i.e.*, gracefully expressed thanks. We cannot, however, accept any contribution referring to the Commissary, Transport, Financial, or Labour Departments of regimental administration. We are obliged to make this restriction because we do not wish to come into conflict with the Postal laws of any country, belligerent or neutral.

Seriously, THE VIC's true *apologia pro sua vita* will be found, we hope, in its ability to portray for our friends at home the conditions under which we live, and to show them that it takes rather more than Flemish mud and German shells to quench the spirit of the 24th. We also hope that it will serve to bring the different units within the Battalion into a more intimate relationship. To this end we ask the cordial co-operation of every member of the Battalion. Send us your jokes, your ideas, your stories, and we will do our best to make THE VIC truly representative of its namesake, the Victoria Rifles.

## MEMORIES!

MY DEAR COLONEL GUNN,—

I am much moved by your wish that I should write a few lines for the initial number of THE VICS PATROL. It is sweet to know that my old Regiment has not forgotten me, though hard circumstances have denied me the privilege of a continued ministry among you. As I sit here and dream of the old days memories crowd upon me, and out of them I gather strength and cheer for the coming days. And I am sure that the tender recollections of the past will furnish for the 24th Battalion increased power for the tragic days that are still before you.

How rich in suggestion is the memory of the days at home when we laboured together in the formation and training of the Battalion! We recall with pride the history of the mother Regiment out of whose loins we sprang, and we take firm resolve that we shall maintain the high standard set for us by our predecessors. And how our hearts thrill as in imagination we live over again the scenes which marked our departure from Montreal! It strengthens our arms and gives courage to our hearts when we remember the immense throng and the splendid acclaim! Shall we not strain every nerve to prove worthy of the confidence which these dear ones have reposed in us?

Then too, the incidents of our sojourn in England, where, amid historic scenes of military splendour and high heroism, we strove to fit ourselves for the urgent duty of the battle-field. Never, surely, did a body of men set forth with more eager souls than did the 24th when the orders for France came to hand! The long months in barracks and camp, with memories of varying inspiration, filled us with intense longing to come to grips with the enemy.

And now the months have slipped by with their tale of "battle and sudden death," and still the memories come crowding in upon us. We can never forget the sad hours when we stood with bared heads under the tall poplars of Belgium and committed to a foreign soil the broken, scarred bodies of our fallen comrades. But from the spot made holy by their heroic sacrifice we went forth with renewed determination that the cause for which they gave themselves shall be carried boldly forward to victory. And I am sure that there is much of sweet comfort in the services of worship and praise which we were privileged to hold together! Out on the sweeping seas, when we eagerly watched for the protecting destroyers; on Christmas Day, "when it was yet dark," we knelt around the rude altar and did homage to the Child, very close to the trenches, when we sang our hymn to the accompaniment of roaring guns and screaming shells—these were memorable occasions, and still have power to cheer us onward to our task.

Thus my heart is warm with good wishes for your new venture. I am confident that the little paper will be marked by that high zeal and splendid ability which have characterised the whole effort of the 24th Battalion Victoria Rifles. And it will carry hope, courage, comfort to the countless friends who anxiously watch and pray for us.—Very faithfully yours,

ALLAN P. SHATFORD,  
 Chaplain Victoria Rifles.  
 Westcliffe Hospital,  
 Folkestone, May, 1916.



**I**N 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.

\* \* \* \* \*

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.

□ □ □

### "THE TWENTY-FOURTH SWELLS."

(24th Battalion Marching Song.)

**I**F 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....

□ □ □

### ADDITIONAL VERSES TO "THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER."

(50-50 with Rudyard.)

**W**HEN 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.

**L**IKE 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.

□ □ □

#### SIGNAL SECTION NOTES.

**W**E 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.



## ADVICE TO DRAFTS UPON ARRIVAL AT THE FRONT TO JOIN THE 24th CANADIAN BATTALION VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA.

### DISCIPLINE.

**M**OST of you have already heard what I am about to tell you, but, either from ignorance or slackness, certain offences are continually being committed by men who have absolutely no intention of actually doing wrong. You are all intelligent, thinking Canadians; remember, then, by your conduct and actions at the Front, you will uphold the honour, or cast a slur on, as the case may be, yourself, the Empire, and what is to us dearest of all—CANADA.

You have a great reputation to maintain; and remember, every time your name appears on the Offence Report, it goes all the way to the Base, and brings discredit on yourself and Canada.

Discipline is the all-important essential for a soldier. Without discipline, Germany would not do what she is doing, and the British Army could not have made the magnificent fight it made at Mons.

The truest form of discipline is self-discipline. By that I mean, do not wait to be "checked" for an irregularity by someone in authority over you, but "check" yourself before committing it.

Offences which in civil life or in peace times are considered of no consequence, are very serious over here. When I tell you that men have been shot for certain offences, it is not a fairy tale, but a reality.

If you "play the game," you will find your Officers, N.C.O.'s, and comrades will "play the game" with you, and the result will be you will help to keep your Battalion second to none.

### ORDERS.

Orders should be obeyed both in the spirit and the letter. This does not mean that an order has to be obeyed because it is an order, and the consequences of not obeying it are likely to be unpleasant. It means that, although it is often very difficult to understand why we are given certain orders, it is "up to" us to obey them in every sense of the word, just as if they were exactly what we had wanted to do.

Orders are given with a definite necessary object, and the whole-hearted obedience of them will, in all probability, spell the difference between success and failure.

Never argue, discuss, or quibble over orders—obey them.

It is just as necessary to obey orders given by N.C.O.'s as those given by Officers. An N.C.O. is an Officer. The title "Non-commissioned Officer" means an Officer who does not hold a commission from the King.

*Neglecting to obey an order* may be forgetfulness or carelessness. Remember, though you have no intention of disobeying an order, to forget to carry it out may have very serious results.

*Disobeying an order* is a very serious offence.

*Refusing to obey an order* is one of the most serious offences a soldier can commit. If you are given an order which you do not think is fair or right, obey it just the same. After you have obeyed it, you can parade about it. I will tell you the proper way to do this in a few minutes.

### SLACKNESS.

One of the main things to avoid here, especially in the trenches, is the feeling of slackness—the "To-hell-with-it" sort of feeling.

It is a very easy feeling to get, one which we all feel at times, and nothing can succeed while it lasts.

Therefore, if you are getting like that, pull yourself together at once. If you do not, apart from the fact that you will probably find yourself in trouble, your difficulties will seem very much larger than they really are.

Numbers of men come out here and think that all the things they had to do in Barracks are things of the past. This is absolutely wrong. Those things were given you with the idea of making discipline second nature to you, and to keep you from getting slack.

Saluting, saying "Sir" to an Officer, standing to attention when speaking to one, steadiness on parade, keeping your arms, equipment, and in billets your uniform and buttons, clean, shaving every morning, keeping your hair cut, and many other things, are absolutely necessary and must be carried out.

Your trench or your billet should be kept as clean and as much like a barrack-room as possible. This is all-important, and will save you many a sore heart.

### "GROUSING."

Another thing I want to warn you against is "grouching." It undermines discipline, and will be severely dealt with.

I do not consider that a man is grouching when he makes derogatory remarks about being "a — pack-mule," and then cheerfully carries another load, or the man who says his trench is a "damned awful hole" (it probably is), and then cheerfully and optimistically tries to improve it. That is not real grouching.

But the sort of groucher who will not be tolerated is the man who finds fault and "kicks" without doing his share to improve things, or the sort of man who writes home "kicking" about things. That sort of man is not a man, but a child, and this is no place for children. What we need here, and what we must have, are workers. It is the extra bit done each day which counts.

### ABSENCE WITHOUT LEAVE.

Being absent without leave on Active Service is a very serious offence. If you are absent without leave when your unit goes into the trenches, you can be tried for Desertion, and the penalty for that is death. Normally, and under ordinary circumstances, it is always possible to obtain a pass to leave billets. So that there is no object in taking the law into your own hands.

*Leaving a post without permission.*—Never, under any circumstances whatsoever, leave your post without being properly relieved by an Officer or N.C.O., or without the permission of an Officer or an N.C.O.—usually the one who posted you. By leaving your post without permission you might endanger the lives of all your comrades. A man who commits this offence is liable to be shot.

*Falling out without permission.*—It does not matter how tired or "all in" you may feel, never fall out, either on parade or on the march, without obtaining some Officer's or N.C.O.'s permission. Ask the nearest N.C.O., and he will ask your Company Officer for the required permission.



## DRUNKENNESS.

What is meant by being drunk is not always understood by those who, up to the present, have been in civil life.

A man in the Army is either drunk or sober. There is no such thing as being intoxicated or under the influence of liquor. A soldier is drunk when he is in such a condition as to be unfit for duty. I have heard men say, "Oh, I did not consider him drunk; he went to bed quietly." That is not the point. The point is, was he fit to be put on sentry or some other such duty?

Do not wait till a man is dead drunk or fighting or creating a disturbance before considering him drunk.

## MEANS OF REDRESS.

I told you just now I would tell you how to obtain redress when you have been given an order which you do not consider fair.

When you think that you have been unfairly treated, do not mumble or grouse about it, but tell your Company Sergeant-Major or Company Orderly Sergeant that you wish to parade before your Company Officer. When you see the latter tell him your troubles, and I am sure he will be able to settle the matter satisfactorily. If you do not think you are being fairly treated by him, ask to be paraded before the C.O. By this means you can have any misunderstanding settled. Remember the Officers want to do everything they can for you, and they are only too anxious to hear any legitimate complaint you have to make.

## WASTE.

There are two things I want to particularly impress upon you. One is the prevention of waste; the other is care and cleanliness of your arms, ammunition, and equipment.

With regard to the first, the waste which exists is far too great, and must be stopped.

The best way to check it is for each man to take a personal interest in being economical with everything which is issued to him. Return to stores anything you do not require—do not throw it away. Returning it to stores means only a little more trouble, but it is worth while. Salvage all the various articles of kit you find. A Battalion, next to its fighting qualities, cannot have a better reputation than of economy in Government property.

Think of the millions this war is costing the Empire, and think how each one of you can help to reduce that cost. Every little helps.

When you see ammunition lying in the mud, do not leave it there. Every bullet may mean a German life. So pick it up, clean it, and hand it in to your Platoon Sergeant or Company Sergeant-Major.

## CARE OF ARMS.

With regard to the care of your arms and ammunition, you will find it is only a matter of a few hours for your rifle and ammunition to become dirty. When they are dirty they are practically useless—in fact, a source of danger.

The only way to avoid this is to clean your rifle at least three times a day, and occasions will arise when it will require to be cleaned more frequently.

Never make it necessary for an Officer to check you for a dirty rifle.

Your ammunition must be cleaned at least once a day.

Remember your rifle is your best friend.

## TRENCH STANDING ORDERS.

You have a number of new things to learn out here. We are all learning every day. Amongst the first things you must learn are Trench Standing Orders. They have been framed as the result of experience and careful thought, and they must be implicitly obeyed.

Remember, by disobeying them you endanger not only the lives of your comrades, but the safety of the Canadian Corps and the British Army.

## YOUR REGIMENT.

Finally, there is one thing you must never forget, and that is *esprit de corps*. You are wearing the badge of the Victoria Rifles of Canada—a Regiment which has been in existence for nearly sixty-five years, whose records represent the best in Canadian military life.

Your former Honorary Colonel was Lord Strathcona; your present one is H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Try to make yourselves worthy of your Regiment.

□ □ □

## "STAND TO!"

WHAT memories—ah! what memories  
These words bring back to me  
Of camping out at (censored)  
With the dear old V.R.C.  
How oft I've laid me down upon  
My downy couch to rest,  
And suddenly awakened  
With a thumping on my chest.

"Comrade, I hear the sound of feet;  
O say, what can it be?"  
But my comrade answers never a word,  
For fast asleep is he.  
A figure bursts into my tent  
And grabs me by the arm:  
"Get up! Stand to! March off at once!"  
He shrieks in wild alarm.

I seize my helmet, rations, kit,  
Fall in without delay,  
Number, form fours, right turn, quick march,  
And beat it for Camp "A"—  
Returning, as per usual,  
About the break of day.

V. W.

□ □ □

## A PARODY.

SING a song of "'arf a mo's"  
Coming through the mail  
To the boys in khaki clothes  
Who've cut the Kaiser's tail.  
They're only doing their little bit,  
The same as other blokes;  
And while they give the final hit,  
*The Gazette* will send the smokes.

Every night at half-past eight  
Our S.M. issues rum;  
Though some of you are awful late,  
You never fail to come.  
You all fall in for your little tot  
Of that small cup that cheers;  
And while you wish you'd get a lot,  
You'd rather have ten beers.



## NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

WHEN the dawn of Nippon flashes  
 On her bamboo window sashes,  
 And the amber sunlight splashes  
 Nagasaki by the sea,  
 Wide apart her casement flinging,  
 Where the lanterns hang a-swinging,  
 Stands a little Geisha singing,  
 Nagasaki, songs of thee.

When from out her secret places,  
 Darkness gathers, westward races,  
 And the ebon night effaces  
 Nagasaki by the sea,  
 One lone heron, westward winging,  
 Hears above the ships' bells ringing  
 Someone in the silence singing,  
 Nagasaki, still of thee.

A. S. T.

□ □ □

## PRO ARIS ET FOCIS.

THE first Canucks had gone away  
 To boost old England's fame,  
 Before arrived that wondrous day  
 When soldiers we became.

The Doctor, in his sessions,  
 Many prospects did reject,  
 But our subsequent confessions  
 To his judgment paid respect.

We were training all the winter  
 Over home, amidst the snow;  
 And no matter what the weather,  
 Round the mountain we would go.

There were times when life was dreary,  
 And I think we will admit  
 We began of drill to weary,  
 And we longed to "do our bit."

After months of wear and worry,  
 There came a day in May  
 When the hustle and the flurry  
 Indicated moving day.

On our journey o'er the ocean  
 To Old England's sunny strand,  
 There were some who liked the motion—  
 There were more who longed for land.

So for several months we settled  
 In among the hills of Kent,  
 Till our boys were fully metalled;  
 Then to France at last we went.

But from this point on the story  
 Is more difficult to tell:  
 There are trenches, mud and glory,  
 But the Censor—mustn't tell.

H. L. B.

## SPORTING COLUMN.

THE Machine-Gun Section and the Signalling Section played a very fast game of baseball on the afternoon of May 10th. A big crowd of spectators were kept on their toes because of the spectacular fielding on both sides. The result was in doubt until the last ball was pitched, the Signallers winning by 10-9. Dickson (with 2 home runs), Webb (second base), and Struthers (pitcher) were conspicuous for the flag-waggers; and Portwine (second base) and Murphy (third base) did good work for the Machine-Gun Section.

The return game was played on May 12th. There is a great deal of intense rivalry between the two sections, and a large crowd of enthusiastic rooters witnessed the game. We were honoured by the attendance of General Alderson and his Staff, who witnessed the greater part of the fray. This game, even more than the first one, was marked by numerous instances of brilliant individual play. Up to the fifth innings the Signallers held the lead, but the Machine-Gunners rallied, and a violent bombardment by their heavy artillery placed them in the lead. The Signallers, however, came back strong, and, after repeated counter-attacks, recovered the lost position, and breezed in as winners to the wonderful score of 20-17.

L. A. B.

□ □ □

## GERMAN POET'S WARNING TO THE KAISER.

SINCE the beginning of present cordial relations between Germany and most of the rest of this mismanaged planet several German savants, in keeping with their pleasing national habit, have "proved" (to their own satisfaction, at least) that the late William Shakespeare was really a German—more exactly, a Teuton. Accepting this theory at its face value, we wish to call the attention of the esteemed Kaiser to the following lines in "King Henry V.," a play by his distinguished countryman, Wilhelm Shakspear:—

"But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place'; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeared there are few die well who die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when their argument is blood? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection."

As usual, when one wishes to confute a German, it is only necessary to quote some other German—even one naturalised *post mortem*!

A. D. S.

□ □ □

## WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

IF spurs are a regimental issue to Company Quartermaster Sergeants in infantry units. And if so, why?

Who the Sergeant is who reported active enemy sapping under his hut.

Why the Company Quartermaster Sergeants are always in such a hurry to get away from the Battalion dump.

Who the Sergeant is who was relieved of ten francs in the village not long ago.

Why the 24th has no band.

Who is to be the new "Wire King" of the Battalion.

Why the canteen can't supply us with beer when all estaminets are out of bounds.

Who the old soldier is who doesn't talk about his previous campaigns. (Fr. 100 reward for this information.)

What scrupulously truthful tale Sgt. Butteris told to an Australian corporal about the water in the trenches.

Whether Sgt. Jasper's listening post is responsible for the shortage of flares in the front line. (We can supply him with some barbed wire if he wants it.)

C. S.