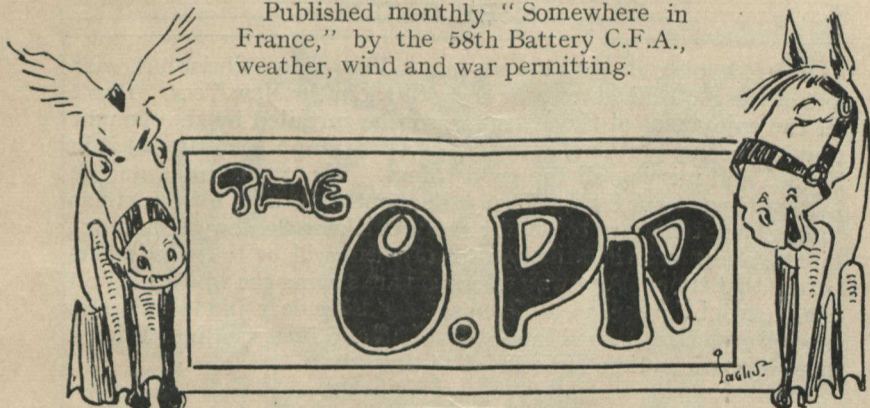


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EDITORIAL.

Here we are again ! In France at last !

Yes ! After kicking out the soles of many shoes and wasting eleven months pay in buying "Brasso," "Silvo," and all those brilliant-producing solutions, we have finally reached the Promised Land. When in Blighty we raved and swore at being held there, although we were having such a magnificent time with the fair ones. We wanted to get to France to roll around in the mud and hear our guns talk back to Fritz. But things have changed ! We have reached France, and we have rolled in the mud, and listened to our guns barking their war song, and dear old Blighty looks like—ah ! well, let's talk about something else.

We had planned long ere this to have published the "O-Pip," but we have been shifting about so much that we never had the opportunity. However, we are now turning out our Christmas Number, which we trust will be accorded the same popularity as its predecessors. We have had more amusement publishing the Christmas number than one could have in the Russian navy. For instance, we needed drawing paper for the cartoons and on searching the town came across a store that had all the earmarks of being the home of stationery. In we went. We told the salesman what we wanted, and he comree'd and wee wee'd, and all that. He climbed a ladder and brought down several rolls of highly-coloured wallpaper. We thanked him and opened the door.

So kind readers you must overlook any short-comings in style and composition, as this is no place for concerted thought.

Thank you !