

of timely anecdotes and is replete with what is known to the journalist as 'human interest.' There is humor aplenty, with just a touch here and there of pathos. The sheet is well balanced."

"The Times," Victoria, B.C. "Something was bound to happen when the 58th Battery failed to get across to France within certain time-limits. 'O-Pip,' the official organ of the battery is the 'something.' It is a splendid army paper and we wish it every success under the editorship of a former member of our editorial staff."

H.A.W.



## Gunners vs. Drivers.



Way back in the old stone age days the boys in the artillery quarrelled about their respective duties. We recall how the drivers with their mastodons, hauled the huge boulders into action and the gunners pushed the projectiles over the cliffs upon their friends below. After action they returned to their dug-outs and the long-haired, goat-skinned gunners and drivers would sit before a roaring fire and argue as to who did the most work.

And so today we find our gunners and drivers arguing over the same question as their primitive ancestors and still they are no nearer to a solution. In order to try and remedy the old sore the heads of this battery hit on an excellent plan. For one week the gunners had to take over the duties of the drivers and the drivers became gunners.

But still the argument continued. The drivers claimed that the gunners' duties were nothing and a similar claim came from the other side.

"Listen here," argued one of the former drivers, "I was on cook house today and never had such a cinch in my life. Good grub and only worked two hours."

"Well, you just wait, guy, until you get a fatigue in the morning, another one in the afternoon and then a guard thrown in at night and then see how you'll like things," retorted the gunner.

"But just wait until you're out in a real old rain storm and you come in with your harness all mud and rust and then for the next two days you have to scrub and rub and spoil your hands by gettin' them all smothered in oil and grease," shot back the driver.

"Off that stuff," loudly replied the gunner. "You guys think you're at some pink tea, forget that you're in the army and there's a war on. All you fellows do is a picquet once every two weeks and a stableman about as often. Pretty soft, I guess."

And so on they rave, the language flows freely and abounds in expletives. They will talk until the canteen closes and then run on until the effect of the lubricant has vanished.

After a week's experiment the boys reverted to their old positions. Whatever their views were we noticed that one and all were glad to take up their former togs and none wished to exchange places. For after all a gunner's a gunner and a driver's a driver. They are both valuable men.