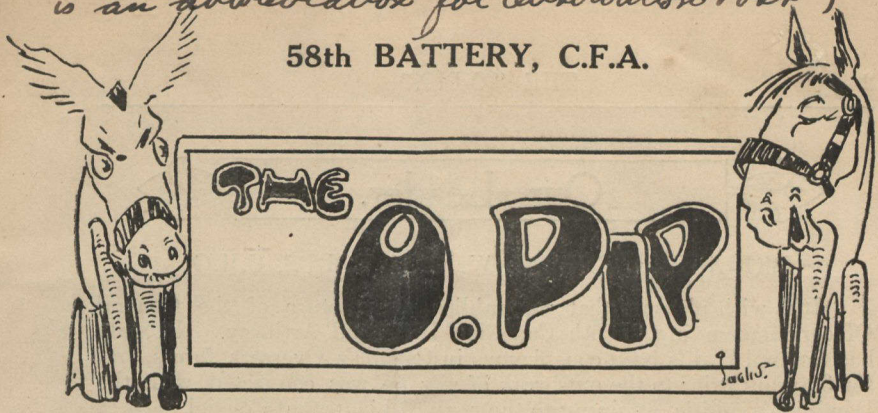


(O-Pip is the signaller's pronunciation of "O.P." which is an abbreviation for "Observation Post")

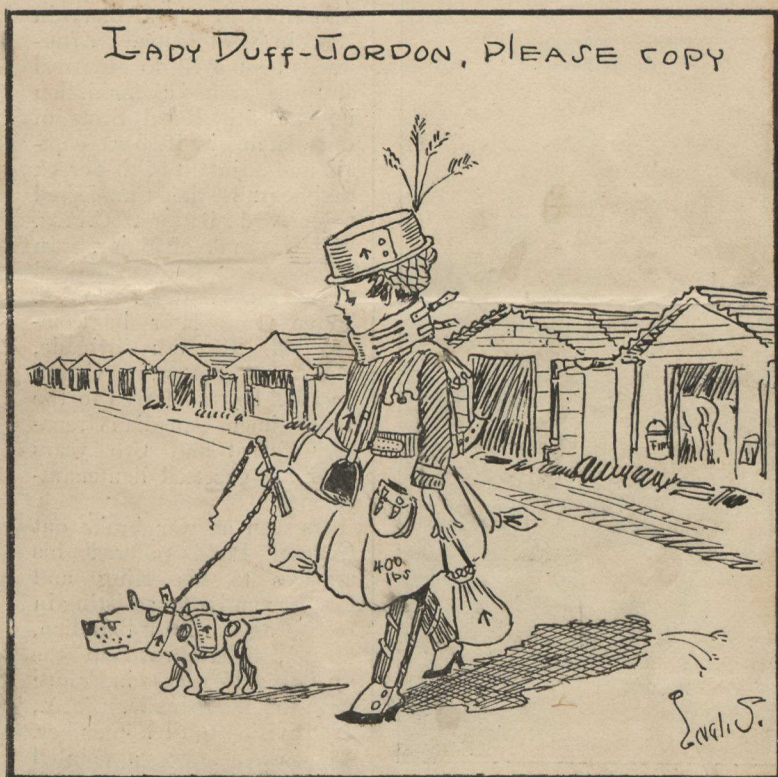
58th BATTERY, C.F.A.



Vol 1. No 2.

Witley Camp.

May, 1917.



### The Stable Girl.

This handsome little darby is dressed and bedecked with articles which are used in the stables. The "O-Pip" offers two prizes for the young ladies who name correctly the largest number of articles which the "Stable Girl" wears. Competitors should mail their answers to the Editor, "O-Pip."

## Our Leader.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. O. H. DODDS, C.M.G.

It is with pleasure that we publish the picture of the General Officer commanding the 5th Canadian Divisional Artillery. Not only has General Dodds been conspicuous in Canada's Overseas forces, but for 30 years prior to the out-break of war he was connected with the Dominion's militia, attaining to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.




General Dodds is a native of Nova Scotia and first allied himself with the artillery in 1883 in Nova Scotia. Afterwards he moved to Montreal and was granted a commission in the 5th Royal Scots of Canada, and in 1915 was captain and adjutant of that crack regiment. He then transferred to the 3rd Battery, C.F.A., with the rank of Major. In 1908 General Dodds organized the 21st Battery, C.F.A. Three years later he commanded the 6th Brigade, C.F.A., at Petewawa Camp. In 1912 he transferred to the 1st Regiment Canadian Grenadier Guard and two years later was gazetted lieutenant-colonel.


As soon as war broke out General Dodds offered his services to his King and Country and after assisting in recruiting the 14th Battalion, C.E.F., he returned to the artillery. He served in France with the 1st Brigade, C.F.A., 1st Division until September, 1915, when he was appointed to the command of the 5th

Brigade, C.F.A., 2nd Division. In October, 1916, he was appointed C.R.A., 4th Canadian Division, with temporary rank of Brigadier-General. Last June the General was created a C.M.G., in recognition of his valuable services. His name appeared in dispatches in April, 1916.

The boys of the division are proud of their leader and equally proud of the record he has assisted to make for the Canadian artillery.



## Camp News.




On Monday, April 9th, the Right Hon. Sir R. L. Borden, Premier of Canada, inspected the 5th Canadian Divisional Artillery. The C.R.A. met the party at the 5th D.A.C. lines, where one section of the D.A.C. paraded in field service marching order. The party then visited the 13th Brigade stables, and immediately afterwards this brigade made a quick turn out in field service marching order, ready to move off for action or to entrain. While the 13th Brigade was turning out, the Premier inspected all batteries of the 14th Brigade at battery gun drill.

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught inspected the Division on April 14th, when a similar turn out was given as for the inspection of Sir Robert Borden. The "Express" said:—"he inspected the toughest men in the Empire." The following message was received from Field Marshall H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught:—"H.R.H. desires to express his gratification with his visit to this Division on Saturday, April 14th. He was particularly impressed with the smartness of appearance and action of all the troops. He considered that the Artillery, Infantry and Train Transport were especially worthy of commendation, and was greatly pleased with his entire inspection."


A real live minstrel show was given by the "Black Diamonds" of the 5th Divisional Canadian Artillery at the Borough Hall, Godalming, on Monday, April 23rd, in aid of the sick detention huts of Witley Camp. The concert was under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor of Godalming, Brigadier-General Dodds and Officers Commanding, and a very interesting and amusing programme was rendered. During the evening General Dodds presented the medals won at the Divisional Sports.

At the end of April the 5th C.D.A. took the field for a most successful three days' operations. Everyone got a fine insight into active service conditions in the field and enjoyed the fine weather which could not have been improved upon. The only unfortunate ones were those left to look after the lines, and they were unlucky enough to be confined to camp. The scheme on the last day was somewhat deranged by a bush fire caused by a round of blank at the 58th Battery position. Fortunately the fire was extinguished after about an hour's hard work and before any great damage was done.

During the last month Capt. R. S. Armitage mounted his third star. We wish him further success in his military career. The captain joined the old 62nd Battery last December and on the reorganization he transferred to the 58th Battery. Capt. Armitage has already seen much service in France and was wounded during the great push on the Somme last year. He has done a lot to promote sports within the battery and is an enthusiastic boxer.



## A Gunner's Diary.



The crying demand in the batteries, brigades and division is "more gunners." The essential men seem to be lacking. At any time of the day you will hear the sergeant-major or the No. 1's relating a tale of woe of not having a gunner for this fatigue or that fatigue, or being unable to find a gun crew. And naturally the gunners, who remain, think they are being imposed on with duties. One of the gunners has sent us an extract from his diary, dealing with a week's work.

Monday, April 9th. Forage fatigue all day. Never worked so hard in all my life. Juggling around bales of hay and sacks of oats. Went to Godalming to-night and met Josie; had dance at Kitchener Club and made date for Sunday.

April 10th. Duty battery. On cook-house fatigue, cleaning pots and pans, also whitewashed the place and likewise myself. Went on divisional guard at 5.10 p.m.

April 11th. On guard all night. Was on forage barns and managed to get a little sleep once in awhile. One prisoner escaped. Wish him the best of luck. Poor place to be loose in though. Off guard at 5.30 p.m. Was going to Godalming but sergeant wanted me to do a little thing for him, so missed the bus.

April 12th. Mess orderly. Wanted a man to whitewash the lower boards of our hut and I got the job.

April 13th. This is Friday and the thirteenth. Thought I was going to be lucky as I got past two parades without getting a fatigue. Went to gun park and had 15 minutes gun drill. Was just going to lay when word came that the stables had to be whitewashed and the guns and wagons cleaned up in preparation for an inspection by the Duke of Connaught. I went to stables to do my old job of whitewashing. This afternoon I was detailed to help a driver clean his harness. They call us gunners the driver's batmen, and it sure looks that way. Managed to get to Godalming to-night and met a swell jane. Made a date for Saturday.

April 14th. Duty Battery. Acted as an escort for a prisoner this morning. He was away in London for four days without leave and got 14 days F.P. No. 2. He advised me to try the game. Think I will. The Duke of Connaught, accompanied by a score of red-caps, inspected us this morning. Just my luck. Thought I was going to miss duties today, but one of the boys detailed went sick and they dropped on me. So I went on gun park guard at 5.10 p.m. and of course will miss my dates for today and tomorrow. Curse the luck! It's the army all over.

Am getting "lots" of training and will be a gunner before we go to France if they keep me here long enough. Do you ever see that Sergeant who recruited me? No, don't bother him just now, I'll see him when I get home. In the meantime give him my best compliments.

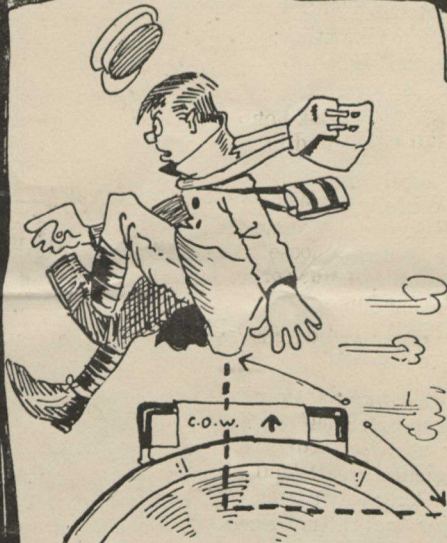
# ANGLES



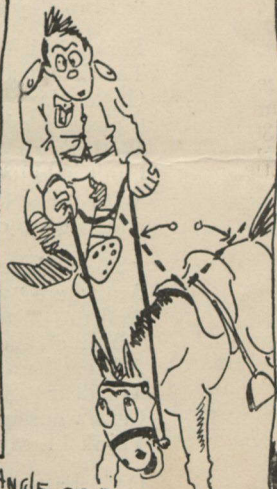
ANGLE OF SIGHT



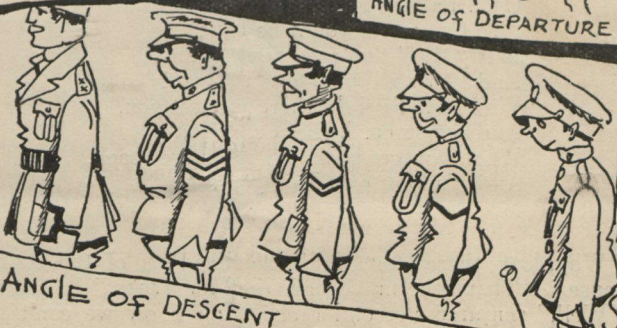
ANGLE OF ELEVATION



ANGLE OF JUMP



ANGLE OF DEPARTURE



ANGLE OF DESCENT

NGHS



## The Soldiers' Friend.



The Editor of the "O-Pip" has received an excellent parody of the "Tennessee" chorus from 'the good Lady' of this district. We refer to Mrs. M. Henderson who has laboured so industriously to relieve the monotony of camp life and by her excellent concerts has succeeded in making things merry for us. Like many others she thought well of the "O-Pip" and we are taking the liberty of publishing the lines, which run as follows:—

In cute "O-Pip" I see  
 A reference made to me:  
 The "Inglis Cartoons" fine,  
 The "Chaplins" so like mine;  
 All that I ask is the sight  
 Of May "No. 2," so bright,  
 The Fuze Fizzies, nothing misses,  
 "O-Pip's" just all right.

For there we'll surely see  
 The doings at Wit(e)ly  
 Of the Gay C.F.A.  
 (Censor won't give away).  
 Well it's right sure to be jolly,  
 Can't imagine melancholy  
 With "The O-Pip," with "The O-Pip"  
 And a glass of pop to sip.

"The Things we'd like to know"  
 Are where "those breeches" go?  
 And the officer, so sweet,  
 Whom all the girlies greet.  
 All that I much long to write  
 The dear "Major" might not like,  
 Censor cussing, Censor fussing,  
 Think I'll say Good-night!

O!!! Battery Fifty-Eight  
 "To Camp" or you'll be late;  
 Is it "she" that says don't go,  
 And "Strafe" the stern Provost?  
 Well he'll be right there to meet you,  
 And remember he'll "C.B." you  
 When you get back, when you get back,  
 And it's long past Ten, you see!



"Why, look, there goes a rat," exclaimed one of the cooks in the cookhouse. "That's the first I have seen for weeks."

"Well," ventured a second cook, "you know we can't feed men and rats on the rations we get now."



## Our Dance.



Without speaking disparagingly of other social events we believe that the dance given by the 58th Battery in the Borough Hall, Godalming on Friday night, April 20th, has a right to be called the event of the season. It was given under the distinguished patronage of The Honourable Mrs. Hamilton Martin, the Mayoress of Godalming, Mrs. M. Henderson and Mrs. Zambra.

The hall presented a very merry picture. Despite the difficulty experienced in securing material for the decorations, flags were utilized to good purpose in the main body of the hall while the stage was a maze of ferns and palms and formed an excellent setting for the smartly dressed members of the Royal Artillery String Band, which furnished the music throughout the evening.

Dancing was participated in from 8 o'clock until midnight and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. It served to drive dull care away for a few hours.

During the evening a short musical programme was rendered, those participating being Miss Fitton-Adams, Bombardier J. Coots and the famous Black Diamond quartette.

Col. Ogilvie, Commanding Officer of the 14th Brigade, Major Martin, Officer Commanding 58th Battery, the Officers of the battery and a number from the other batteries were present. The Assistant Provost Marshal was also there.

A great deal of credit is due to the very able Committee under the direction of Lieut. Chatwin. The Committee consisted of Sergt. Cameron, Bomb. J. G. Coots, and Gunners A. I. Machun, R. D. Travis, E. H. King, G. P. Hayman, C. M. Wright and H. M. Gough.

The Committee wish to thank, through the medium of the "O-Pip," the patronesses for their kind assistance, which made the dance such a success. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Henderson for arranging to bring the Royal Artillery String Band from Aldershot.

Although restrictions on food are great, the refreshments were a feature of the dance and Gunner E. H. King and his capable assistants deserve great praise.



The lieutenant had gone at length to explain the Zero Line, but, despite all, some of the boys had wandered off into dreamland. On glancing around the officer noticed with disgust the condition of his listeners.

"Jones, you might just get up and explain the Zero Line to the class," ordered the lieutenant.

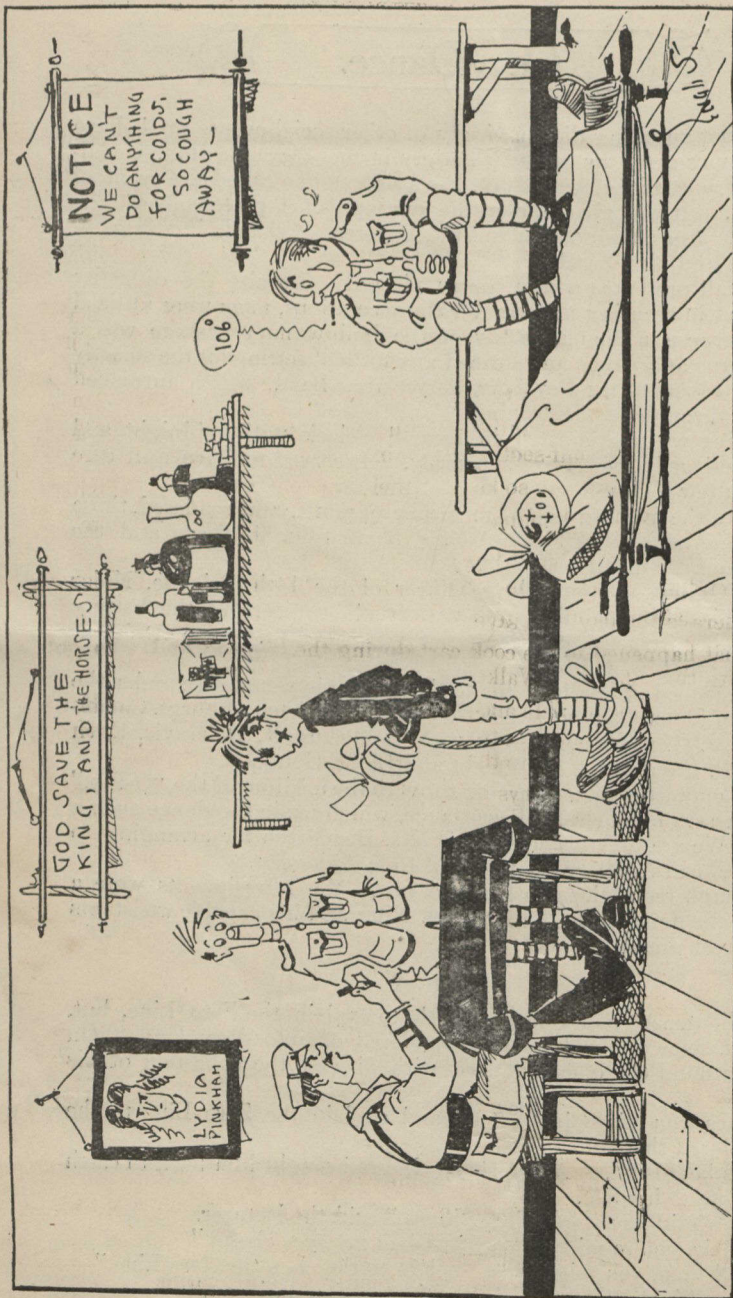
Jones heard not. A few sharp elbows brought him back to earth and he arose to his feet.

"I'm afraid you were asleep, Jones," said the lecturer.

"No, sir, you're mistaken. I just had my eyes closed."

"Well then, you might just explain to the class the Zero Line."

"Sorry Sir, but I never had any instruction on it yet."



First Victim — "Sir! I've been generally bust up. Got in the way of a couple of shiny hoofs. My ankle's gone; one wrist broken and my head's gone bally west."  
 M.O. to assistant — "Give him a couple of No. 9's to be taken every four hours."  
 M.O.'s assistant — "And what about these other two men? Look kind of bad."  
 M.O. — "Oh! Give one a five and the other a four. Fix it up somehow, but make the good old nine out of it."



## Things we would like to know.

Which Section Commander preferred flirtations with a Rosalind near the Pride of the Valley to leading his tired and hungry section home?

Which No. 1 said, "My wife's gone to join her husband?"

Why so many fellows are making appointments with Guildford dentists?

What the orderly officer meant, when on apprehending the stable picquet reading a novel at 2 a.m. one morning, said, "You're no damn use here. Why don't you get your ticket?" (Show us the way please).

Who is the Shoeing-smith who is continually losing his "Mary Jane?"

Why the river paths and shady lanes of Godalming are so popular now? Perhaps the half-sections explain things.

Why are the plowmen so keen on their jobs? Who said dairymaids?

How the office staff managed to show so much speed at the dance?

Why the cooks are sent on a cookery course?

What kind of scales the A.S.C. uses to weigh out our rations?

Where is the daylight saver?

What happened to the cook cart during the bivouac and who got away with the "Johnnie Walker"?

If it is very hospitable and broad-minded of the people of Guildford to try and run in Godalming taxi-cab drivers if they wait by appointment for their fares for more than a few minutes in the streets?

Why the hawkers always sing out, "Chocolate! Fine Chocolate!! Penny Chocolate bars!!! Four for sixpence?"



A staff officer was walking through the lines the other day and a depressed gunner slaughtered by without paying the proper compliment, Believing and rightly so, that the gunner required a little jacking up. the officer said:

"Here! Don't you know that you should salute an officer when he passes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, why didn't you salute me?"

"Because I didn't know you were an officer as you have a rain coat on and no stars showing."

"But surely you recognize the staff hat."

"No, sir. I thought you were in quarantine for mumps."



## The Clutching Hand.



About the most abused person in the army is the quartermaster sergeant. Despite his most "pleasant" ways he never seems to make a friend. One will say he is too tight, another that the goods were coming out of his own pocket. As a consequence he has earned the title of "The Clutching Hand."

The other day the editor, in his cruise for news, happened to drift into another battery's Q.-M. stores and witnessed a wizard in tact and diplomacy, pacifying the multitude which clamoured for stores. It was none other than the quarter, who prior to the war had led the high life of an auctioneer. This is how the conversation seemed to go.

"Hey quarter! How's chances of gettin' a pair of breeches? I'm going on divisional guard tonight and look at the holes in these," complained a distressed looking gunner.

"Well, what size do you wear?" asked the quarter with his usual tact.

"Let's see, thirty-four will do," replied the gunner.

"Sorry, the only things we have left are 32's and 38's," comforted the quarter. "Gave out the last pair of 34's this morning."

"But look quarter, have a heart," implored the gunner.

Just then in stepped the Sergeant-Major.

"Say S.-M. is this man going on guard tonight?" questioned the quarter.

"Let me see, who is it? Brown! No he's not," concluded the S.-M. Exit gunner in haste.

The next in line was a driver, who was trying to squeeze an extra pint of steel oil out of the quartermaster's assistants, who by the way are very nice chaps. The driver was making good progress when the quarter happened to glance over and the game was up.

"Hello! What do you want?" he queried with a pleasant smile.

"Just a pint of oil, quarter."

"Who's it for, D-sub.?"

"Yep."

"Well, D-sub drew their oil on Friday."

Exit driver.

A newly created N.C.O., wishing to look smart on his appearance in public with his first stripe came next.

"That's a fine tunic you have on quarter," volunteered the bombardier.

"Yes. Pretty good," answered the quarter.

"Pull with ordnance. You don't happen to have another I suppose."

"Well, what size do you wear?"

"Oh a 38 will do in a pinch."

"Out of luck, old man, we've only one left and that's a 42. Sorry."

Exit N.C.O.

Next in romps a limber-gunner, the man on whose shoulders rests great responsibilities.

"Say, quarter, you don't by any chance happen to have a few rags

around, do you?" he queried. "The guns are in a hell of a mess and there's an inspection to-morrow morning."

"Haven't got a thing," responded the quarter.

"There's a whole lot of old shirts in that corner. Why not slip me a couple of them?"

"Nothing doing. I've got to turn them into ordnance, and I'm 40 short now."

Exit limber-gunner.

The next to pop in was a No. 1, the man who is nearly always short of something or other.

"Look here, quarter! I'm minus a lead rein and I need one for this parade," he said.

"Well, weren't you issued with one?" was the cold response.

"Yes. But some devil's pinched it."

"That's alright. Pinch someone else's."

Exit No. 1.

Just then the Sergeant-Major, who had witnessed everything produced his pipe and fumbled about for a match. He had none.

"Well, I'll be damned. Quarter, give us a match, will you?" he asked.

"Sorry, but I just emptied my box," and he handed the S.-M. the box as proof.

Exit Sergeant-Major.

And so, onward through the army life the quarter-master goes. The friend of no man. We envy no quarter his job.



Signalling Officer—"When hanging from a limb the black and white can be seen quite plainly."

Interested Class—"Yes, sir!"



## To those at Home.



You are looking tired and weary and you feel you can't be cheery,  
 As from your dirty trench you cannot roam.  
 There's a sight to cheer your heart, make all care and pain depart;  
 A letter from the dear old folks at home.  
 Maybe its from your brother or your dear old grey-haired Mother,  
 Or a sister true who sends a welcome line ;  
 But it sets your heart at ease when that message o'er the seas,  
 Just tells you all the folks at home are fine.  
 There's the other side to tell and it does not sound so well,  
 It seems to give the heart a sudden wrench :  
 When the mail is given out and you find beyond a doubt,  
 You are the only one forgotten in the trench !  
 In your throat a lump will rise, the tears start to your eyes,  
 You wonder why on earth they do not write,  
 And it makes you sick and glum and its pity help the Hun  
 Who meets you in the next big bayonet fight.  
 The smiling faces meet you and the hearty laughter greets you  
 When all discuss the news of their home town.  
 How it makes a man feel small if he's cared for not at all,  
 And no one cares a hang if he goes down.  
 Shew him that you really care and when you've time to spare  
 Just drop a line to him who bears the brunt.  
 It's not very much to ask and will ease his heavy task ;  
 There's someone waits YOUR letter at the front !



## The Modern Miracle.



Through necessity the soldier's ration has had to be reduced a certain extent, and nowadays the mess orderlies are having the time of their young lives making the allowance go round, especially on days when the boys have been on long trips. It so happened that one evening not long ago the ravenous crew of the 58th returned from a route march and were clamouring for a heavy meal.

The mess orderlies saw the dusty warriors file into their huts and heave their kits on to their beds. With wrinkled brows and bended heads the "mess-hogs" made their way to the mess room. They knew what the rations were and were perplexed. There were five small fishes, believed to be of the cod species, and these five fishes had to be equally divided between 180 odd hungry boys. Without question it was an uncomfortable position. At last one of the troubled mess orderlies remarked significantly :

" Well, I once heard of the Lord feeding a multitude with five fishes and five loaves, but that's nothing to what we've got to do—feed 180 men with these poor, bony cod."

But it was done ! It is a question for debate to-day even, as to who really got the fish.



Hungry gunner (on bivouac)—“What! No margarine today.  
Cook—“Sorry there’s none. But would you like a Princess Royal  
or a few cream puffs instead?”

### It is Rumoured—

That one of the new promotions sewed his stripe on upside down.  
That the author of the phrase, “Join the army and see life,” must  
have been thinking of insect life.

That some sub-sections have some gunners.

That to relieve the dull slow monotony of camp life a chess club  
is to be started.

That the United States has declared war.

That there should be no shortage of paper now.

That the cooks celebrated Good Friday by having a shave.

That one of the subs. had some gun drill last week.

That a gunner on pulling a bone in a ball game last Saturday was  
sent to the “Toc Emmas.”

That there are several “Tanks” in the battery, one or more per  
sub., which may account for the shortage of spirits in the British Isles.



## Sports.



### Baseball.

Strolling around in one's few leisure hours, one can almost picture himself back in Canada watching a lot of kids on the sand lots working out to be big leaguers. With the advent of the beautiful Spring weather some three weeks ago baseballs, bats, mits and gloves seemed to appear from nearly every kit bag. When the General Mobilization Order was issued and all extra kit had to be discarded we thought that such superfluities as sporting equipment would have been sent to the incinerator. But such was not the case and it shows how much a fellow appreciates a real live old ball game.

So it is that wherever one goes he sees the boys trying out their arms and their eyes. War may be a sport for kings, but give the boys the old ball game every time.

As a result of the activities of some of the officers and boys and especially the Y.M.C.A. officers, a baseball schedule was drafted and has been completed. The 60th Battery won the bunting with only one defeat to their credit. The 58th team got away to a bad start and had Mr. Jonah with them most of the time and came out on the short end every game. The 61st nine pushed the winners right to the wire and lost out on the play off.

The 53rd Battery succeeded in winning the flag in the 13th Brigade and there will be fur flying when they clash with the "Grit and Shine" boys for the championship of the artillery. The winner in this series will play the infantry victors for the championship of the camp. We have no doubt as to where the championship will go.

### Basketball.

Despite the warm weather the basketball league has been quite a success and the 58th quintette is buzzing right along for the championship. So far we have nothing but victories to our credit and if we are successful in defeating the 66th ball tossers we will be the king pin of this brigade. Then into the battle with the winners in the 13th Brigade and on to the camp championship, which we expect will come to the 58th lines.

### Tennis.

How would a good cinder tennis court look now? Memories of the happy Summers in the days gone by have been revived by the appearance on the roads and streets of fortunate youths bedecked in flannels and the fair maidens dolled up in their flimsies swinging along with racquets in hand. Here's hoping for the good old days in the near future.

### Swimming.

We will miss the Petewawa and Ottawa rivers this Summer. On the warm days in Petewawa the boys just revelled in their cooling waters. The best outlook here is the River Wey, which a fellow can dive across. And then again there are the horse troughs, which compare favourably to some of these "mighty" waterways.

## Wrestling on Horse back.



Photograph by Gordon A. Cameron.

This photograph was taken at the brigade sports and shows the boys in the throes of a hard tussle. Stripped to the waist they are endeavouring to put one another to the ground.

## Casualties.

It is again the painful duty of the "O-Pip" to record the death of one of the boys of the battery. After an illness extending over three weeks, Gunner James H. Frame passed away at Bramshott Hospital on Sunday, April 29th. When taken to the hospital it was thought that his chances for recovery were good, but although he fought tenaciously against the dreaded disease, pneumonia, he finally succumbed.

Frame enlisted in Victoria with the 62nd Battery and transferred to the 58th Battery in January. He was employed as cook and was a hard and conscientious worker.

It is sad to relate that he leaves a wife and four children living in Nelson, B.C.

The funeral took place on Thursday, May 3rd, from the Milford Congregational Church and was attended with full military honours.

After being laid up for two months Lieut. Basil Prior has returned to the battery. Driver Percy Mattin, who had a miraculous escape from death by dragging from his horse, is also back from hospital. Gunner Hebenton rejoined the battery recently after a long stay in Bramshott hospital. He was thrown from a team.

### France.

To us the "Promised Land"; to those who are there a constant reminder of what General Sherman said.

### Editorial.

**E**VEN had we belonged to that optimistic and hypocritical body of men known as the "German News Agency" we could not have predicted the success which greeted the "O-Pip" on its initial appearance. The laudable criticisms which have been passed on the little paper have made us blush and feel embarrassed, and we are in a quandary as to whether or not we can make the successive issues come up to the reputation established by the first number.

The crown-heads and bald-heads of Europe have read the "O-Pip," and the Kaiser has sent us an underground message for a large bundle of the May number. Rich man and poor man, the hard-working munition girl and the lasses who are cradled in the lap of luxury, and the prisoner and the preacher have all enrolled themselves as subscribers.

Out of the 2,000 copies of the "O-Pip" only two remain, and at the request of a dear old lady, who is interested in many philanthropic institutions, we have kindly consented to offer them for auction in aid of War Charities. It is expected they will fetch a fabulous sum.

Of the May number we will say little. We trust that it will be as interesting as its predecessor. We have increased the size of the paper and our cartoonist has made a fine job of his work. The reportorial staff, however, has suffered considerably through the feeding of so much plum-duff, which has had a tendency to restrict their brain capacity.

Although we know little of our future movements there is nothing like taking time by the forelock and saying what one would like to say at this very moment. There is the possibility of the artillery boys being moved at any time and the "O-Pip" is usurping the right to act as the medium between the boys of the camp and the good people of Godalming, Guildford and other nearby towns. Since arriving here we have been shown every courtesy and consideration by the residents, and we now wish to thank them very kindly and generously for all they have done. The dear ladies have shown wonderful patience in tending to our wants, and have sacrificed much of their time in seeing that we have been well looked after. Kindnesses of this nature are far more appreciated by the boys in this new life than they would have been had we been shirking in "civvies," and we know that while we thank our benefactors a hundred fold, our mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, brothers, sisters and children, in our beloved land across the sea, will thank you in their prayers a thousand fold.

Please accept our thanks!



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