

EASTER NUMBER

THE  
"O.P.I.P."



ANOTHER CRUSHING BLOW STRUCK ON THE STIFF CHRISTIE SECTOR.

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### EDITORIAL

HERE we are again, like an old suit of clothes that has been cleaned and pressed for the Spring Splash, neither new nor stylish, but a camouflage. We know that Easter suggests something new, but dig and think as soldiers do, we could neither unearth nor create anything new. So, dear readers, you must be content with our old line. It had been our great hope to make this our "Peace Number," but the long whiskers of that new yellow race became entangled in the cogs of that mythical steam roller, and bang went our hopes. So, patient ones, do not criticise too harshly this humble effort.

IN THE last number of "O-Pip" we invited criticism of the little paper in order to find out whether we were succeeding in attaining our objective, namely, giving the folks at home an idea of our life out here, and trying to show them that there was a pleasant side to the war after all. Speaking truthfully, we have been inundated by letters of congratulation; in fact, some mothers sang our praises so highly that we are tempted to make them press agents. Here is one of the choice pieces, received from a lady in the United States:—"The 'O-Pip' is indeed very clever, and it is always welcomed in our household. We always pass the paper around so that as many people as possible can get the good out of it. The 'O-Pip' is now in the hands of a widow, whose son is in one of the camps in the south-western part of the country more than a thousand miles from here. We wanted her to see that the boys do have something to think of besides the horrible side of war, and that they, or at least a good many of them, make the best of inconveniences and discomforts. I shall have to get the paper back in a day or two, as I want to lend it where it can do some more good."

This is interesting to know, and shows that our labours are not in vain. When this number is on its way to press we will be working on the next one, providing Fritz does not carry out his threat of wiping out the Canadian Corps. All we can say is that it will take an awful lot of wipers.



## WHAT A DEAD WORLD THIS WILL BE.

**B**EFORE this grand old war broke out we used to get into an ecstasy of delight whenever we heard that a circus was billed for our town, or a big carnival was planned, or, on Empire Day, there would be a baseball game at the park, with races for children and fat men, and fireworks in the evening.

Remember how you'd fuss up in the latest rags and 'phone the little queen and give her a bid to the big time; and then how she'd get excited, and wouldn't know which dress to wear.

Well, they sure were great days, but won't they seem tame when we get back? Just think of going to see a ball game; of sitting there and listening to the women cheering as a fellow slides for second, and squeals when he thinks someone tried to spike him. And then recall the many times when you slid through barbed wire, dived into a cellar over a pile of brick, or nearly parted your hair against a brick wall when you attempted to shoot through a hole in it and missed. This ball stuff will be mighty slow.

'Member in the old days how you used to go and see an aeroplane disport itself. If you had the price you took your mother along. If not, you stood outside the fence, and saw the show for nothing. Now just imagine going to see an aeroplane loop-the-loop—just imagine seeing a performance of that kind after having experienced those big Gothas that used to swoop over and let go their tails and wreck everything! Or recall those pretty air duels, the result of which some unfortunate came to the earth in flames. And maybe, too, you will think of now those "Archies" used to waste ammunition.

Imagine going to see some fireworks. It was not bad in the old days when you used to share a chair between two, owing to the crush, and strained your neck until a rocket shed forth its beautiful colors and you said "Ha-a-a." Do you think you would strain your neck at a miserable rocket after seeing liquid fire, Fritz's sausage lights, Véry lights and fire shells?

'Member when the circus came to town and a loud-mouthed man with a rubber-face, running the cocoa-nut game, shouted: "Come on, boys, try your luck. Three balls a dime, eight a quarter." You'd buy a quarter's worth and kid your girl into throwing a ball, which usually went over the screen. Then you'd wind up your own wing, clear the crowd back and bean a cocoa-nut. Then you'd shoot the next seven rounds and go away with a cocoa-nut and a sore arm. When you hear the cocoa-nut man next time you'll just recall that dark night when you went over on a bombing raid, and dropped a few Fritzie's with some of those disturbers that Mills brought into being.

So, Mr. Public Entertainer, we wish to give you a friendly tip. If you want your shows, circuses, carnivals, or whatever they may be, well patronized after Kaiser Wilhelm is sent down the shoot that leads to the fire in the centre of the earth, you will have to get something new. You'll have a few years to do it in no doubt!



# EASTER STYLES



PASSES ARE ABOUT AS POPULAR AS THE MEASELS



WE HAVE IT FROM MAJOR WOODRING THAT THIS STYLE IS PASSE, THE BASE-BALL SEASON BEING OVER



BRASS, STILL CONTINUES TO BE POPULAR WITH SOME IRRESPECTIVE OF THE SHORTAGE AT HOME



FAIRY QUEENS, TRUMPETERS, AND CIGARETTES WILL BE SMOKED AT THE BEST DUG-OUTS.



A NEW FAD CALLED "THE DUG-OUT SLOUCH" IS NOW IN VOGUE WITH LIEUTENANTS, THEY GET LOTS OF PRACTISE



RUM WILL BE SERVED IN NOSE CAPS FROM .303 CARTRIDGES THIS SEASON.



VISUAL SIGNALLING IS STILL TAUGHT



THE DEEPER THE SWANKIER.



BADDONNERS, ARE STILL WORN EACH ONE COSTS \$5.00 AND NO INSTANCE HAS BEEN RECORDED, WHERE THEY WERE USED FOR ANYTHING BUT STORING CIGARETTES OR GOING ON LEAVE. WAR LOANS, AND TAG DAYS, WILL CONTINUE SO THESE NECESSITIES CAN BE HAD.

## IF.

If I could be a mammoth whale,  
And swim the ocean green,  
I'd cruise about and gobble up  
Each Heinie submarine.

If I could be an elephant,  
And wanted to stay drunk ;  
Think of the booze that I could carry  
Safely in my trunk.

If I were a long, lean, giraffe,  
I know 'twould get my goat,  
If I were laid up sick in bed  
With puttees round my throat.

If we should be sent to Egypt,  
I'd be quite mad, yet madder,  
If with a broom, I had to groom  
Two camels from a ladder.

N. E. S.

## BRAVO SERGEANT-MAJOR.

**H**ATS off, boys, to our old warrior, Sergeant-Major Frank Wardell, who has just been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. We are sure that the boys of the other batteries will be just as pleased to learn of the honour as we ourselves, for the S.M. is well known throughout the division

The award has been well won and, by the way, is the first to be granted in this division. In September, 1915, S.-M. Wardell was recommended for the D.C.M. for valuable reconnaissance work, and in August of last year he was mentioned in despatches. He receives the award for subduing a bad fire in the charges in a gun-pit and relieving three men who were entombed in a dug-out when the battery was under heavy fire several months ago.

In our last number we told the world what a good soldier the S.-M. was. So just turn it up and read it over again.

Well, here's good health, good luck, and a few more ribbons to the "Star Major," as some people call him.

Driver : "Ha, ha ! Still alive, eh ?"

Gunner (down from guns) : "Yep ! Haven't had a bath yet."

\* \* \*

Gunner : "What's the best job in the H.Q. party ?"

Signaller : "Oh ! the wireless linesman or the buried cable patrol."

\* \* \*

Camouflages oft remind us  
Things are seldom what they seem :  
Everything conspires to blind us—  
Even life may be a dream.



## AGONY COLUMN.

"It must be awful stuffy when you boys are in your dug-outs 30 feet down."—Madge.

(Yes, but it's usually hotter on top.—ED.)

\* \* \*

"Could you tell me how my husband, Driver Blanket, is behaving?"—Wife.

(Didn't know he was married.—ED.)

\* \* \*

"Why do you boys go to Paris instead of coming over to Blighty?"—Gert.

(Because Paris is closer. [Good bit of camouflage, that.]—ED.)

\* \* \*

"I've got 15 days F.P. No. 1, and have done five days, but it's too hard. How can I get out of it?"—Bill.

(Do another ten days.—ED.)

\* \* \*

"My Section Commander is always telling me I'm dead, and of no use to him. What can I do?"—Sad One.

(Next time he says that, just repeat the old proverb: "Let the dead bury their dead."—ED.)

\* \* \*

"I have a terrible temper and am afraid I'll strike one of those provoking drivers when they tease me. How can I get over it?"—Reginald.

(Just strike one of them.—ED.)

\* \* \*

"Why do you boys send so many of those field service cards home?"—Auntie.

(Because we are not men of letters.—ED.)

\* \* \*

"I am told the Archies are wonderful shots, is that not so?"—Ruth.

(Yes. That is not so.—ED.)

\* \* \*

"Can you tell us the latest style of Easter hats in Paris? We are so anxious to hear."—Young Ladies' Bible Class, Iceland.

(Delighted to tell you, girls. It's known as the Whizz Bang toque. It is made in the shape of a shell and of a new material known as Whizz, which is of a steel, grey colour. It has fuse trimmings. Bangs are again being worn to go with the Whizz.—ED.)

### Agony Column—Continued.

“What do you like most about the French?”—Mother.  
(*Their cellars.*—ED.)

\* \* \*  
“I hear you boys call the W.A.A.C. girls ‘Mulligan Queens.’ Well, it’s a mean shame, as they do great work at the base.”—Housewife.

(*It is a BASE rumour.*—ED.)

\* \* \*  
“The girl I left in Blighty writes me so often, and talks so much about the ‘happy days we will have when the war is over and I come back to her.’ I don’t want any of those happy days. How can I get out of it?”—Jack.

(*Write and tell her you’re dead. You look like it to me.*—ED.)

\* \* \*  
“Why are all the soldiers finishing their letters like this X X X X ?”—Sall.

(*They’ve been handling too much barb-wire of late, I guess.*—ED.)

### PHOOLOSOPHY.

I N France there are two things concerning a fellow’s whereabouts; he is either behind the lines or on the front. If behind the lines there is no need to worry. If on the front one of two things is certain: either he is in a safe place, or exposed to danger. If he is in a safe place there is no need to worry. If he is exposed to danger, one of two things is certain: either he is wounded or not wounded. If he is wounded one of two things is certain: either he is wounded seriously or slightly. If slightly, there is no need to worry. If seriously one of two things is certain: either he will recover or he will die. If he recovers there is no need to worry. If he dies he can’t worry. So cheer up, fellers, you’re a long time dead.

\* \* \*  
A dive in time saved mine.

\* \* \*  
Blessed are the “Broke,” for they shall inherit the Kingdom of France.

\* \* \*  
Go to the Quarter, thou ragged one.

\* \* \*  
Two splinters in the leg are better than one in the heart.

\* \* \*  
There is no stable howsoe’er defended but loses an odd horse every night.

\* \* \*  
Of two shell-holes choose the greater.

\* \* \*  
He who fights and gets away will get caught another day.



## THINGS MRS. MURPHY'S DAUGHTER WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What corporal said: "I don't seem to do anything right, I think I'll take out a commission"?

\* \* \*

What O.C. said: "Now you linesmen won't get No. 1 F.P. Next time you'll be sent out to repair the wires without any tape?"

\* \* \*

What gunner finished a letter this way: "If you have lost my address write and tell me?"

\* \* \*

What veterinary-sergeant blistered a horse's shoulder when it had a nail in its foot?

\* \* \*

The name of the officer who ordered his men to cover their tracks in the snow with bricks covered with snow.

\* \* \*

What officer on getting a tough piece of meat said: "My! this is awful. Give it to the men"?

\* \* \*

Who was the officer in the brigade who was apprehended in the trenches as a likely spy, and what happened to the little dog he had in Witley. Did Heinie cop it?

\* \* \*

What O.C. brought to France fishing tackle and pony harness in his kit? (Some of the boys do have a good time.)

\* \* \*

The major who said his respirator was defective because it had two holes in the rubber valve?

\* \* \*

Why our handsome officers are so anxious to take French lessons in a big city nearby? Who said they were not studying the language?

\* \* \*

The officer who wrote in his intelligence report: "After our short strafe cries and groans could be heard"?

\* \* \*

What gunner received a pair of socks with the same markings as a gas shell?

\* \* \*

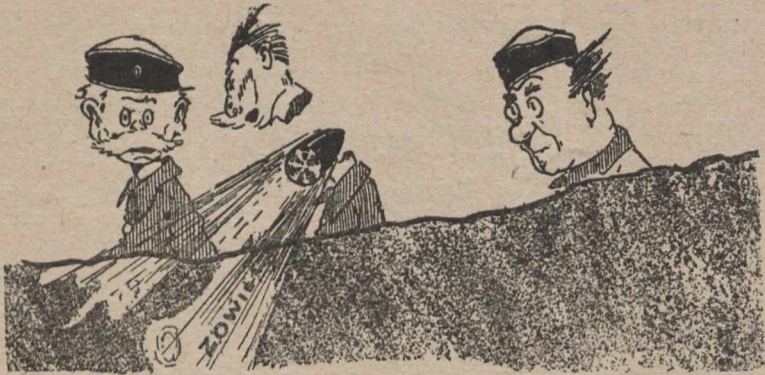
What division mixed up its list of recommendations for Military Medals with the list of men due for inoculation?

\* \* \*

What officer said: "It takes a man of intelligence to be a batman"?

\* \* \*

What Sergeant-Major, when forced to visit the guns on one occasion, said: "Why, this war has nothing on South Africa"?



*First Heinie: "Gott!! Whad't wos dot, Carl?"*  
*Carl: "Dot used to be Hans!"*

## HOW WE ARE NAPOOING HEINIE.

**"S**TAND to!"

Like a flash the gunners jumped to it, swept the camouflagage to one side, got a couple of rounds handy and awaited orders.

In the O-Pip a slight movement had been observed by the O.O. about 14 degrees right of zero line, and the conclusion he drew was that Heinie had a large working party out.

The orders came down quickly, and the No. 1's were ordered to get their rounds away as rapidly as possible. No. 1 gun opened fire. It was a good shot, and the O.O. sent down a correction of "plus 25" and ordered one round of battery fire at 10 seconds. Every shot fell right in the midst of the working party.

"Four rounds gun-fire," the O.O. sent down over the wire, and in less time than it takes to tell the shells were all on their way to the barb-wired precincts of Heinie's land.

"Great stuff that," remarked the O.O. to his telephonist. "Tell them to repeat."

The order was carried out at the battery.

"Can you beat that. Those shots are falling right in amongst the party, and they don't seem to give a whoop. No one's heeled over yet and no one's taken shelter."

So reasoned the O.O. In despair, he ordered another four rounds of gunfire.

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the signaller, "but that doesn't look like a working party to me. I'll bank my last centime that that's a row of telephone poles or something the like. Take a look through these glasses, they may be clearer than yours."

Then followed a few minutes of silence, broken only by the whispered oaths of the O.O.

"Better tell the battery to stand down and clean breeches," advised the officer as he fidgetted slightly, but still kept his glasses glued to his eyes, watching his "moving target."



## WILL THE WAR PRODUCE A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE?

**I**N these days of joy, peace and goodwill we hear all kinds of reports of a League of Nations, or something of the sort, which will come into being when that lost Dove of Peace gets back to the hen-roost. But all this talk is only to give some of the old fogies who labour through the world with a thousand letters after their names, something to do.

But we want something practical to be the outcome of this heaven of joy we are now in. Why not get a Universal Language, so that one will not have to carry a book of languages or an interpreter around with him when he wishes to travel?

The British Tommy, the most adaptable old cuss that ever rolled a puttee, is doing a great deal to make a Universal Language. In France his exploits are known to the world; in Italy, where he has just wandered, he is fluent with Spaghet-ticism; in Greece he has slid along easy; the Egyptian piffle had no terrors for him, and they tell us that since he has been loose in Jerusalem he has Yiddish down pat and can beat a Yid any time of the night at a game of crib.

In France this Universal Language is coming along nicely. A Tommy couldn't "parlez vous Francais" when he came out, and the people with the handsome shapes couldn't speak English. Naturally, something had to be done, so Tommy did it; and now, after three years, we find that Tommy and the home-brew get along fine.

The other night I drifted into an estaminet in mistake for a church, so I sat down and listened to a new language, which I will record just as it sounded to me. An apparent friend of the janes behind the counter entered, and he was greeted like this:—

"Bon swa, m'sieur. Come oot allay voo?"

"Bon swa. Trey beans. How's your health?"

"Just the same you. What you have? Bass avec citron?"

"Bass no bon. Vin blink, Marie. Encore the vin blink."

"Ah! You booko brigand. You drink booko blink."

"Marie! Two oofs avec chips and cafe."

"Eggs, chips, coffee. Wee! Me compree."

The order was filled and the friend found that they were real French eggs, so he carries on:

"Eggs, no bon."

"Eggs, trey bon."

"Compree chicken?"

"Oi-oi-oi-oi-oi! What for you? You booko brigand!"

"Say le guer. Sanfaireean."

"Eight o'clock. Eight o'clock. Fini estaminay. Partee m'sieur. Bon swa."

"Kiss me bon swa, Marie."

"No compree, kiss."

Finally the fairy queen of the estaminet kissed him, and out he went.

Perhaps the linguists at home, who are busy trying to make out the language of a native race which has been silent for 20,000 years, will be able to help the British Tommy to form this new Universal Language.

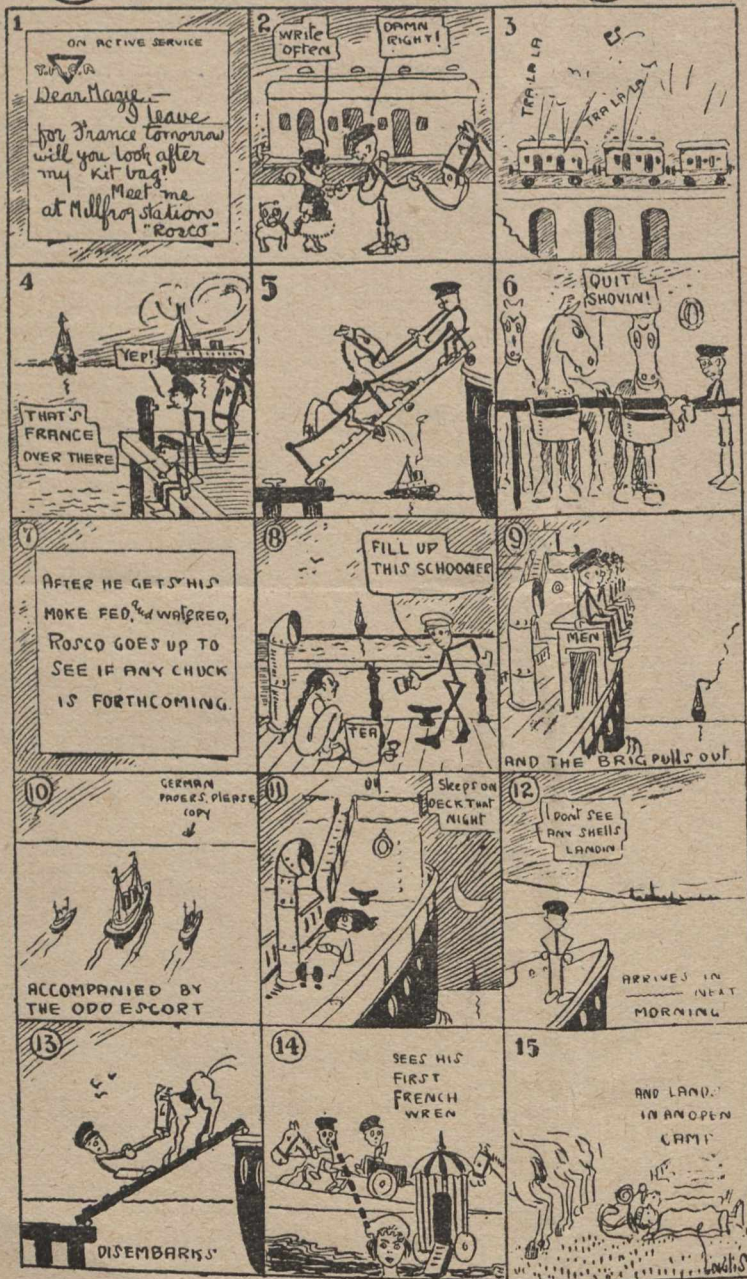




# ROSCO COMES OVER



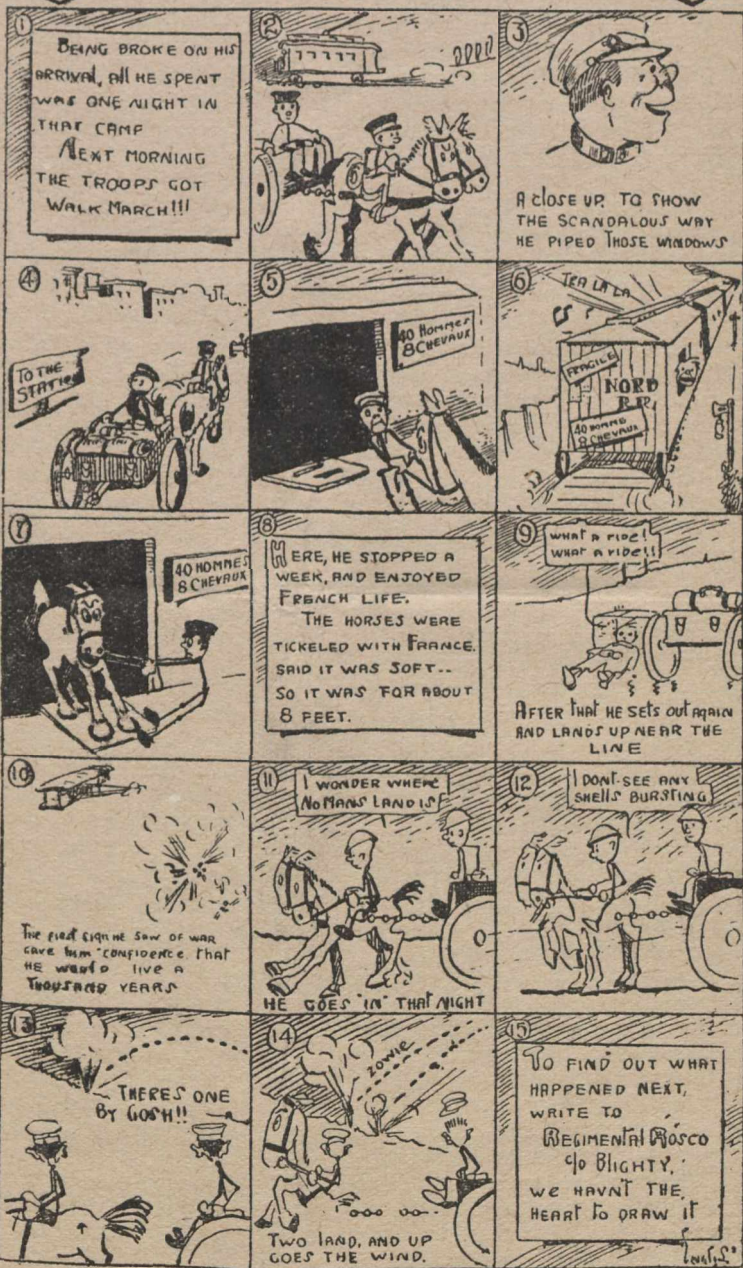
2<sup>ND</sup>  
EPISODE





3rd  
Episode

## ROSCO HITS THE LINE

O.P.I.P.  
FILM



## CAMOUFLAGE.

WITH varied amusement we read the numerous articles which have appeared in magazines and papers on this war-production. All the writers have failed in trying to explain to the dear old Public what "Camouflage" is and what its uses are—a failure due, no doubt, to the fact that the writers have not been in the line and seen its practical uses. So we consider it our humble duty to enlighten the world on the word "Camouflage."

"Camouflage" is a French monstrosity, derived from the Russian words "Canu Deceivski," which, in the language of the magician, means, "Now you see it, now you don't."

Both officers and men are perfecting the art of camouflaging in the army, as it enables them to evade well-known dangers.

On the 9 o'clock parade at the wagon lines, when the Orderly Officer performs his only duty of the day by looking into his men's faces and at their buttons and boots, camouflaging may be found in a fairly perfect condition. Some of the drivers had not had time to shave, so they have a good wash, and a couple of tins of "Talcium Powder" are produced and the scented flour is carefully distributed over the face, thereby producing a clean shave. Perhaps one chap had neither shaved nor cleaned his boots, so he falls in in the rear rank and as soon as the Officer passes his man in the front rank they change places, a very delicate form of camouflaging.

Officers are guilty of camouflaging their visits to "les petites mademoiselles," with the excuse that they are taking French lessons. We are also sorry to record that some of the men camouflage their visits by getting sick reports to see the dentist.

Quarter-masters are past masters at camouflaging. Water in the rum is one instance. A fellow asks for a pair of number 9 boots and the quarter-bloke says he has nothing but "Fives and Sixes." You ask for a pair of "34-breeches," and are informed that the last pair has just been given out. Sometimes, however, the dear fellow will part with some clothes, when he sees his victim in nothing but rags, so that the chap can camouflage himself.

An inspection is scheduled. The drivers feel lazy, so decide to clean one breast collar and shake their heel-chains. The dirty harness they pack well in the rear in the dark, and then arrange the clean set in front. Of course, the Inspecting Officer glances in at the door and says: "Very good, boys," and you are just as well off as though you had worked your head off. You can't beat a driver. He will have his team looking sleek and glossy by simply using a rag with a little oil on it, and probably he never spent ten minutes grooming the mokes.

Then there are our old friends the cooks, who can turn out Bully Beef forty-nine different ways. They can make it look like anything from fish to soup. The only thing they can't camouflage is the colour and smell.



## EMPTY WAS THE GARRET.

THE job had been worrying Mac for some time, and every time he scratched he resolved to get it done, but then something always copped up and his good intentions were cast aside. Finally things became desperate, and he went to the Colonel and asked for afternoon off. He got it.

He located an old wine-cellar, which had lost its vine-tage, lit a candle and strung a line. First he took his blankets, shook them thoroughly and hung them over the wire. Next he emptied his kit bag, and as the cellar seemed damp and cold he started a fire before he discarded his own clothes. Every article was hung on the line so as not to overlap, and as he gazed along the line he decided to have a fag before proceeding with the treatment.

Among the articles which he had received from the "Daughters of the Empire" at Christmas-time was a tin of France-famous "Sabidilla," which has amongst its many reputed qualities that of being a great life destroyer. Proudly he produced the can and set to work, starting at one end of the line and working West. It was a tedious job, as the seams had to receive special attention. Finally he reached the last article on the line, which proved to be a healthy sock. Finishing it, he stood down, carefully set aside his tin of "Sabidilla," and had another fag. He considered he had done a good job, as he had sprinkled until his arms were sore. For awhile at any rate he would be free of many friends.

After climbing back into his clothes he replaced all his kit and neatly folded his blankets. Then he seated himself in front of the fire with a look of satisfaction on his face.

Suddenly in came Red, a pal of his, in a great rush, for he was taking refuge from a shell. On recovering himself he saw Mac sitting with his face all aglow.

"What yer been doin', Mac?" inquired Red. "Been chasing a few companies around, s'pose?"

"Quite right, Red, old kid," replied Mac. "I snuffed out thousands of them this afternoon. Aw I'm bon, now, believe me."

"Well, that's pretty jake," said Red. "But what kind of dope did you use on them?"

ILLUSTRATED  
PROVERB



DON'T SHOUT TILL  
YOU HAVE LOOKED  
IN THE SEAMS



"That!" joyfully remarked Mac, as he pointed to the can on the floor.

Red picked up the can and gave it a reproachful glance.

"But is this the can you used?" he asked.

"Yes—and why?" queried Mac.

"Well, just pat yourself on the back, you poor fish," shouted Red in deliriums of joy. "D'yer know you just forgot to take the top off the sprinkler!"

### APRES LA GUERRE FINIS.

AFTER Kaiser Bill is whipped  
And all our battles won,  
I'll lay an eighteen-pounder  
On the guy who tells me "'shun."

If when I go out to dinner  
The waiter brings me "Stew,"  
I know I'll spend ten years in jail  
For giving him what's due.

Or if he should serve "ham and mush,"  
He'll surely come to grief;  
I'll quickly end his mad career,  
If he says "Bully Beef."

If my girl mentions France to me,  
I know we won't get on;  
I'll simply take my hat and run,  
If she should say "Très Bon."

If, on a picnic I should go,  
With Maude or fair Louise,  
I'd soon succumb, if they should say,  
"Do you like jam and cheese?"

But if again another Bill  
Should try to change the map,  
I'd grab a gun and quickly run  
To join right in the scrap.

N. E. S.

### IT ALL DEPENDS.

Bill (on Monday): "What yer think of the war to-day,  
Bob?"

Bob: "Ah! We're losing, only bully and hard-tack."

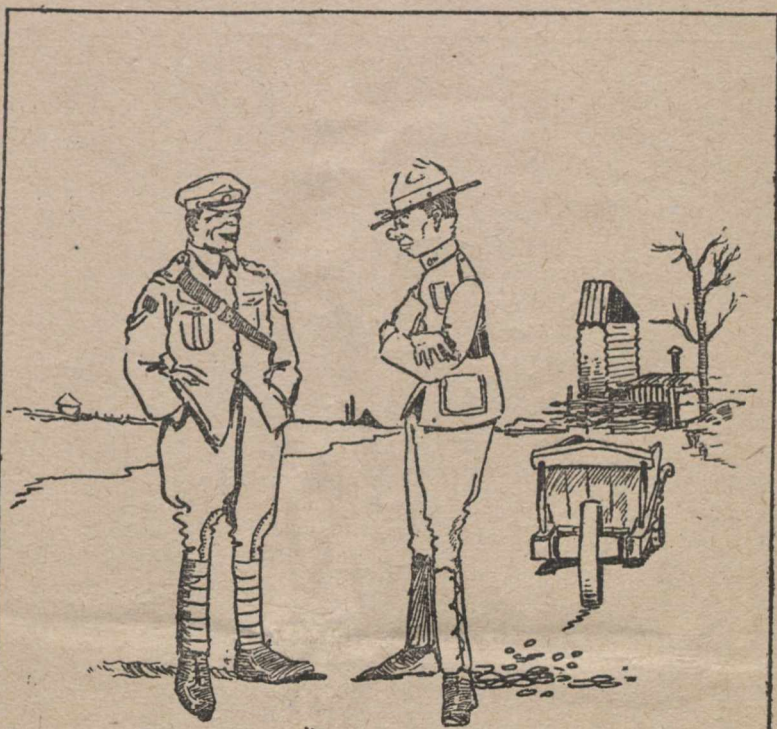
Bill (on Tuesday): "What yer think of the war to-day,  
Bob?"

Bob: "Ah! She's not too bad; had a good mulligan."

Bill (on Wednesday): "What yer think of the war to-day,  
Bob?"

Bob: "Oh! we're winning, sure enough, to-day. Mush for  
breakfast and roast beef and potatoes for dinner."





THE GENT FROM SAWTH FRAMINGHAM:— WHAAS THIS DAWG-GAWN BATTLE FIELD  
OF YAWS? LEAD ME TO IT BUD!!  
CANUCK:— WHY I THOUGHT YOU KNEW ALL THE TIME! SO THAT WHAT'S  
BEEEN KEEPING YOU?

### WAS SOMEONE TRYING TO BE FUNNY?

**T**HERE is a great humorist in Canada, and he has been discovered in the same mysterious manner as all stars are found. This humorist has been telling the folks at home, through the medium of many papers, of the Ritz-Carlton menus, on which the boys in Blighty thrive. Among the things the Blighty boys are said to get are Canadian pot roasts, Jack Dow dumplings, roley-poley hotcakes, fritters, vegetable marrows and so on.

There are a couple of thousand lads in France now who spent eleven months in Witley Camp, where this alleged daily feast was the rule; but all we ever saw was mush (sometimes), Mulligan (every time), and the two indispensables—cheese and jam. Once in awhile we heard there were cheese balls for tea.

Please, Mr. Humorist, don't try any more funny turns on us, as we have enough jokes played on us now.

## DON'TS FOR MEN ON PARIS LEAVE.



Marie (in phoney surprise): "Oh, mon Dieu! I've dropped my handkerchief."

René: "Did he have a purple patch on his arm?"



### OUR SKIPPER.

**N**O battery is complete without a "Skipper"; and to the layman we might explain that "Skipper" is the soldier's cognomen for the captain, the right-hand man of the battery. F.A.T. places him in charge of the wagon lines, and the supply of ammunition when the battery is in the field, so, consequently, it all depends on him what kind of an existence the boys below have. Some "Skippers" are fond of plenty of razzling and heaps of grit and shine, while others are content to let their men know what is wanted and then have confidence in



**Capt. R. S. ARMITAGE.**

them to know that it will be done without "razzling." We are glad to say that our "Skipper" belongs to the latter class.

Capt. Armitage is a well-known athlete from Eastern Canada, who left his studies at McGill in the early days of the war. He made his name as a boxer and wrestler, although he was also considered a good man at rugby. In 1912 our "Skipper" won the Inter-collegiate Wrestling Championship. On different occasions he gave exhibitions as to how two pair of hands should be used.



Capt. Armitage was born in Sherbrooke, Quebec, in 1892. He entered McGill University in 1910 to take Arts and Science, and specialised in mining. In his third year he left Science to enlist, signing up with the 27th Battery, C.F.A., in March, 1915. Later he qualified for a commission, and in July of the same year brought a draft to England. In January, 1916, Capt. Armitage came to France. He took part in the heavy fighting at St. Eloi, Ypres and the Somme. On November 10th he was wounded while on the Somme, and made Blighty. After convalescing he joined the 62nd Battery at Witley, and on re-organisation came to the 58th Battery. He was promoted to the rank of captain in January, 1917.

We wish the captain all kinds of luck in his career as a soldier.

### QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT.

OUR casualties since the last issue have been as follows:—  
Corp. J. M. Wright, killed; Bomb. Cecil Lowe, wounded; Gunner E. R. Hewitt, wounded; Gunner E. A. Ritchie, shell-shock.

It is with deep regret that we record Jimmie Wright's death. He was hit in the stomach by a splinter and died two days later at a clearing-station. Jimmie was one of the original 58th boys, and lived for a number of years in Fredericton, N.B., where he was well-known. He was a willing worker, a smiling, happy-go-lucky, good-natured chap, and will be greatly missed in the battery. He was the first man in the battery to be killed. Jimmie hailed from Suffolk, England, and was 33 years of age.

Bomb. Lowe got a piece from the same shell that sent Jimmie Wright west, but was fortunate in getting it in the heel. He is down the line at present, but will be back shortly. Bomb. Lowe is from Victoria, B.C., being one of the old 62nd boys.

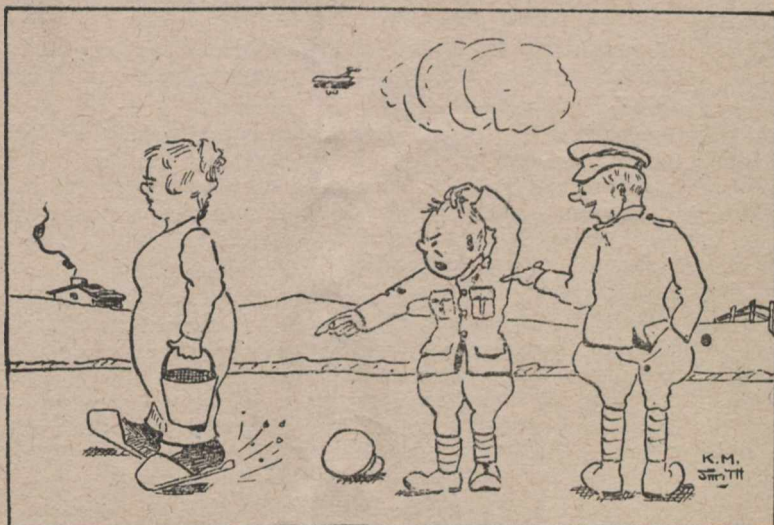
Gunner Hewitt got a "Blighty" in the thigh, a piece of fuze making a nasty wound. Still, it's surprising what a fellow will put up with when there's a trip across the pond in it. "Red-Eye," as he was known, through his hair having been sunburnt at some time, was from New Brunswick. The latest word from him is that he is up and about, and enjoying the smiles that the "Boys in Blue" receive when convalescing.

Gunner Ritchie had several trips under heavy shelling and was mighty fortunate to get through. As is often the case, his nerves were upset and he is now down the line resting. He is from Guelph, Ont.

### WELCOME HOME, PADRE.

Capt. H. J. Latimer is back to his old flock. We're glad to see the cheery Padre again, for, come to think of it, we do need someone to look after us. He has been spending some months with the Forestry Battalions, trying to show them the straight and narrow path, but seems pleased to be back to an easier task. He floated into the horse-lines one day unexpectedly, and was welcomed like a bouquet of roses. Since then he has been visiting everyone, from O-Pip to dug-out, and they say he can now distinguish between a splinter and a dud.





George : " What gets me is how she got that skirt on ! "

### WHO'S THE JONAH?

WE are informed that the Paymaster and M.O. of the brigade intend to take their leave in France. Several times they have been on the eve of departing, then something always happened. We hear that they do not understand the language, but believe they know the signs.

*Note.*—[There is no truth in the rumour that the V.O. will take the sick parades during the absence of the M.O.]

\* \* \*

Husband (trying to get a night off) : "Wifie, dear, I'm on guard at the club, so I'll have to sleep out to-night."

Wife : "That's all right, I'll be the orderly officer."

\* \* \*

Officer : "Why is it, Jones, that you like to be a batman?"

Jones : "Sir, I was a theolog before the war, and now I am anxious to look after my weaker brethren."

\* \* \*

Gunner Gink : "I see Fritz has a new gun that will shoot 20 miles."

Gunner Piebald : "Thank heaven ! That's something that ought to go past us."

\* \* \*

Driver (up to guns for the first time) : "I wonder how the Whizz Bang got its name?"

Gunner : "Well, that's all you hear or see of it."

## THE XMAS DINNER.

**S**INCE our arrival in France we have had many novel experiences, but none of them can compare with our Xmas Dinner.

For several weeks before that great event, whilst sitting around the fire discussing all the latest topics of the day, very few of which we were able to solve, the conversation would invariably drift to our one great problem: Would we or would we not be able to enjoy the usual Xmas festivities to which we had been accustomed when in civies?

The days quickly slipped by. In spite of the discussions, carried on into the late hours of the night, it seemed as though we could arrive at no decision. At last, one evening, when our hopes were fast falling, there arrived the one who always gets us out of difficulties—our Sergeant-Major. He in a few minutes set our minds at rest. A committee was formed, and the next day they broke the glad news that we would have an Xmas dinner.

Everybody was enthusiastic. First of all, two pigs appeared on the scene; then roasts of meat and vegetables, the quality of which we hardly thought possible to obtain at that time of the year, even in "sunny" France. Quantities of nuts, raisins, and good eats of every description were soon on hand.

On Xmas Day the cooks were busy in the kitchen. The committee, by a scheme of skilful decoration, transformed the barren mess-room into what almost appeared a dining-hall in dear old Canada.

The tables were well lighted by the aid of a hundred or more candles. Individual menus (which no doubt our mothers, wives, and sweethearts are in receipt of ere this) were placed for everyone.

At seven o'clock the great gathering took place. The N.C.O.'s acted as waiters. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves immensely whilst partaking of the festive fare. It was quite a treat for the Boys to be able to order their sergeants and corporals about for once! Toasts were proposed and responded to, funny experiences related, and jokes told. Thanks again to the committee for arranging the musical programme, we finished the evening with a good sing-song.

Several nights later the sergeants held their Xmas Dinner. It was neither a quiet nor a dry affair. C. C.

Officer: "I'm off for Angleterre next week; how'd you like to go along, Smith?"

Smith, his batman, said he would. He got hold of a map of France and tried to find the dump, but was unsuccessful, and reported to his master like this:

"Sir, sorry I can't find Angleterre in France."





Sergeant (in charge of working party out at night): "So here you are again—scrimshanking as usual? Every time I take you out on a working party you duck off into a shell-hole or get out of sight. I've had enough of you. What's your name and number?"

"I'm the officer in charge of the party," was the terse reply.

