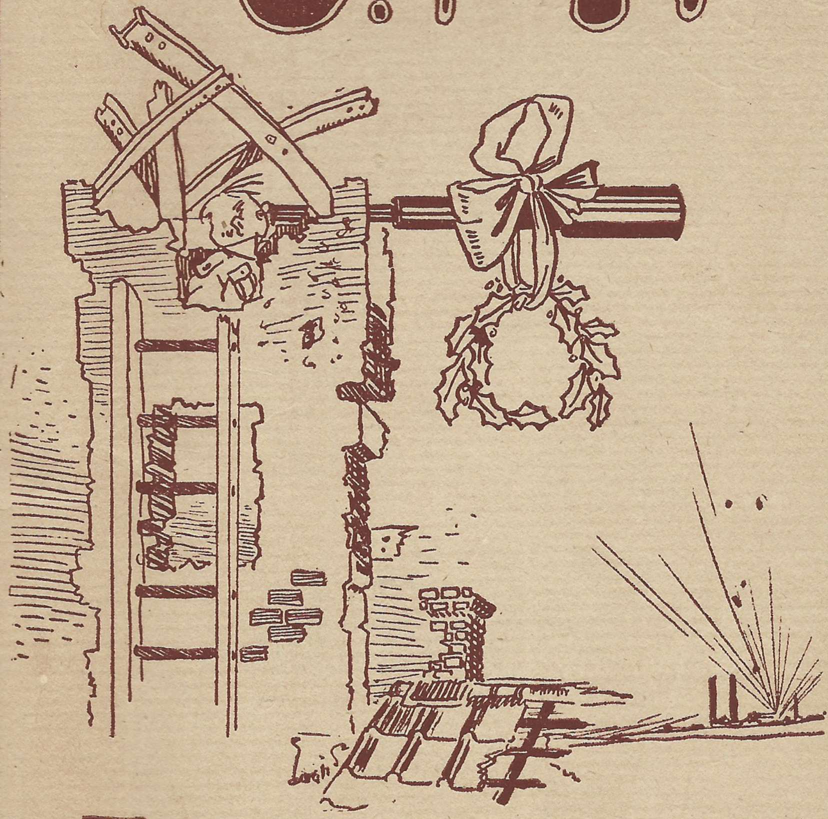
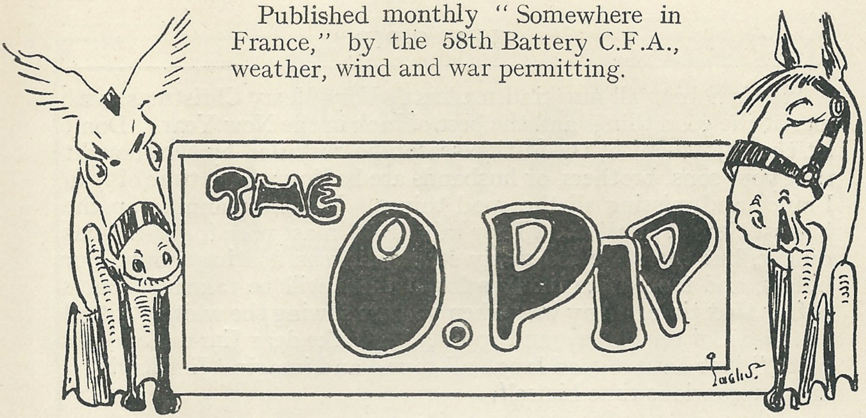
PRICE 50 Ctms.

THE O. PIP



CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Published monthly "Somewhere in France," by the 58th Battery C.F.A., weather, wind and war permitting.



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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 compree'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!

Here's hoping all our kind readers A Very Merry Christmas, with lots of the good things and the best of luck in the New Year. Don't let the enjoyment of the festive season be curtailed by the thought that your sons, brothers, or husbands are having a hard time of it in France and missing all the good things. We are planning on the biggest time of our lives. They talk about roast pork for Christmas dinner, but there are too many stray chickens floating around our billets, and more than likely a lot of them will be taken prisoners before that time. Any way when you are sawing the white meat off the breast of the turkey, and you say " I'd like dear Jim to have this piece," just have a good laugh all round and imagine Jim having a most uproarious time himself.

We hope to have another issue soon.

TO THOSE IN ENGLAND.

We nose around in towns and cellars,
We cut our pants off at the knees,
We never have a kit inspection—
Say, bo, it's a life of ease !

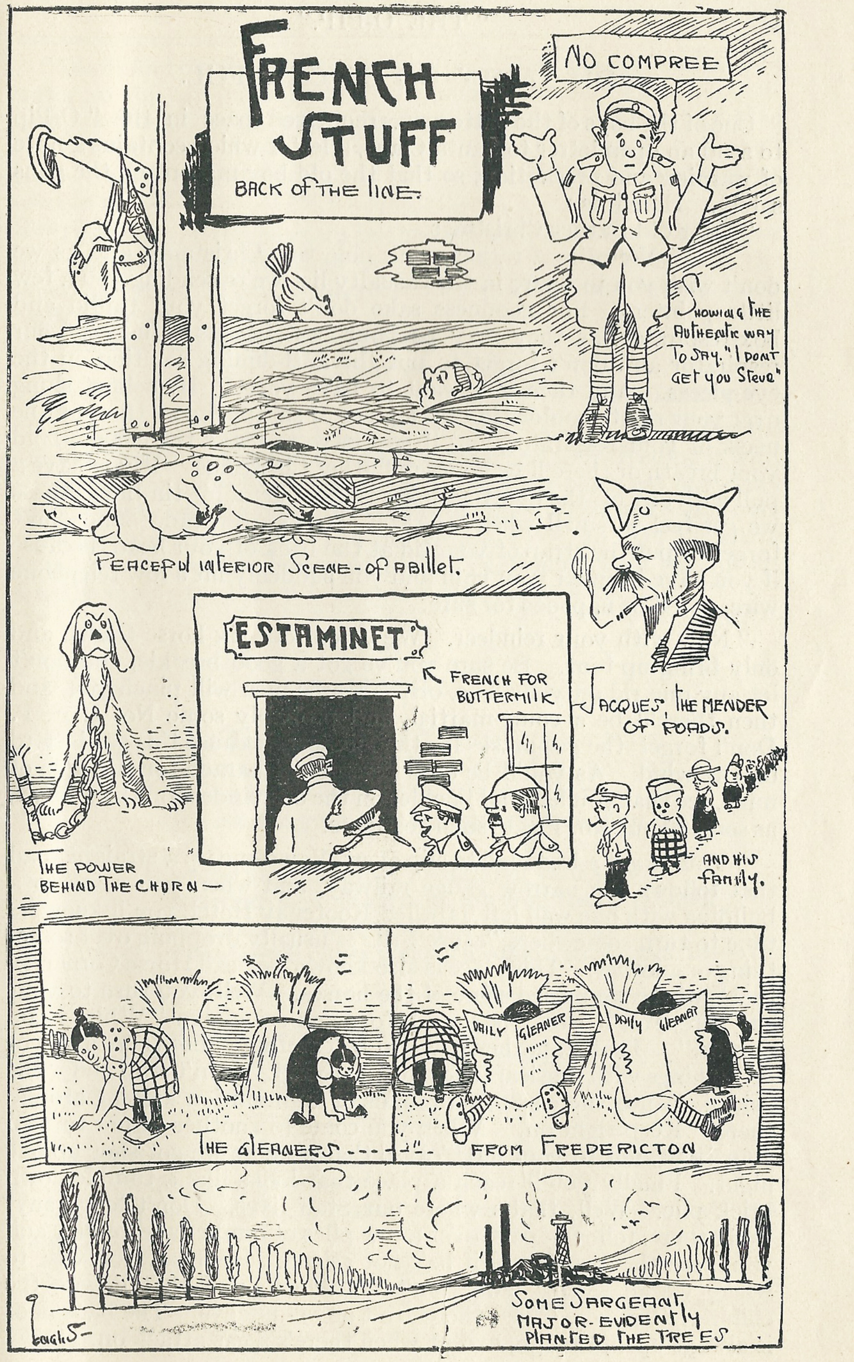
Although one seems to live by inches,
The life in France is jake-a-lou :
There's no parades or hut inspections
Like those in England we went through.

We don't get bread that's full of sawdust,
We don't get fish from Zanzibar ;
Were you to ask us on the level,
France has England skun by far.

We don't grind dinners for our horses,
Just throw the damn stuff to 'em raw ;
The G.S. wagons takes our luggage,
Like they did in Blighty—Oh, Yes ! Ha, Ha !

We never see those spray-you taps :
At the guns we don't get up till nine,
Our bandoliers and boots and buttons
Don't know what it is to shine.

We don't use whitewash by the gallon,
Or scrub our huts with creolin—
Come on over and join the gang,
Provided you havn't already been.



OH SANTY DO BE CAREFUL.

One of the boys of the battery has requested space in the "O-Pip to send an open letter to Santa Claus, a letter which contains a note of warning and precaution, so that the old boy may reach the guns safely. Here it is :

"Dear old Father Christmas,—

"We're in a rather punk hole this Christmas, and as we don't wish you to figure in the casualty list we're sending you a few little pointers. For goodness sake don't forget your tin-lid and box-respirator, as they may be your best friends. Inspect your respirator and don't forget to put the anti-diming solution on the eye-pieces. And then you want to have your P.-H. helmet slung over your right shoulder in case a piece of shrapnel goes through the mask of your respirator, and if you have to make the change hold your breath or there'll be no more Father Christmas. If you have a pull with any of the quarter blokes try and get a big tin-lid, as these we get feel so small when an H. E. bursts overhead. And don't forget to put the strap of your lid at the back of your head, because if you have it under your chin and you suddenly hit a low telephone wire, you'll be napooed for sure.

"Now with your reindeer. We've cut out six horse teams, and only bring up four. Be sure you've got a good breakie, and don't let any one rid on your 'bus, or the traffic men will pinch you, and then there'll be a court-martial, and probably some No. 1. F. P. Don't forget the gas-masks for the reindeer, because this gas is hard on the wind. As you'll be on a ceremonial parade for the love of mike, see that you have all buckles on the off reindeer on the off-side, as some of our No. 1's are such gossipers.

"You've got a bad road to slip over. You come up a straight road that follows the narrow gauge railway, and when you come to a building with one wall left, labelled Kootenay Hotel, you'll know its time to turn somewhere.''cause Fritz is usually dropping over something or another. This place is also known as Dead Horse Corner, as that's where we buried some of the horses. Well you turn to your left here, and it won't be long before you see a sign "Whizz Bang Corner." That's another place to be careful, 'cause there's lots of little things with musical tunes flying around. Don't stop under the bridge, 'cause there's 20,000 rounds of ammunition kicking around there. Keep right on. When you come to another corner turn to your right, not to your left, 'cause that's where we got shot up one night. Finally you'll reach a place that looks like a tumble-down brick pile. Well, that's where our Staff lives. Don't leave anything there, follow a path over a few piles of lumber and bricks, and you'll see the gas sentry, if he's not asleep. He'll put you wise to where we all sleep. You won't be able to pull that down—the chimney stuff here 'cause there arn't any chimneys. The back door is always open, though, except when there's a gas attack on,

"You'll find our jack boots hanging up. They're supposed to hold water, so you can put our whisky and soda in them. And, for goodness sake, don't bring any bully beef, 'cause we cut our hands so opening the tins. And don't bring any biscuits, 'cause they chip our teeth. Bring us some real good eats. You know the kind mother used to make for us. That's a sport.

"Don't forget the boys up in the trenches, old man, 'cause they really need things worse than us. And then there's the boys in the other batteries. They're all good scouts, and doing just as good work as we are.

"Cheerio, Santy, and keep smiling,

Yours affectionately,

"ART ILLERY."

"P.S.—Say, Santy, got any pull with the Kaiser? Well, say the officers, have bought us a pig for Christmas, and we're feeding it with all our empty bully beef tins and other stuff we can't eat ourselves and its really getting fat. Now we're afraid old Bill will shoot over some gas on Christmas Eve and gas our pig. We can't get a mask to fit it. So use your influence with Bill. Tell him you'll cut out his sausage supply for 1918 if he gets our pig. That'll get him."

"Art."

MUD.

It's mud in your letters, it's mud in your tears,
It's mud to your middle, it's mud in your hair ;
It's mud in the shell-holes, it's mud in your ears,
It's mud in your blankets and mud on your mare.

It's mud in your coffee, it's mud in your stew,
It's mud on your harness, it's mud that you smell ;
And it's six feet of mud if you only knew,
That they'll cover you with when you've gone to—

Overheard at breakfast time in the field :
"Say, fellows, look up at that there aeroplane."
"Yes! Look out for your bread."

"Wish they had dummies to dig these blasted gun-pits," protested a blistered-hand gunner.
"Ugh! Here's one here," lamely commented a mud-besplattered Canuck.

Our idea of a mean man : A chap who smokes Woodbines and then grinds the butts up for smoking tobacco.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

If the war will be over by Xmas, and which Xmas ?

Who said : " Oh, to be in England now that France is here ? "

Which No. 1 tried to conceal himself from aerial observation by holding a green bush over himself ? Who said he was green enough without it ?

Why Fritz saves Friday night for his big strafes ?

Which officer sent his batman from the guns to the wagon lines to get his issue cigarettes ?

If there are any other brands of cigarettes and tobacco that the government has not issued to us ?

What driver, when in Witley, said : " If I need a pair of pants and see a dead Heine, I'll take his pants off," and when he really saw a dead Heine said : " Hurry up and bury him or I'll ——— " ?

The name of the signaller, who, on being awakened when the gas alarm sounded, and told to put on his respirator, reached over for his sock ?

Why is it we're always on the move ? Can't we pay the rent ?

Is there any bottom to the soil of France ?

Does Heine still hope to win, and what are his ideas ? Concrete ideas ?

If there's a better job in the army than being a Y.M.C.A. general ?

What do they mean by " Back to the wagon lines for a rest ?

If there is a Y.M.C.A. man left who can't swear now ?

Who was the S.-M. who said it was just as safe at the guns as it is at the wagon lines ?

How do they stop a French cart coming down hill ? Why, the gunners have chloride in their water, and the officers don't ?

Who is this person called Mad Jack ?

We always thought firemen were brave ?

"YUH TURN TO YOUR RIGHT- THEN OFF TO YOUR LEFT AT WHIZ-BANG CORNER"
" BUT HOW DO I KNOW WHEN I GET TO WHIZ-BANG CORNER
" OH. JUST INSTINCT, S'ALL.

What does Bond Street look like now ?

What O.C. names his guns Ethel, Gazippy, Bird, Dirty Dick ?

Why does it take them a day to fool over papers, before they will admit a man to hospital ?

How many more guns are they going to wish on us ?

Why not conscript business men of experience to manage the business end of a battery ?

And what's the matter with having light railways haul the guns, and do away with horses ?

When will the shoeing-smiths see the line ? Is making souvenirs a beneficial employment for them ?

Why not have C3 men take over orderly sergeants jobs, and release them for regular duties ?

Why do they waste time in England teaching Visual Signalling and battery manoeuvres ?

THE BEST IN THE LAND.

B. S. M. Frank Wardell.

Whenever one hears the name Sergt.-Major he immediately pictures to himself a grizzled old veteran with about 14 rows of ribbons on his chest, a chin that sticks out like a bay-window, a voice that sounds like the roll of thunder, a waxed moustache long enough to tickle his ears, a pair of highly-polished leggings, a heavy raw-hide whip, and a red face.

In some cases the picture is undoubtedly correct, but there are exceptions. One of the exceptions is in the 58th Battery. We refer to Sergeant-Major Wardell. He is first and last a soldier, and while necessarily a disciplinarian, his personality has succeeded in subduing those unfortunate failings in others which seem to rile the men.

It may seem that we are tossing around a bunch of bouquets as a matter of course. But such is not the case. Any time you find the men solid for an S.-M. you can rightly surmise that there's a good man around somewhere. When in England we always

thought highly of our Sergt.-Major, but it is since coming to France that we have seen his finest qualities as a soldier. His past experience has stood him well. The left section has a lot to thank the Sergt.-Major for on their first night in. Since that time he has often demonstrated his coolness under fire, and you will see him smiling even when the pieces are curving a swathe in the atmosphere. That smile of his has done the boys at the guns a lot of good.

Sergt.-Major Wardell was born in Lancashire, which was a good start for him. In 1904 he joined the R.G.A., and after serving in Portsmouth for some time was transferred with 150 picked men to the Canadian Permanent Force in February, 1907. He served with No. 3 Coy., R. C. G. A., until 1909, as corporal. He rejoined the permanent force in 1910, enlisting in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, in which he was made sergeant-instructor. In 1912 he was posted to the 6th Division as cavalry-instructor, and will be remembered by many as instructor at the Provincial Schools of Cavalry at St. John, N.B., and Prince Edward Island, and also in other classes in the Maratime Provinces and Ontario.

At the outbreak of the Great War Sergt.-Major Wardell reverted to the ranks to go overseas with his regiment. He reached France in May, 1915, and saw service both in the cavalry and infantry, being in the engagements of Festubert and The Orchard, and afterwards in the trenches at Plugstreet, and Messines. He then went on the Somme with the cavalry.

When the 58th Battery was organized he was offered the post of battery sergt.-major, accepted, and returned to Canada, joining the battery at Petewawa in September, 1916.

Sergt.-Major Wardell was recommended for the D.C.M. in September, 1915, for valuable reconnaisance work, and was mentioned in despatches in August, 1917.

This will let you know, Sergt.-Major, that the boys are all grateful for your presence with us, and wish you a "bon" time in France and a safe return.

MASTERING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

If Adam had not sinned, and our forefathers a few generations ago had behaved themselves, we, the children, might have escaped the appalling dilemma which has visited us. Every man has turned his past history inside out to try and find some sign of misconduct which should bring such punishment upon our heads, but none has been found.

The trouble is : We are in a strange country amongst a strange people, and separated by a strange tongue. When we went to school we learned that there was a place called France, and some B.A.'s and M.A.'s used to propound the rudiments of the French language, and tell us that it was simple to master. We believed them, and between ourselves could make one another understand when we wanted a stick of " Spearmint " or a peep at the history notes on his starched cuff. But now we are in this quaint country we find that our French is bad, and that the people behind the counter are like the Chinaman—they " no sabbee."

When we landed in France a drove of "les garcon" fell upon us armed with little books, entitled "What you want to say and how to say it in French." The books had a ready sale. Everyone became studious, and the babble that followed was worse than a Chinese prayer-meeting.

Finally we reached a town and had a pay-day. That evening everyone went out to spend, the sky, as usual, being the limit. But difficulties were soon encountered.

One party visited a cafe, and the books were immediately produced and opened at the page on " Restaurant and Buffet." They found the English for what they wanted, and placed a finger on the corresponding French on the opposite page and hailed Marie.

Marie read and smiled. Then she spoke ; quite a lot, in fact. It was French. A mystified look came over the party. A hurried look was paid the book to see if there was a page on " French—and how to understand it." But there was none. One chap possessed presence of mind and shouted : " No compree, Marie. No compree." Signs were resorted to, and finally the boys got what they wanted.

Another party wandered into an estaminet, quite an unusual occurrence. This party had with it a Red Cross man, who said he spoke French fluently. He slapped some francs on the bar and shot off a string of something.

The barmaid smiled, then laughed : " M'sieur, you speak French with a Canadian accent."

Now the Red Cross man is starting his French over again.

A number of boys who came fresh to the army from the High Schools, beseiged a grocery store in search of " eats." Carefully choosing his words, one of the boys addressed " le madame." She listened curiously, and then politely said :—" I beg your pardon, M'sieur."

Can you imagine anything more disgusting ?

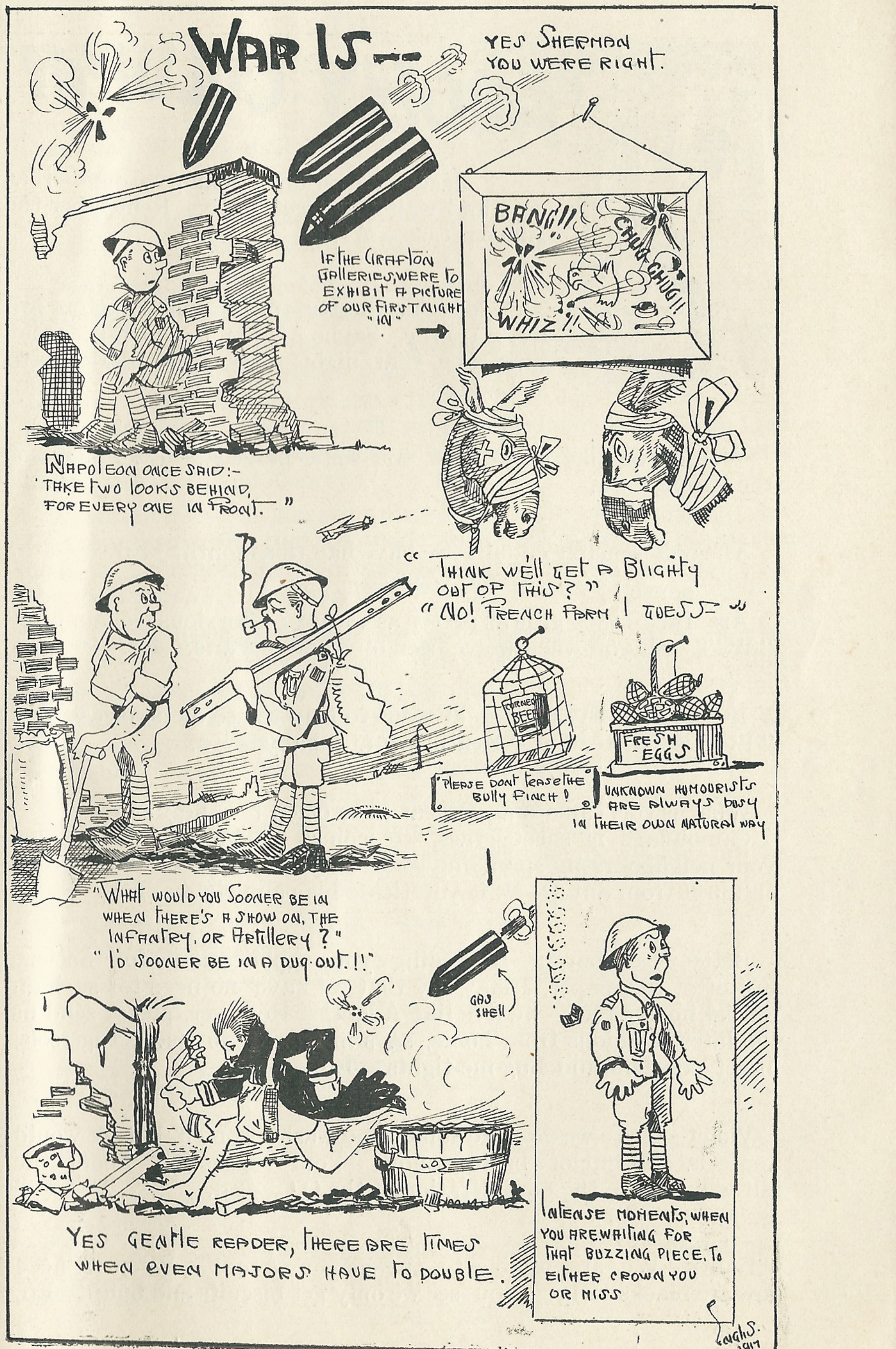
However, we are all coming along, and if the war keeps on for another 50 years we may be able to speak enough proper French to get a bottle of champagne, a dill-pickle, and a clean collar.

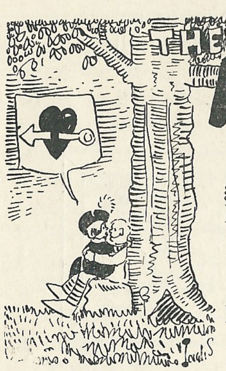
Officer : " Look here, Jones, didn't you tell me you were going to get that polish this morning ? "

Batman : " Yes, sir, but I changed my mind."

Officer : " Changed your mind again, eh ? Is there anything you don't change ? "

Batman : " Yes, sir, my underwear."





THE AGONY COLUMN

"Mazie—Keep on sticking around that guy, and wait till I get leave. Remember the Malcom case.—Al."

"Nell—You refer to the night before we left. Sorry, Sapho, I don't remember what happened that night. Ask John Barleycorn. —Lauder."

Would you like us to send you some parcels ?—Daughters of the Empire.

The only sensible enquiry we have had this month.—Ed.

Are the French girls as pretty as we are ?—Anxious Godalming.
"We'll tell you when we've been on leave to Paris.—Ed.

If "Bright Eyes" is so anxious to help the soldiers, please send "Lysol's" instead of "Keatings" at a baby.—Ed.

What is this camouflage I hear of so often ?—Allotment.
Camouflage is sheet grass. It comes in 15-foot rolls. Fool your neighbours by spreading some on your allotment. You can obtain it from any Q.-M. if you tickle his palm right.—Ed.

Betty, Edinburgh—Regarding your application for Society Editor of this paper, I may say that we have no need for such an official now, as here we live like Adam. However, please send us the latest fashions from home, says in regard to spats, Ingersols, insect powders and hug-me-tights.—Ed.

Violet—Yes, we do need some good washerwomen, but we would appreciate bachelor buttons now. Your suggestion about the kilt will receive the consideration of the O.C.—Ed.

Bunty—We are unable to engage you as cook. What we need now are blacksmiths. You see we only get biscuits and bully.—Ed.

THE O'PIP.

The O'Pip is a lofty place where a man and a lieutenant stand and freeze daily from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Just why they go there no one seems to know. They never see anything the major expects them to. When a shell comes over the major shouts up the tube : "Where did that one go ?"

He is politely informed that "it fell in a field," which is very enlightening, as the field is a little place like the Plains of Abraham.

If the major asks the locality of a Hun plane he is told "It is up in the sky," and of course he knows just where it is.

To get to the top of the O'Pip you sometimes have to climb an iron ladder. As you ascend your sleeve folds back to your elbow and you feel sure that Heinie can see your dazzling gold wrist badge, but you console yourself with the thought that if you get napooed your picture will adorn the pages of your home-town daily. So you should worry !

As we conduct this Magazine ourselves we don't mind telling you that any discoveries that are made in the O'Pip are made by the men, as the officers are too busy looking at the pictures in "La Vie Parissienne," or reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems.

The O'Pip is made of concrete and other things. It is not as high as the Woolworth building, but at times you think it really is, as you hear singing and harp-like music, which makes it sound like heaven. There is a certain sense of expectancy there at all times, and you often regret not taking the necessary precaution of putting the anti-diming powder on your gold tooth.

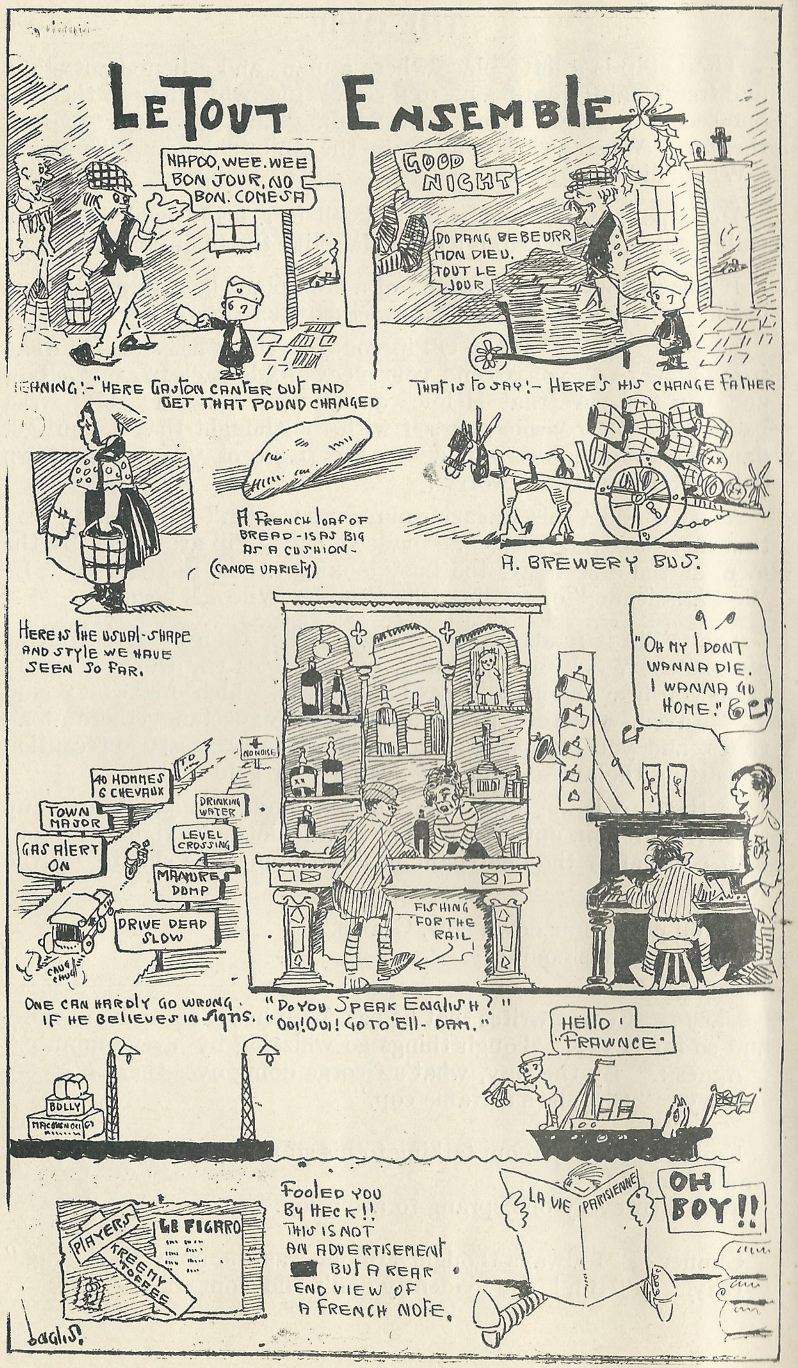
At the start it was stated that the man and lieutenant stayed up there from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m., but that is not quite right. About 5.30 p.m., after the lieutenant has had dinner, he shouts up the tube :—

"You may come down now, Geams."
And Geams dismounts.

Mary : "George writes that he has been in France quite a while, and so far is O.K., though things go whizzing by every minute."
Agnes : "By the way, what's George doing over there ?"
Mary : "Oh ! he's a traffic cop."

Editor in orderly room talking to his staff : "I wish some jokes would come in."
Just then every one sprang to attention.

Gunner : "I always thought armour was the bully beef king."
Driver : "Huh ! you evidently don't know our cook."



YES MOTHER, YOU CAN TELL 'EM.

Everything was still and quiet in the battery office. Nothing stirred. Not even an officer, and for once the telephone had buzzed off. The O.C. was studiously engaging a map with the Captain at his right hand. The sergt.-major had neglected his detail, and was reading : " Ten Days' Leave in Paris." The orderly-sergt. was hanging limply in a chair, having endeavoured for more than an hour to add up the number of shells used in the last shoot. A telephonist sat at the switch-board writing a letter to Mother, telling about his first night in.

Occasionally the office had been visited by a breath of fresh air. But even then it had to squeeze in the back door when the gas curtain was up. This time a strange, odd and annoying breath of air wafted into the office.

" Phew ! Smell that," shouted the orderly-sergt., as he sprang to his feet.

" Gas ! " cried the telephonist, and groped for his respirator, which he had mislaid.

" Go on with you," said the sergt.-major, without looking up from his book. " It says here that he blew the gas out ! "

For a few seconds everyone but the S.-M. was sniffing.

" Ten days' leave would go good in Paris," commented the S.-M. as he closed his book. " Ye gods, what a smell. I'll bet a dollar its a dead Heinie."

" Smells that way to me," said the Captain, sniffingly.

" Quite right," put in the O.C.

A pilgrimage in search of the dead Hun was arranged, and with respirators as a safeguard, and flashlights, the party advanced. When near the seat of the trouble the aroma (to be polite) was too heavy, and the crusaders wended their way back, convinced that somewhere in close proximity there lay, dead asleep, a Heine.

" Better get a fatigue party and dig it out,'" ordered the O.C.

The fatigue party arrived in due course, and with picks and shovels upturned the grave. When the last shovelful was thrown away the air was rising as high and fast as the price of sugar.

A sack lay uncovered, and a gunner volunteered to bring it forth. This was Heine !

" Take it outside and open it," ordered the S.-M.

The order was executed smartly.

Everyone was expecting to get a souvenir—a tin helmet or a button. Something any way.

When the sack was opened, lo and behold there was nothing but the remains of what once had been a healthy pig.

CONTESTS.

Looking back over our circulation returns we find that we have close to 4,500 subscribers, which means that nearly three or four times that number must read this little rag. Consequently, in that number there must be many different opinions and criticisms of the "O-Pip." We realize that vast improvements can be made, and should be made, but our own initiative does not point many out to us.

The boys in France greatly appreciate every issue, but the folks at home constitute the majority of our readers. We are trying to picture to those across the sea a little of the life we now are living. What we want to know is, "How are we succeeding?"

We will welcome any suggestions from you. Should we be more serious, or are we really not funny at all? What would you like to know most about France? We will not be upset no matter how many faults you find in us.

The last contest we conducted was greatly successful, and we have decided to run another. We will award one prize for the best poem on "The Happiest Man in the World," and another prize for the best essay on "The Girl I left behind Me." All contributions to be addressed to the Editor.

We plan still another contest. Can you draw? We have a suspicion that the cartoons are not what they should be. Have you an idea? If so, draw it, or write your idea out, and send it to the cartoonist. A prize will be awarded for the best drawing or suggestion

Don't be backward; send along anything you like.

THAT AWFUL NOISE.

Mary had a little gun
It was an eighteen-pounder,
She knocked down houses with the noise
And everything around her.

WHAT WE'D DO.

We'd dig a week, or walk ten miles;
We'd even go one better;
We'd walk an hour in "No man's Land"
If we'd only get a letter.

NAPOOED.

A Fritzie was just back from leave,
Telling the boys where he had been;
A four-point-five just breezed along,
They notified his next-of-kin.

It Can't be Done Cardy.

One dark night when the lights were burning dimly the cook made his way valiantly to the coal oil can, which stands near the speaking tube, alongside the megaphone. Of course the cook forgot to take a can to carry the oil back in, evidently thinking his tin lid would do, but unfortunately he lost that on the way up the stairs.

"Say, bo', d'yer know where there's a tin round here a feller kin put some coal oil in?" the cook asked the guard.

"Sure, Mike, here's a jug right here," replied the guard, as he handed the megaphone to the hash-man.

"Bedads, this damn thing seems to hold a 'ell of a lot, don't it?" suggested the cook, after he had emptied about half the tin.

"I should say it does: better have a look and see how she's going. Here's a light. The guard handed over his flash and proceeded on his beat.

"Well, er—er—er—blast the blinking thing anyhow. It's that son-of-a-gun of a megaphone, and there's half a can of oil on the ground," said the cook in an undertone. "Hey! Sentry, come here!"

"Couldn't fill her, what?" queried the sentry.

"No. It can't be done, bo," the victim was heard to say, as he headed below with the remains of the can.

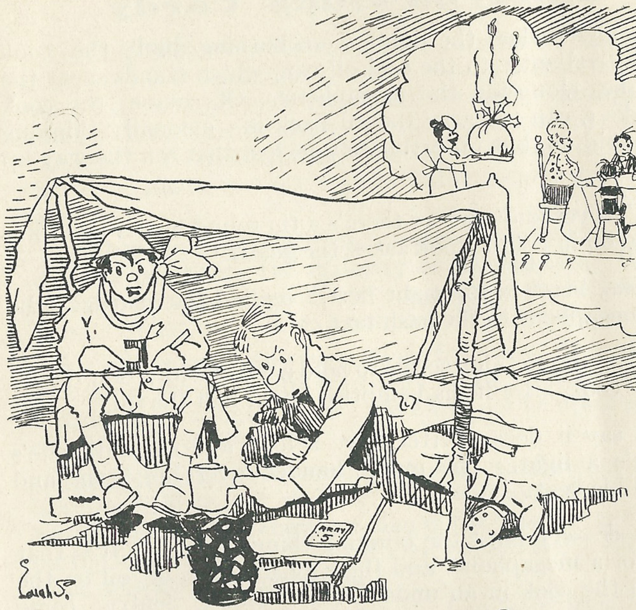
BOMB-THROWING CONTEST.

Until Christmas (we won't say which one) there will be daily and nightly exhibitions of bomb-throwing in the trenches. Thousands have been stunned by the dexterity of these young men in hurling the bombs. Admission free. No children under 18 admitted.

HUNTING.

To-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock the spare men of the battery will proceed on a hunting expedition. They will start on the main street and visit all cellars and attics (if any) and salvage any bully beef, Machonochies biscuits, beds, clothing, boots, flea powder, talcum powder, pyjamas, etc.

(This is private to the folks at home: salvage is a polite word we use in the army to replace "steal.")



TWO DINNERS

SWINGING THE LEAD.

Fourteen men were gripping a drag-rope, one end of which was made fast to a hefty oak log, which was destined to form part of the roof of a gun-pit. Standing to one side was a limber-gunner, who offered suggestions as to how the log could be moved.

"Why in the country I came from," remarked the L.G. in a confident manner, "we used to use logs like that for fence posts."

"Really, old top, " returned a distorted figure who was attempting to take the kinks out of his joints after a heavy lift, " but do you know that in the country that I came from we used to use logs like that for lead pencils."

"Holy, Jemimah," retorted the L.G., like a flash, "that's why you're so good at swinging the lead now."

"I WONDER."

Whizzing, whizzing, little thing,
Oh! I wonder what you bring:
Coming at me, oh so fast,
Is it Blighty or a cask.

RUM.

"Who got our rum ration last night?"

Without a doubt this is the most popular subject under discussion among the troops now that the wet, dreary weather is setting in and a shot of the invigorating juice would set one's heart doubling. You may be on a trip up the line, stumbling over a pile of bricks and lumber, or tangled up in some unit's wires, shivering like a chicken's tail on guard in the gun-pit, or doing picquet over your faithful long-faced friends, stuck into the mud up to your middle and with a gloomy outlook ahead, or toasting your feet in front of a roaring fire in a billet far away from the noise of battle, and ultimately the inevitable question will arise: "Who got our rum ration last night?"

The scene most suited for the discussion of the rum ration is a billet when the fire is getting low and the last stick of wood is on, the roof is leaking, your blankets are wet, and there are a dozen or more dirty-necked, long-whiskered warriors who feel like the prodigal son, and would like to return unto their father.

"Where's our rum ration to-night? Yes! And who got it last night?" blurts out the battery drunk.

"Where is it? Well, I can't say as to that," explains a wise one, "but I notice that the quarter bloke's nose is coloring and shining better every day, and now one can almost get a light off it."

"Ha! Ha! That's not bad," argues Pete, the battery greyhound, "but how do you account for the cook's rolling motions after they just got a smell at the cork?"

"I think I can explain that," puts in the Q.M.'s assistant. "You see the cooks' got the rations of some of the teetotal boys and saved it in their water-bottles, and the cork had nothing whatever to do with it."

"Well, I'll be damned," commences Lomax, who arises from a dead slumber to make an oratorical effort. "That stuff doesn't go here. That last issue of rum we got wouldn't have put the chaplain to sleep if he'd drunk the whole jar. They tried to say it was straight stuff, but they couldn't fool me. My taste hasn't gone back on me. Why you could taste the chloride of lime in it and that shows that water was added. So I says again, 'Who got our rum ration.' I suppose someone had the straight stuff and then to make it look as though we got our full ration, turned the water tap loose in the jar. I'd just like a swig now, believe me, boys. Oh! Hell!!"

And so the talk continues until the fire's out, the last candle's sent up its last flicker and everyone's passed off to the land of sleep.

Even then one can almost hear the battery drunk snoring, "who got our rum ration last night?"

YES, AND F.A.T. SAYS- "THE RECRUIT SHOULD BE MADE TO REALIZE, FROM THE START, WHAT A GREAT PRIVILEGE IT IS TO BELONG TO THE BRITISH ARMY.

BOYS OF THE BLUE.

You are wonders ! We watch you fly
And glide and dip and loop-the-loop
In altitudes where you defy
The dirty Hun to come and shoot.
You care not for his Fokker fast,
Nor for his heavy battle plane ;
You chase him till he's fought his last
And tumbles down a mass of flame.

You watch our fire with careful eye,
Though flooded with a stream of steel :
It helps us out when you reply,
" You shot a battery all to hell."
And then you sweep the narrow trench
And fill the Heinie's full of lead ;
Then give the Zepp a nasty wrench
By setting fire to its shed.

You care not for the wind and rain
Your work must go on just the same,
You take a chance to make a gain
And smile and fight—it's all the game !
So while the ocean blue you sail
Alone, or with a bus or two
We hope good luck rides on your tail—
Bravo ! Bravo ! boys of the blue.

SPORTING NEWS.

There was a grand fight on our front the other night and the beauty of it was that it was not a private fight. Everyone was allowed in on it. It was a fight to a finish, and we counted Fritz out in the 23rd round after he had been staggering around in the mud for the previous three rounds unable to see for our blinding blows.

Fritz tried to come over into our front yard and started shooting a bunch of minenwerfers into our trenches and turned loose some long swings from his field and heavy artillery. Fritz expected to get a solar plexus in before we could put up our fists, but he tripped over the end of his shoe-lace and by the time he got on his feet Jack Canuck was there with his trench mortars and supporting artillery. There was a grand old battle for about 15 rounds and then Jack sent home a couple of hundred stinging 6-inchers and old Fritz became groggy. From then on he stalled about, but his seconds would not throw in the sponge. Finally in the 23rd round Fritz was caught on the point of the jaw with some very heavy stuff. His feet flew into the air and his head hit heavy.

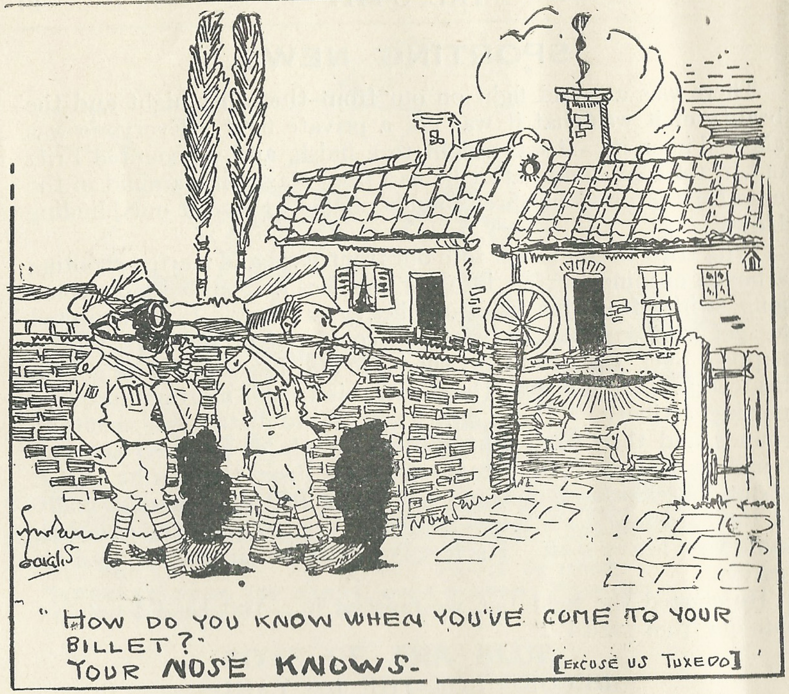
He started the fight but we finished it. And he did not get into our front yard !

RECORD FOR THE 100 YARDS.

A certain major was enjoying a bath and, believe me, majors do enjoy them. This major had just soaped himself and was whistling the old song, " A Life on the Ocean Wave." Suddenly a bombardment started and he had nothing with him but his kimona and he had 100 yards to go to his dug-out. The shrapnel was whizzing about and there was a bit of gas. Well, you should have seen the major travel. There wasn't a stop watch in the country that could have timed him, but some one said they had counted up to six when he disappeared in the dug-out.

THE GREATEST DERBY.

You may have seen the ponies tearing around in the Derby and Grand National races, and you may have seen Danny Maher piloting home some winners, but as regards speed and skill neither have anything on our horseflesh and drivers when there is a straight road ahead of them and 15,000 shells coming behind them. Our horses may have long hair and ugly faces, but they have four legs and they can sure paddle. None of our drivers could weigh in at 100 pounds, even if they had a shave, and their legs vary in length from the bottom of the saddle flap to the horse's knee, but still they can wrap their arms around their old nag's necks. When Fritz pops them over you need not say " hell for leather," they're " to hell out of it."



OUR SAVOYS.

Apart from the information revealed in Webster's, no doubt you have often wondered what a billet is, and what it is like. We were a bit hazy ourselves at one time, but we are wise now, and somehow or other do not like the name.

A billet, it appears, can be anything from a cow-shed to a chateau, and as chateaux are not as plentiful here as in England, we generally copp off the former. When we are marched into a little hamlet for the first time, we pass houses, sheds, and stables, and are surprised to read on signs thereon, just how many men these places are supposed to hold. We are all lined up, and razzled off, baggage and all, in little lots, to our respective allotments.

As you enter the farmyard you become conscious from the start that you are not entering a daisy field, as outside the door of the house, there is the inevitable pile of everything left over from meals, stables, pig pens. The owner, generally an old boy, comes out and shows you to " your rooms " in the barn. Your boudoir is generally in the loft, sometimes you get a ground floor apartment, but at that you are not over-fortunate. The pig can walk over you there, while up above you have only the hens and rats to bother with. Thirty or forty men are jammed in a place about the size of a home kitchen, and when the straw is shaken out, kits placed and blankets down, the room that's left over wouldn't make a parade ground for a flea battalion that had been in the battle of creolin.

If we were called upon at any time to award prizes for farm cleanliness, we would cut out the Frenchmen off the list. His idea of keeping things natty is not the same as we have in the army. Nay ! nay ! Pauline ! A horse died one day at the place where we camped, and the old boy lay around for several days before he was laid to rest. In the meantime we suffered.

We have had only about a week of billets, and that's all we want, thanks—unless its somewhere in England. They can put us in a sewer there if they wish.

To LETTER WRITERS.

We know that it is hard to start a letter. You always have to start the same old way, and it sounds " bromidic," and conventional. You start off : " Dear Ma—I received your most welcome letter of, etc., etc.," or " I have your last letter to hand, and was glad to," etc., etc., or " Now that I haven't written for so long I suppose you thought I was dead," etc., etc., or " I take now my pen in hand to jot off a few lines," etc., etc.

These are all time-worn starters, and now that everything is being revolutionised, we offer a few for your approval.

To your Aunt.

" Old Thing,

" Crash ! ! ! ! Bang ! ! ! ! Zowie ! ! ! ! Hang on girls ! it's not shells I'm talking about, but the guys in here are hunting rats with old boots and shell cases. They, etc., etc."

To " Her."

" Delightful, darling, dopey, Daisy,

" Before I start I'm going to have a little pow-pow with the Censor guy.

" Dear Censor,

" Now be a regular fellah for once in your life ! I'm no German spy ; I don't spell my name Von anything ; I'm not giving away any International secrets, so just put this letter back where you got it. You know how it would be if some other fellah read the stuff you write to your girl, sure you do. That's the old boy ! Thanks ! !

" Now, Daisy, let's go to it, he's off the scent. Although the snow is very deep and wet here, I don't feel a bit slushy to-day, so, etc., etc."

Brilliant, aren't they ?

To your Father.

" Old Baldy

" I know the dog—gone well. I can't spell, or paraphrase properly, but lay off on the scrutinisation stunt, and listen to what I would unfold. I don't want any money, etc., etc."

———

To your Pal at home.

" My dear soon-to-be Conscript,

" Letters ! ! letters ! ! letters ! ! A-B-C-D-E-F-G that's what I want, letters ! ! How are the fillies ? How are the shows ! ! How are, etc., etc."

———

To your Sister.

" My hateful Mazie,

" Nay ! ! nay ! ! Georgine, such is not the case. Although you sit reading these reams of ravings, page after page you, etc., etc."

———

To the " Wren " in Godalming.

" To Eva,

" I've got the feeling ! ! ! ! ! It only hits me every other month, but I'm off for twenty pages, so gather round and sit tight Firstly I want you to, etc., etc."

QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT.

Since going into action our battery has suffered the following casualties :—

Sergeant A. C. Edgecumbe, seriously wounded.
Corporal Bruce Dixon, pneumonia.
Corporal H. C. Kinghorn, fractured pelvis.
Bombardier A. D. Marshall, shrapnel wounds.
Bombardier F. Dunham, shrapnel wounds.
Bombardier G. L. Petersen, shrapnel wounds.
Gunner C. J. Alcox, accidentally injured.
Driver F. C. Miller, seriously wounded.
Driver C. W. Bruce, poisoned foot.
Gunner E. A. Macdonald, shrapnel wounds.

We are extremely sorry to have to report these casualties, but we are now where such things cannot be avoided. Our hats are all in the ring and what our luck will be no one can tell. Some of our pals have been picked off early in the game, and we regret to see them struck off the strength, but they all have the satisfaction of having done a " bit " in the overthrowing of the common foe.

Sergt. Edgecumbe figured in our latest casualties. He sustained a number of severe wounds when a high explosive shell exploded alongside him. His horse was killed. " Trill " as he was known off parade was acting as sergeant-major of the battery at the time, and had just celebrated his 20th birthday a few days before being hit. He is from Fredericton and joined the battery as a gunner.

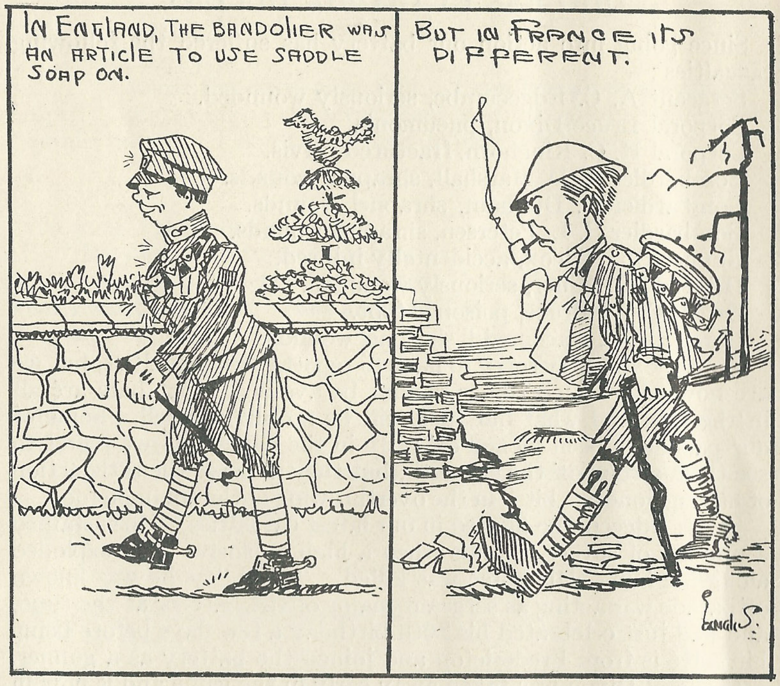
Corporal Dixon was taken away early in the game and is now in Blighty doing fine. Old " Bung " Kinghorn was buried when part of a dug-out fell in and seriously injured him. He is now on the way to the soldier's home sweet home. It is a strange coincident that " Trill " Bruce and " Bung " were almost inseparable pals, and met their fate within a short time of one another. All three were natives of Fredericton.

The three Bombardiers were hit on the first night in, when Fritz was throwing around all the ammunition he possessed. Miller was also struck during the first bombardment. From all accounts the boys are enjoying hospital life, which seems to appeal to anyone after a spell in this country. Bombardier Marshall is from Victoria B.C., having left there with the 62nd Battery. Bombardier Dunham is a Fredericton boy, and Bombardier Petersen is from Calgary. Miller is from Marysville, N.B.

Gunner Macdonald was in the same strafe as Sergt. Edgecumbe. He was originally from Hopewell, N.B., but came overseas from Victoria, B.C., with the 11th C.M.R.'s.

Gunner Alcox, who is from Sydney Mines, N.B., was along with Corporal Kinghorn when the dug-out fell in. Driver Bruce is from Maryville.

We wish all our injured comrades a rattling good Christmas if they are still in hospital—in fact a bon time wherever they are—and trust they will have better luck on their next trip to the firing-line, providing the authorities see fit to send them.



HIS TIN OF BULLY.

" ——damn these ——tins of bully beef, they're not worth a whoop in h——l. If I had my —— way I'd put the makers of this mixture of strained hoofs and elephant carcasses in a place where there ain't no snow. —— —— there goes my blinking finger ; cut on that —— can. And now its open I can't get the —— stuff out."

No this is not an extra from a sermon or the babbling of a conscript. It was simply the outburst of an old-timer, who had broken the key of his bully beef tin—a very frequent occurrence—and in his hurry and confusion reached for his clasp knife and operated on the tin. After the tin had been opened he went through violent motions in attempt to get the bully out, but to no advantage. Hence the wrath.

" You poor old crum. What d'ye want a nurse maid to look after ye," suggested a comrade with a chuckle. "Why you damned old fool you've opened the tin at the wrong end so how d'ye expect to get the stuff out ? "

Re SOUVENIRS.

Since we are forbidden to send any souvenirs home, we beg to submit a few ingenious ways for the use of German trophies :—

Helmets—square head variety—Can be used as wash-basins, flower buckets or to weigh down gun trails.

Boots—Once properly treated to a dose of creolin, the leather can be used for fly-swatters and the nails for cobble stones.

Tunics—To frighten babies with.

Buttons—As heliographs.

Badges—For sniping rats.

Aeroplanes—One to be given to each recipient of Blighty leave.

Minenwerfers—As watch-fobs.

Hats—Make fine pin-cushions when stuffed.

Cignet Rings—To replace broken links in head chains.

Star Shells—As cigarette lighters.

Bayonets—As tooth-picks.

" Duds "—As paper weights.

Gold Watches—As poker chips.

HOW TO REMEMBER THEM.

A is for Archies that fire all day,
B's for the Boche that they keep away.
C is the Canteen where we get our beer,
D stands for "Dud" that we're damn glad to hear.
E is for Europe where Mars holds sway,
F is for Fatigues that are winning the day.
G is for guns that bark day and night,
H is for Heine kept shivering with fright.
I is for Infantry whom we're supporting,
J is for Janes we'd sooner be courting.
K is for Krupp who tried for the moon.
L is for Leave we're looking for soon.
M is for Marie such a cute little thing,
N's for the Non-Com who takes her on wing.
O is for Office, and other such things
P is for Punishment that office brings.
Q is for Quarter who they say has a graft
R's for the Rum ! ! ! he puts out on draft.
S is for Shell-holes in which we have dined,
T is the Temperance Pledge we all have signed.
U is the Underwear always alive,
V stands for Victory that soon will arrive.
W is for the Women who have joined in the game.
X is the Xemption the conscripts claim.
Y is for Yarns we tell in the town
Z is our Zero line so here we'll stand down.

Wishing You a Merry Xmas

AND A

HAPPY AND PROSPERVOUS NEW YEAR.

FROM

Percy B. Moss.

Godalming.