

58th BATTERY, C.F.A.

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Witley Camp.

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Editorial.

AFTER two weeks of careful planning, plotting and intrigue, the "O-Pip" has made its appearance. What few brains there are in the battery have been sifted of all nonsense and knowledge, and the "O-Pip" contains the siftings. We have no apologies to make, no war correspondents to quarrel over profits, nor money to put into the war loan. We will publish everything and anything without fear or prejudice.

It is our ambition to turn out the "O-Pip" once a month, whether in England, France or Germany. Our reportorial staff can write all these languages, but we leave it to you to read them.

The support of every officer and man of the battery is wanted to make the "O-Pip" the success it should be. The first issue is always the hard one. It is out, so dig in and let us make the second number a cracker-jack.

Our sincerest congratulations are extended to Brigade Sergeant-Major Puttick on his recent promotion. Good luck S-M.

The "O-Pip" extends to Mrs. Henderson its hearty thanks for the splendid concert which she provided on Sunday evening, March 25th. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

Contributions for the next edition should be turned in to the editor as soon as possible.

The new 58th Battery.

When the old 58th Battery was recruited at Fredericton, N.B., and the 62nd Battery at Victoria, B.C., there were none who realised that these two units, organized as four gun batteries, one on the Atlantic coast and the other on the Pacific, would be joined together to form a six gun battery before either had celebrated its first anniversary. There were few also, who realized that this union would take place so smoothly and the new organization adjust itself so quickly.

In the military reorganization which took place early in the year the establishment of a field artillery battery was increased and the 62nd Battery was divided, one half transferring to the new 58th Battery. The Officer commanding the 58th Battery was given a new command which he has since taken to France and Major W.M. J. Martin, O.C., of the 62nd Battery took command of the new 58th Battery.

At first, there was a general feeling of disappointment, as the 58th had lost their commander whose ability and personality had created universal respect, and the 62nd had been divided. This feeling however did not keep any of the new battery from realizing that aside from sentiment, there was no reason for any regrets and everyone settled down conscientiously to work with a view to making the new battery efficient. The result of this policy has been highly pleasing, not only because of the efficiency thus obtained but on account of the congenial feeling and co-operation which exists between all ranks.

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The old 58th Howitzer Battery was authorized on March 20th 1916, with headquarters at Fredericton. Recruiting was commenced on March 31st and by the end of May the battery was practically up to strength. On June 1st the battery left for Petawawa where it arrived on June 3rd. During the summer the training was carried out on the old 12 pounders. On September 8th the battery left Petawawa en route to England, embarking at Halifax on the S.S. Metagama. Liverpool was reached on September 22nd, and the next day the unit arrived at Witley Camp, Surrey.

On April 8th, 1915, authority was received in Victoria to recruit the 62nd Battery. Recruiting was commenced immediately and until leaving for Petawawa on May 28th the battery was under canvas on Macaulay Plains. After a long tedious journey the battery reached the artillery training camp on June 2nd and commenced training on the 12 pounders. On September 8th the battery left for England via Halifax, where the "good" ship "Cameronia" was awaiting it. In the wee hours of the morning of September 23rd the leg-weary battery reached its new training ground. On October 15th the 62nd battery was made the howitzer battery of the 15th Brigade. Orders were received on January 21st of this year for the breaking up of the battery the right section transferring to the 58th Battery and the left section to the 51st Battery.

His First Riding Lesson.

Driver George Perkins joined the army with but one ambition, and that was to become a driver. Up to a short time ago, when drivers were urgently needed, he found himself mostly employed in doing picquets and fatigues. He wrote the following letter to his parents, telling them of his progress, but the letter was not to the liking of the censor and he, being the special correspondent of the "O-Pip," forwarded it on to us for publication:—

"Deer Ma,

"Well how is you all hopes you is well i an jake-a-lu. Well you no how i wants to bee a real Driver and i was telling youse all that i wood do if they only give me a chance. the other day the sub took us four a ride and the sargent-majar must have saw me riding and just to show u how much he thot of my ridin he put me in a ridin skool. it's only good riders that get their i can tell youse. u no me ma. Well 1 day we were on the ridin skool and their was a bunch of other guys their, they could'nt ride tho. they were wrotten. i could c them bouncing in there saddles and the s.m. he'd ball them out i was the last in the skool and he keeps balling em out in front of me and telling em they coodn't set on a rocking orse and then he would blast em. knot with die-na-myte, just talking. he never says nothing to me. i bet he thot i was a wild wester all write Some of the fellers fell off but knot me. u no me ma.

"We road with hour stirrups 4 a long time and the s.m. he coodn't get me off. so i heard him saying to his self 'i'll get that—— off.' so i says to me self 'will u.' u no me ma. then he says "quit stirrups. Well we crossed em in front of the saddle and halls well till we start to trot. that was 2 much for me. First i slipped 1 way then over the other just like when u step on a orange peal. i grabbed the saddle to keep on the deck but the s.m. shouts quit grippin lethers, perkins I new that was my name, my hat left me and my teeth bang, banged so i coodn't answer him.

"i let go & the next thing I new, i it something that wasnt the saddle. "who in hell told u to dismount, perkins" says the s.m. i new my name but i seen th ora bor-e-a-lis and had just finished rubing 1 side when i found the other 1 sore so i coodn't answer him. u no me ma.

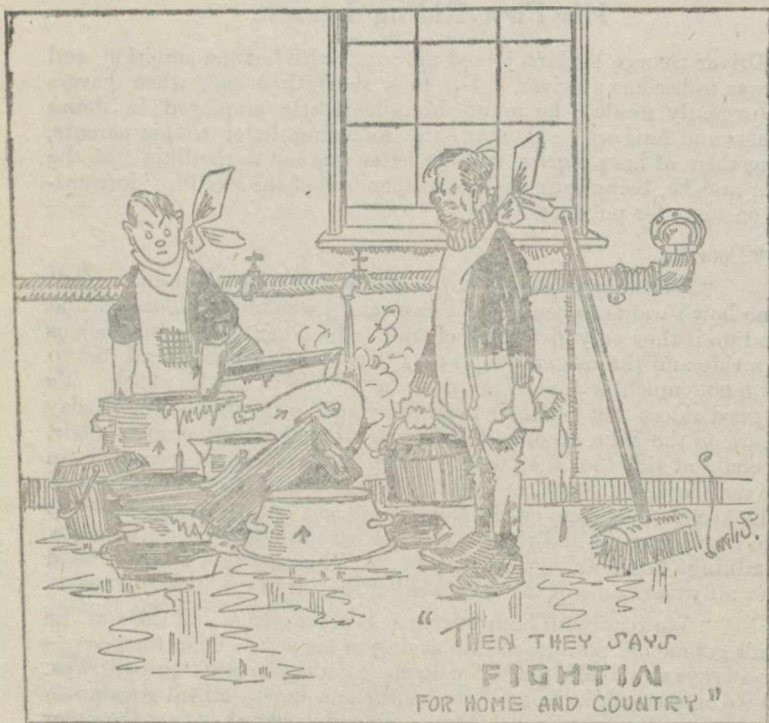
"well, deer folks, they call me a skinner now but i'll be a Driver be four long if they give me more chances. then France for mine. lots of love. remember me to Jean she sure looks good after seeing the skirts over hear. u no me ma.

"Sew long

"your loving son

"Jim.

"ps. say ma dew u think you coud spare me too quid say 10 bucks, we knead so much car fair over hear. u no me ma."



Our Daily Routine.

Represented by the titles of well-known hymns.

- 6 a.m. Reveille. "Awake thou that sleepeth."
 6.15 a.m. Stables. "Blest be the tie that binds."
 7.30 a.m. Breakfast. "How firm a foundation."
 8.45 a.m. Hut inspection. "Pass me not."
 9 a.m. Parade. "Go labour on."
 11.30 a.m. Stables. "Come ye disconsolate."
 12.45 p.m. Lunch. "Break ye the bread of life."
 2 p.m. Parade. "Christians seek not yet repose."
 4 p.m. Stables. "O come all ye faithful."
 5.30 p.m. Supper. "Abide with me."
 6 p.m. Free for the night. "*There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.*"
 8.45 p.m. Time to leave Godalming. "O love that will not let me go."
 9 p.m. On the road from Godalming. "Show me the way oh Lord."
 9.15 p.m. First post. "Rescue the perishing."
 9.30 p.m. Roll call. "When the roll is called."
 9.45 p.m. Last post. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
 10 p.m. Lights out. "*I wonder whose kissing her now.*"

Kindly inform him.

Bomb. Newton, whose six foot two and a half inches rests in B-sub., is perplexed. The other afternoon he was enjoying the fresh Spring air of Godalming and suburbs with a khaki friend. As they strolled along many couples of young ladies passed. Of course Big Bill gave them the once over. It was only human nature. Finally he put the query:—

"Why is it that when you meet two girls one always possesses the best of looks while the other is extremely opposite? Its d—d tough on two fellows and it works a hardship on the one girl who is good looking."

Will someone kindly tell the Bomb, what's the reason?

"Grit and Shine."

What will the boys of the "Grit and Shine" battery have to say about the brigade sports? Not a winner after all their hard work and miscellaneous mutterings known in the army as bull. The results may act as a maxim silencer and the boys may find a little more time to put on that "silver and gold harness," and show us that their domes do not "ring wood."



Editor's Note.—Our cartoonist gives a good impression of the English newsboys who visit camp in the early morning. They are good fakers. They always shout out some disaster to the "Can-i-juns," which they consider "jolly good news."

Things we would like to know.

Who wanted a pair of riding breeches to send his best girl?

Whether the heavy demand for jack-boots is due to the fact that they keep spirits in as well as keep the water out?

What battery orderly, immediately after breakfast, called, "Fall in the sick?"

If the shortage of paper in the British Isles is due to the number of week-end passes issued?

If you can make a man carry a water bottle, can you make him sign the pledge?

What cook put the sugar in the tea on Friday?

When will the electric lights be on?

Why so many fellows get sick when on leave?

Who said Victoria and Fredericton by Xmas?

Why the camp police can pull a drunk, but when theres a noisy bunch of youngsters about, they always find a more attractive spot at the other end of the camp?

What section-commander palmed off a broken-winded horse to a brother officer for a good wheeler, and then had the same trick played on him?

What would a starch collar feel like?

Who was the N.C.O. who used the eye-piece on the dial sight as a mouth piece and started to talk into it when the gunner planting the aiming posts got out of view?

What will the sergeants do when they have to use the menus the men use (menus)?

Which of our officers is the most popular with the ladies in the Aldershot command?

Who was the gunner, when, under the influence of the staggering juice the other evening, flashed his searchlight heavenward and informed the police that he was looking for Zeps.?

If the ginger root was not misplaced?

When the Hows' Speak.

Returning to Camp from leave to London, Gunner M——n stepped into a first-class coach instead of the regulation third. His company was a haughty old lady who addressed him as follows:

"Young man, are you aware that this is a first-class carriage?"

"Yes, mum, but I'm a Canadian," was the gunner's calm reply.

"Well, is that how they rescue the wounded?" asked a spectator who was watching the V.C. race at the brigade sports.

"Yep, that's how they do it," volunteered a driver.

"Well, if that's the way, I hope I get killed real dead," said the spectator solemnly.

Fair onlooker—"My, some of your officers do love their horses, don't they?"

"How's that, Miss?" interrogated an officer.

Fair onlooker—"Didn't you see that chap throw his arms around his horse's neck when he took that jump?"

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted the gun park sentry.

"Orderly officer of the day," came the sharp reply.

"Well, what in h—l are you doing out at night," queried the sentry.



The orderly officer was making his rounds of the stables and, unchallenged, went into one of the subs. The picquet followed him and in a weak voice said:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

No reply.

"Halt! Who goes there," called the sentry in a louder voice.

"Why didn't you halt me before?" demanded the orderly officer.

"I called out, sir, but you didn't stop."

"Why didn't you shout louder?"

"Well, sir, the N.C.O. and the picquet are asleep just inside and I didn't want to waken them."

Brigade Sports.

Speed was the outstanding factor of the brigade sports held on Bagmore Common, on March 24th. One would hardly have credited the time made in some of the events. A high state of efficiency was shown and every event was closely contested.

The premier honours were fairly evenly divided between the 61st and 66th batteries. A "jonah" seems to have followed this battery throughout the sports. To open with we lost the contest for the best team of six-horses on a questionable decision. We were runners-up in the tug-of-war. The battery boys had the ultimate winners within six-inch of the mark when two horses became unmanageable and away went the mustard.

Whenever our officers had a chance they did themselves justice, winning first place in the tent pegging and the two first places in the jumping.

Mention must be made of the wild west performance staged by the 61st Battery. An old "prairie schooner," with a six-horse team, making its way across the common was surrounded by Indians. Cowboys then came on the scene and finally the R.N.W.M.P. The costumes were good. The 61st boys also had a couple of real bronchos and gave an exhibition in rough riding.

The winners in the sports were as follows :

- Gate Driving—58th Battery.
- S.O.S. Race—61st Battery.
- Combined Casualty Race—66th Battery
- V.C. Race—Dr. McCully, 58th Battery.
- Tug-of-War on Horse back—66th Battery.
- Wrestling on Horse back—61st Battery.
- Officers Jumping—1st, Lieut. Chatwin, 58th Battery.
2nd, Lieut. Armitage, 58th Battery.
- Tent Pegging with lances—Major Martin, 58th Battery.
- Best team of 6 horses—61st Battery.
- Replacing of Wheel—61st Battery.
- Gas Helmet Race—66th Battery.

Gunner Lomas, the Brigade shoemaker, says that this is the toughest war he has been in, and "he's been in eight before this." The last one in which he locked horns with an enemy was in South Africa. They found him to be such a fruit-eater that they put him in the Orange Free State.

Boxing.

In order to encourage and develop boxing in the battery, Major Martin started a movement for the organization of a boxing club. The following officers were appointed to look after the interests of the club: President, Lieut. Armitage; Secretary and Treasurer, S.-M. Wardell; Committee, Sgt. Edgecombe, Cpl. McLean, Gr. Travis.

The first tournament was held on March 13th, when several excellent bouts were staged. Great interest was displayed and although considerable blood was spilt, everyone returned to their lines in the best of spirits. The contestants of the evening were:—Gr. Saunders and Gr. Mooney; Dr. Wills and Dr. Baltus; Dr. Sharp and Gr. Dowell; Dr. Townsend and Gr. Travis; Gr. Hickman and Br. Lawrence and Gr. Goldie and Sgt. Maimann,—the last named being the winners.

These tournaments are being staged every week and are proving a great success. Considerable good form is displayed by some of the boxers.

That Casualty Race.

Never before in the history of the Fourth Division has the sporting blood of the officers and men shown more prominently than in the casualty race between the 66th and 58th batteries on Friday, March 23rd. The race was the outcome of the brigade sports, when the 66th team pulled out winners. The 58th team had a twenty-second lead on all rivals when the near off-wheelers jumped, throwing the pole out. Naturally, officers and men of the 58th were confident that had it not been for Fate our boys would have romped home easy victors.

It was at this time that the sporting blood of the 58th came to the fore, and the officers made a wager with the brethren of the 66th. The men soon caught the spirit and stacked their hard-earned and scanty coppers against anything the rival battery could produce.

It was arranged that a test should be held and the winner to be declared on the best two out of three policy.

Friday afternoon was the appointed time, and when the teams lined up a total of £100 (500 bucks) had been wagered. All this for five minutes pleasure and excitement! It was a sporting game. Pound and ten shilling notes were flying everywhere.

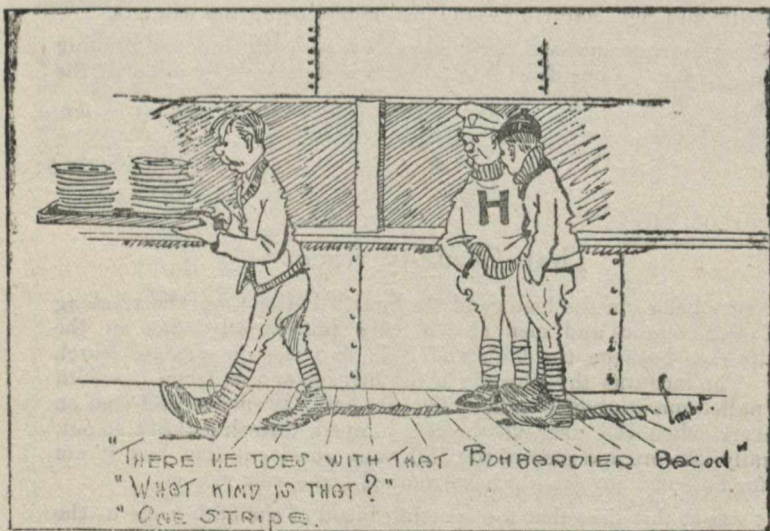
To make a long story short the 66th went home with the spoils and we have nothing but praise for their smart work. To change a draught pole, the lead near horse and a team of wheelers, throwing in a trot of 150 yards, in two minutes and eight seconds, is some performance.

We are broke!

Fuze Fizzies.

Where there's a way there's an M.P.
That even if we don't get to the front there is the Long Service Medal.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a stripe.
That a girl near camp is worth two in Godalming.
Kiss you many lassies, squeeze them one by one.
Absent without leave breeds C.B.



It is Rumoured.

That the shoemaker has got some leather.
That Bomb. Coats is attached to A sub. when not on leave.
That another cinder mine has been discovered.
That France is out of bounds for the 58th Battery.
That a week-end pass was granted.
That the D.A.C. will do all guards and picquets.
That the quarter-master is going to loosen up.
That the shop-keepers are going to give us more for our money.

Casualties.

It is with deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of Driver Fred Gisborne. He passed away in February at Aldershot from bronchopneumonia, which developed following an attack of measles. Gisborne was one of the old 62nd boys and was the first of them to pass away.

"Gizzy," as he was known, was attached to A-sub and was one of the best lead drivers in the battery. He was a fine principled, large-hearted fellow and his open countenance made him friends everywhere. His home was in Ladysmith, B.C., and he enlisted with the 62nd Battery in Victoria last May.

Gisborne was buried with full military honours in the Milford Cemetery. Many beautiful floral tributes were placed on the grave by his comrades.

A serious accident overtook Driver Percy Mattin, of A-sub, early in March. He was out on a special message when he lost his seat in some inexplicable manner and was dragged about 25 yards. It was feared that his time was limited, for besides a bad fracture at the base of the skull he suffered other injuries. However, his rugged constitution held him in good stead and following an operation in Bramshott hospital he showed signs of recovery and is now well on the road to recovery.

Mumps are at large again. D-Sub. has just received 20 days C.B. Every sub. in the battery with the exception of E has had a taste of quarantine. We don't wish the E boys any harm, but—

Trumpeter Webb has been removed to Bramshott hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Lieut. Basil Prior was the victim of a bad accident a few weeks ago and is now at Ramsgate. He twisted his knee while playing baseball. We all hope that he will have recovered in time to cross over to France with us.

Good Luck to our First Draft.

Taking with them our best wishes and also a few nickel bits and stirrups from other batteries, the 82nd Battery left camp one dark night in the middle of March. This battery was called on to furnish a draft of four N.C.O.'s and thirteen men. The boys are now "Somewhere in France" up to the knees in mud, according to letters received. We hope to follow in their footsteps before long.

Just once too often.

Now if there hadn't been a general mobilization on Saturday everything would have passed serenely and no inconvenience caused—but there lies the truth of the Army, most unaccommodating and never considering the soldier's welfare.

Would'nt you, as soldier to soldier, care to spend Saturday night in London to see a show, or perhaps there was another reason as (censored). Alas Scoop, girls will be the ruination of your life.

Thus it was that seven boys of this battery usurped the hours from Tattoo Saturday to Reveille Sunday, to their London pass which commenced at Reveille Sunday. Oh! unhappy youths, had you only remained in camp a few hours longer—you would not have been able to get your pass at all and so missed that Sunday appointment. Was it worth it?

Those hours spent in London are covered with London fog, but not the events of Monday morning when even the sympathetic O.C. admitted it was an unfortunate day to choose. (Further interviews are censored). Really it would'nt be surprising if a number had anticipated spending Saturday night in London only the Divisional sports that day delayed them from catching the train until it was too late.

Suffice to say that the sequel was two nights in the solitude and loneliness of the clink, which might have been more homelike had it not been for one stupid rat and the leaking water pipes. Still, that was a gay time in London.

