

PARIS NUMBER

# "O.P.I.P."



"BONNE SANTÉ SOLDAT C.F.A."

"DONT KID THE TROOPS DEAR, SIV-OU-PLAY."



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*The "O-Pip" is published monthly "Somewhere in France" by the 58th Battery, C.F.A., weather, wind, and war permitting.*

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Verses by.....	GUNNER NORMAN STUCKEY.

## EDITORIAL.

**I**N response to numerous requests for a "Paris Number," we have yielded. We were in a quandary as to what to publish, as Parisienne life represents but two things—frivolity and grandeur. If we were to deal with the latter—the beautiful avenues, parks, buildings, and the style of architecture—it would seem like an undertaker's catalogue; so we were forced to deal with the frivolities. We have attempted to portray the life as seen during fourteen days' leave. If you know Paris you will appreciate the effort. If you do not, you will probably learn that Paris is without doubt the gayest little country town that Farmer Hicks ever drove his hay-wagon through.

For some time past I have heard repeated remarks among the boys as to why we have not a real paper for the Canadian Army. It is true that a scrap of paper called "The Canadian Daily Record" is published in London for free distribution in France; but I wish to state here that this paper does not meet the need, and that something should be done to give the Canucks news as to what is going on at home and also as to what is happening in the Corps.

The Americans have made a good start. There is now published in Paris "The Stars and Stripes," a regular full-sized weekly newspaper filled with news for the troops. It is sold, and not given away.

"The Canadian Daily Record" is too small both in size and ideas. It devotes valuable space to matters of no interest to anyone. For instance, a picture in the issue of June 4th was headed, "Canadian Pioneers enjoying a drive after a hard day's work." Show me the man who can enjoy a ride in a G.S. wagon.

Let us have a weekly paper of credit to a creditable corps. The boys are not paupers, and would not object to paying a nickle if they knew they would be able to read about happenings in their own provinces; about what the other divisions were doing in the athletic line, and who all the champions are. Also let us see a picture of some of our V.C.'s and other heroes.

We do not wish to brag about what we have done, or what we will do; but let us know how goes the game with our pals, and who's who—and why.

What do the powers that be say about this suggestion?

H. A. W.

**TRY AND BE A HIGHBALL WHEN ON LEAVE AND—**

**D**ON'T slip the knife, fork, and spoon in the top of your puttee after you've finished your meal at the café.

\* \* \*

Don't rub off the plate with your elbow.

\* \* \*

Don't eat everything in sight, 'cause remember, the people in Blighty are being rationed.

\* \* \*

Don't forget to tip every person you have dealings with if you value your life.

\* \* \*

Don't expect to find a mademoiselle who hasn't been told this: "I'll take you back to Canada 'après la guerre.'"

\* \* \*

Don't be cheap and buy a "Daily Mail" from a news-stand for the purpose of sponging a look at "La Vie Parisienne."

\* \* \*

Don't display your ignorance by reading the menus upside-down, although they may look as intelligible that way as the other.

\* \* \*

Don't think you are going to set the town on fire because you belong to the C.F.A. Remember there are U.S. troops there who have won medals at West Point for marksmanship.

\* \* \*

Don't breeze in like a young millionaire and then inquire where the nearest Y.M.C.A. is and whether they are sold out of biscuits.

\* \* \*

Lay off the dug-out slouch and carry yourself in a smart and soldier-like manner.

**S. O. S.**

We can live without music, peaches, and cream,  
 We can live without laughter and jokes,  
 We can live without comforts that make life serene,  
 But not without letters and smokes.

"Do you know that the Opera is the finest theatre in the world, and, of course, is expensive; but I do love the plays," commented Rene over the table.

"I guess we'll go to the movies, then," remarked Bert.

\* \* \*

Bulletin: "Great battle in progress on Western Front. Officers playing Badminton."





## MESADVENTURE PARISIENNE.

WHILE in Paris on leave one bright summer's day,  
I went for a stroll down the Rue de la Paix,



There I met a young lady, congenial and gay—  
Her name was Suzette.

I thought myself lucky that we two should meet,  
Her eyes were alluring, her voice low and sweet,



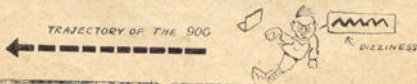
In ev'ry way charming, and figure *petite*—  
The darling coquette.

We had dinner that night in a quaint cabaret,  
We danced and we laughed like two children at play,



And to all of my questions, she not once said, "Nay,"  
She even said, "Thanks!"

I asked for a kiss ; she replied, "Carry on!"  
And then she embraced me in a manner *très bon*,

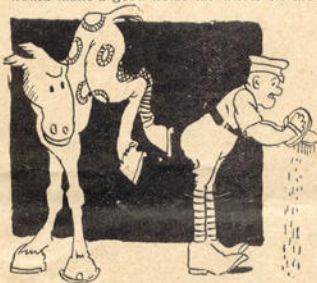


But after we parted, I found my purse gone—  
And nine hundred francs!

## THE DIARY OF A WAR-HORSE.

**SUNDAY.**—Joined a battery to-day, after being in remounts for some time. They turned me over to a smart young driver, and he didn't like my action, 'cause I stepped on his foot, and hit me with a shovel. I kicked him out of the stall. He told the rest of the fellows I was no good and too slow; but I can't help that, for I was a plumber's horse before being conscripted.

**MONDAY.**—Reveille at 6 a.m. The sergeant thought I would make a good horse for wheel on the gun, and turned me



[Registered a Kick.

over to a new driver, who hooked me and my mate into a G.S. wagon to see how I worked. I wanted to make good, so worked my head off and kept the job. Rations are pretty weak, so I registered a kick on the smart young fellow who had me first. I like my new driver. Good head.

**TUESDAY.**—My driver came in looking sad, and I guess he'd been on

a drunk last night. I bit his arm just to wake him up. He picked up a whip and waled the tar out of me, but when he finished I gave him the horse-laugh. I didn't want to kick him; he's a good scout. I think he must have been brought up well, as I hear him using a lot of Biblical names.

**WEDNESDAY.**—My boss gave me three good groomings to-day. To-night I went up the line, as the gun had to come out for repairs. Shells were coming over. I don't like them a bit. When one would come over I could feel my driver duck his head down alongside my neck and whisper something about this being a hell of a war. And then both spurs touched my flanks, and we came home at the trot. That's what we get when the drivers get their wind up.

**THURSDAY.**—Was grazing all morning. Decided to do a bit of roaming, so jerked away from my driver just to get square for the licking he gave me. He swore. I had a good feed. I like this French grass. They can leave me on a French farm after the War. When the officer blew a whistle to fall in,

I just rollicked about and had my driver chasing me. He was bawled out by the officer, too. After a while I walked up to him, and he patted me—not with his hand, but with a flat board.

FRIDAY.—Heard them talking about sending me out on a job, so decided to swing the lead. I went sick. The veterinary sergeant said I had colic, and got a fellow to run me about. Every time he stopped I laid down. When I heard the vet. say, "Leave him go for the day," I was all right.

SATURDAY.—The O.C. was inspecting horses this afternoon, so I got a good grooming. The officer said I wasn't clean, and told the driver to do some hand-rubbing to get the hair out, and that a little more weight on the brush wouldn't hurt. My ribs are right on the surface, and I do hope my driver doesn't rub any harder.

Hope to get a Blighty soon.

### THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

Extract from a war correspondent's contribution to his daily.

I HAVE just visited our gallant boys behind the lines on rest. They have had some hard fighting, but they are all cheerful. Some of them were playing football, others walking along the shady lanes with their thoughts turned from the battlefields to the folks at home, and many were lying on their backs under shady trees watching the clear skies. I found the Australians enjoying a game of pitching coppers to a stick in the ground."

Well, that's something we have never seen. We know what a rest means, nothing but shine and polish and parades for inspections. As for this shady lane and clear sky stuff, it's the first we ever heard of it. About throwing coppers, it's a game quite prevalent about two days before pay-day, when there are a few chaps kicking about with a copper each. They toss to see who will win the lot so as to buy the odd beer.

Another extract from a story describing how a certain battalion marched back into the line:—

"On all those faces, lit up by intelligence, there was a glow of health and vigour, of determination, the will to victory."

Now what would a face with all that on it look like. No wonder some of us look better with our gas masks on.

She: "I don't suppose you have such beautiful birds to sing to you up in the trenches as we do here in the Bois de Boulogne?"

He: "The birds up the line are big 'uns, and whistle and screech, and often burst."

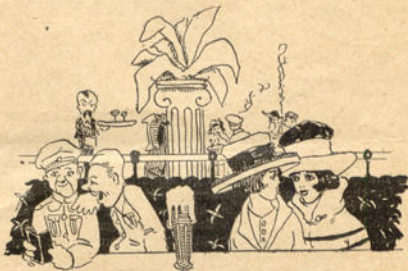


## GUNNER'S SONG.

These beautiful shells we shove into the gun,  
 Sail through the air to the land of the Hun.  
 The shells will increase,  
 May they never cease,  
 Till all Germans say, "Oh, let us have peace!"

\* \* \*  
 "Life is only a journey to death."—Seneca.  
 So have a good time when your leave comes round, fellahs!

\* \* \*  
 They may not have Flag Days in Paris, but if you don't  
 keep off the street you'll have to buy at least a dozen Red Cross  
 pamphlets unless you want to offend all the old dames in the  
 town.



*I don't know if that beer out in No-Man's-Land is mine or  
 her's. Jim! Look up a flossy speech in the petite livre.*

## GOTT MIT UNS.

Wilhelm was peeved and extremely flurried,  
 He called upon old Hindenburg and said:  
 "I feel that we're lost; I'm really worried  
 Over the list of our wounded and dead!"

Hindenburg said: "Why that's nothing exciting."  
 He shook with laughter and shouted, "Oh, fie!  
 What do we care? We don't do the fighting!  
 We simply give orders; the soldiers die!"

## SUGGESTIONS FOR INVENTIONS TO BE USED IN THE NEXT WAR.

- 1.—A carrier that will enable relatives in Canada to send ice-cream to the troops in France.
- 2.—A folding feather bed that can be carried in the hip-pocket.
- 3.—An electric pocket fan for summer days.
- 4.—A silent machine for censoring letters.
- 5.—Sox that will never wear out.
- 6.—A safety razor that will give a satisfactory shave in five seconds.
- 7.—A pocket radiator for winter weather.
- 8.—Towels that never require washing.
- 9.—A pocket machine that will open tin cans in three seconds.
- 10.—Boots that are as comfortable as bath slippers.

## THE TWO FEELINGS.

**Y**OU happen to be in the line when orders come through that you are to proceed on leave the following morning. Your clothes are ragged and torn and you must have a new outfit, so the S.-M. tells you to hit for the wagon-lines and pull the Q.-M. out of bed and get squared away.

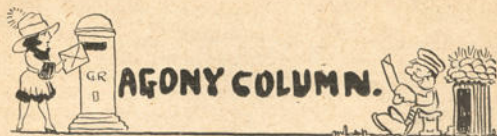
On the road you experience weird sensations. It seems as though Heinie has turned all his guns loose on the track you must follow. You picture a thousand dangers, break out into a sweat and duck at the slightest sound. You cannot miss your leave.

You arrive safely and pull out for Paris in the morning.

Sixteen days later you are back at the wagon lines with a head full of pleasant memories and your pockets empty. Orders come through that you are to go to the guns.

As you walk along the road you have a new feeling. You know that it will be six months before you get another leave. You care not for shell now, but not one comes your way. They are all falling well over on the left. You pray for a nice cushy Blighty.

Noah made a big mistake,  
Noah made an awful break,  
When he held that party in the ark,  
He never should have made that trip,  
He should have given up the ship,  
When he saw Louse and Mrs. Louse embark.



"I hear that a lot of tipping is done in Paris. Is that so?"—  
AUNT ELIZA.

(Yes. They even fasten down the tables to prevent them  
from tipping.—ED.)

"How do you boys manage to keep in such good spirits these  
days?"—MOTHER.

(Because the French people keep such good spirits.—ED.)

"What is the first thing you do in Paris?"—SISTER BESSIE.  
(Wire Home for money.—ED.)

"I hear there is a major in your brigade who has carried  
around a brass fire-place for three months. What's the idea.—  
MILDRED.

(Couldn't say, Millie, unless it is to advertise the "grate" fire  
of his battery.—ED.)

"Are the girls in Paris artistic?"—MAGGIE.

(Yes. Most of them paint.—ED.)

"I presume the trenches are pretty dry now?"—DAD.

(Yes, Dad, and so are the canteens.—ED.)

"I hear that all the business houses in Paris are on a firm  
financial base."—WALL STREET.

(We saw a lot of liquidation.—ED.)

"Did you see your next-of-kin in Paris?"—SUSAN.

(No, but I met a sweet little mannequin.—ED.)

"Did you see 'Carmen' while in Paris?"—LAURA.

(Not many. Women are driving the street cars now.—ED.)

"What struck you most in Paris?"—EDNA.

(An American motor-car, when I was crossing the Avenue des  
Champs-Elysees one day, and I was looking at something else.—  
ED.)

"Are moving pictures popular in Paris?"—MARY.

(Yes. Ever since Grossé Bertha started shelling.—ED.)

### SOME PEOPLE ARE HARD TO GET ON WITH.

I HAD to take a train to Paris because the battery had cancelled all mounted passes. I looked for an empty compartment, but being unable to find one climbed in with three Frenchies, two ladies and one like myself, a soldier. I felt out of place, and looked out of the window, then at the ceiling, finally folding my arms and crossing my legs. I knew there was something wrong with two of my fellow-travellers, as they would heave a sigh and then look plaintively into one another's eyes. The Frenchman explained that they had just been married and that the other lady was the bridesmaid, so he swished her on to me. I thought it would be something to write home about, so I started talking.

I remarked that we were having lovely weather and she said it was raining outside.

I said I thought there was going to be a freeze out, and she said if so she would turn on the steam heat.

I told her I was on leave, and she said she wasn't doing anything either.

I asked her if she was lonesome, and she said no, that there were fourteen more like her at home.

I asked her if she had any relatives in the war, and she said that her brother had just got married.

I asked her if she knew Paderwiski, and she said no, but she knew a Scotchman who did.

I asked her if she knew Ireland had conscription, and she said no, but that the coach had a flat wheel.

I asked her if she had been to Blighty, and she said no, but that she had eaten several times at Lyons'.

I asked her if she liked Canadians, and she said she had never met a nice one, so I told her to have a look at me, and she said she had.

I swore off on bridesmaids then and there.

### THE STAFF STRAFFING.



"ARCHIE" WILLS



"MITCH" INGLIS



"NORM" STUCKEY

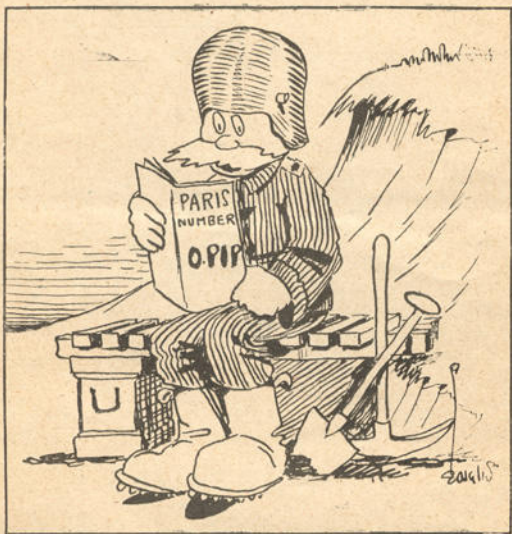






## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

SCOTTY cautiously made his way along the trench. Overhead woolly-bears broke with deafening crash! Occasionally a four-one landed a hundred yards away. Whizzbangs cracked with disconcerting frequency and machine-gun bullets landed with a dull "pht" in the parapet over his head. Scotty was filled with terror. He dreaded that hazardous trip to Brigade Headquarters. As he stumbled along the winding trench he cursed under his breath. But shells and machine-gun bullets were the least of Scotty's worries. That morning he had forgotten to shave!



*A small German Labour Party has downed tools.*

"When I want any good head-work done I always choose a man with a long nose."—Napoleon.

Probably the reason some garden-variety bucks made the Staff. Who nose?

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



WHAT S.-M. being ordered either to revert to corporal's rank or take out a commission chose the latter?

What has happened to the last four Canadian parcel mails? We haven't seen a parcel from home for several months.

What driver made out this pass: "I request permission to be absent from my quarters on Saturday afternoon to see my brother who is going to Canada with a mule"?

If one dentist can attend to 600 cases in four days, how many Huntley and Palmer No. 5's would it take to keep a brigade of dentists busy?

What gunners trotted into a lingerie shop on Rue de l'Opera and asked for two tickets in the front row?

What driver, after visiting the "Folies Bergeres," wrote home and said he felt sorry for the blind?

What N.C.O. got the idea of using hard-tack as a detonating surface on gunpits?

Why don't they send us to Paris to fill sand-bags for packing around the Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame?

Is it right that the reason why the French people drink so much wine is because their wells are from 100 to 2,000 feet deep?

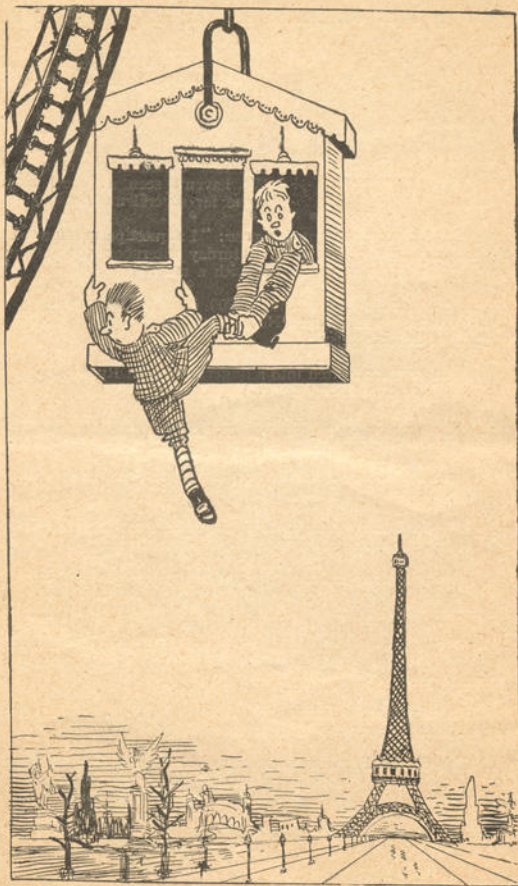
If I am sick and the M.O. gives me light duty is it right that my sergeant should detail me to hold a lantern for the grave-diggers?

When is Horatio Bottomley going to pay us the shilling for his bet that the war would be over by Xmas, 1917?

Why do the Frenchwomen hang out this sign: "Washing done for Soldiers and Officers? Do they also distinguish the difference?"

Why is an old, dilapidated billet marked, "Billet, 40 men," and a grand chateau marked, "Billet, 2 officers"?

Why are all Frenchmen like tattooed men and have designs on themselves?



ON THE BIG WHEEL.

Steve (in box): "You **would** wait till the last minute lookin' in them slot machines!"



*"I hereby christen you tree! From now on, you'll be known as Canadian Corps H.Q. The way you give 'leaves' out is wonderful."*

### BACK TO CIVIES IN 19—?

"WHY, who's this coming down the street?" inquired Parson H. E. Splinter, as he drew his wooden leg up to the good one. "Seems to me I know his step."

The speaker was an old soldier. He had lost a leg in the battle of Festubert in '15, and on returning to Canada entered the ministry, and, to make life more of a tragedy, married. Now he was a grandfather.

"I'm wrinkled! That step looks a lot to me like old dare-devil Darcy Sorrel; him who saved a gun way back at Vimy with a team of mules," commented Uncle Ned, another veteran who now ran a shoe-shine parlor. "His legs aren't as straight as they were, but guess that's from riding so much."

Sure enough, the discussed person was Darcy.

"Glad to welcome you home, Darcy," said the parson, as he gripped the warrior's hand. "Come to think of it, must be twenty-five years since I said good-bye to you in France. Say, what's happened to all the brass-fittings?"

"Right enough," returned Darcy; "I've just thirty years to my credit. About the brass fittings—well, ten years ago they settled down to win the war, and all this grit and shine and brassing things was done away with."

After inquiring of the parson as to whether or not there was an egg and chip joint in the town, Darcy continued on his way home. Arriving there, he found the old house, with several additions, overgrown with ivy. His father and mother were grey, his three sisters were married and he was an uncle, and his only brother was an M.P. (Member of Parliament). After paying his respects to one and all, he retired to his old room and opened the lower drawer of the bureau. From this he



withdrew his civies, which he had carefully laid away in '14; but to his horror everything was moth-eaten, and his straw hat was the colour of an over-ripe banana.

Something had to be done, so Darcy went to the Government offices to draw his back pay. As there had been no leave since '18, he had several thousand dollars to his credit. But the paymaster informed him that he was only entitled to half of the amount due him, as the other half would be turned over to his country as a present from him for his privilege in being allowed to fight for the said country. Knowing the uselessness of arguing with paymasters, he accepted the offered sum and proceeded



"... and left four dollars."

"Ye gods! The wrong house, I guess," he muttered, and departed without explaining his identity.

Darcy took a trip to the Yukon, and decided to remain there, and built a dug-out. Over the entrance of it is written:

"Come in, stranger. She's 5.9-proof."

to a haberdasher's, and emerged dolled up in the very latest. Next he located a barber's shop, and after an hour there, left four dollars.

Now he was ready for her. He called a taxi, and, arriving at her home, once more adjusted his tie and felt his collar to find that both studs were engaged. His hat was also set dead centre—a difficult job after the Army slant.

The door-bell was rung and answered, and he inquired for Blanche.

"Why, I am Blanche," replied the long, slim spinster, who carried a cat in her arms, and who answered the ring.

Optimistic Officer: "Do you really find this a hard world?"  
Pessimistic Private: "One of our planes just brought down a Hun aviator. Ask him!"



NOW AINT THAT JUST LIKE A MAN SES SHE



## WHO'S WHO IN THE GREAT WAR?

### LOUSE.

**L**TCHY Scratchy Louse; born in Seam, which is on the south side of the Underwear; educated at the Armpit College, and specialises in the new art of crawling with a tickle. Being of a roving disposition, he left home when quite young. Little is known of his ancestors, except that, having been forced out of the ark by Noah, they made shore in a Ford. He is small, but very active, and pursues his business on energetic lines. His photo may be found in any army gallery, and his footprints on any soldier's back. For the good work he has done in keeping up the movement of the soldiers he has been awarded many decorations, including the Order of the Bath and the Order of Creoline. He is married and has a large family.

\* \* \*

### MULE.

High Kick Mule, born in Kentucky; never educated. Was conscripted to do his bit. On the voyage across the Atlantic the Captain thought the ship had been torpedoed, but found that Mule had simply been using his feet. For this the Captain awarded him the Order of the Pick-Handle. His stubborn nature brings him no friends, and his small feet have caused several men to figure in the Casualty List. Is a good worker at times, but when a shell lights handy he believes in "standing steady." The dressing-stations will probably hear from him again.




---

I'd throw him in the ocean,  
On his toes would hang ten rocks:  
Who do I mean?—the guy who said,  
"Pack **THREE** shells in a box."

---

Parisienne Lady (whose motor-car had broken down):  
"Have you seen my little dog?"  
Canadian: "No, madame; probably the radiator."

\* \* \*

My Dear Doris,—I am not surprised to learn the amount of your dressmaker's bill. Women's clothes are high these days, and no doubt will be higher if present styles remain in favour. But don't you think the Scotch are responsible for the shortage of clothes?—Yours, Theophilus.



### USE YOUR BEAN.

If a fresh Frenchman bumps into you on the boulevard take him on for a couple of rounds. If a mademoiselle bumps into you on the boulevard, take her to a café and have a couple of rounds.

If a pretty little queen gives you the glad eye just whisper in her ear that you think a great deal of the early training of the pupil.

Driver Smith: "Say, Bill, how is it that these country Janes have such thick, heavy ankles?"

Bill Speed (just back from Paris): "Because all the trim ones were issued in Paris."

## A THOUGHT.

If I should die to-day—  
 Well, what does it matter?  
 Better battle's clatter  
 To end all anyway,  
 Than slowly shuffle off  
 With old age and a cough. . . .

You awaken at night  
 In a heluva fright,  
 Then your courage is put to the test—  
 'Tis not shells or guns  
 Nor the thought of the Huns,  
 But a rat "marking time" on your chest!

N. S., in "N.Y. Evening Sun."

Sergeant-Major (on parade) : "Jenkins! Put out that cigarette!"

Jenkins : "That isn't a cigarette, sir—it's an issue!"



*(cigarette issued by  
 army or general  
 to the man)*

A Little Plaster of Paris.

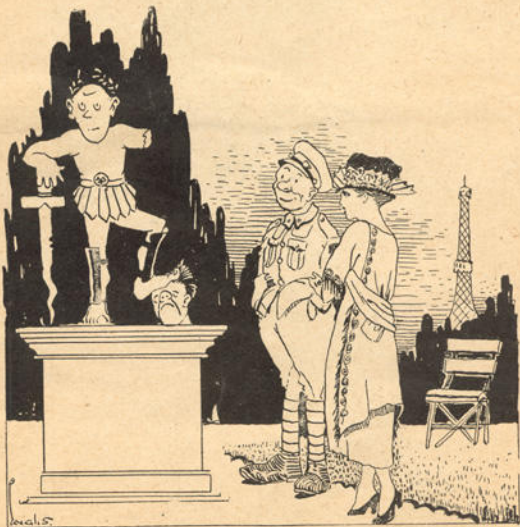


## A WISH.

**D**UG-OUTS here and trenches there,  
Shell-holes, craters, ev'rywhere,  
Whizzing shrapnel, crack of guns,  
Cannons booming, strafing Huns.

In Sue's garden overseas  
Birds are singing in the trees ;  
There I'll hie me sans delay,  
When the guns are stored away.

And I hope that time comes soon,  
'Twould please me **this** afternoon!



"Gosh! . . . A Blighty!!"





"I was just thinkin' Ted: if that horse could travel like this indicator we'd be Jake-a-lou!"