

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,

(By our Special Correspondent.)

S. Q. M. S. HEWITT.

Shakespeare very truly wrote:—

"All the world is a stage, and the men are players.

And a man in his time plays many parts,""

"If he had substituted the last line for 'And a man in his time is often broke,' I think it would have been far more appropriate." That was the opening remark of our old friend, Mr. Harry Hewitt, when I desecrated his sanctum in R.2.B. yesterday.

"I've hunted elephants, chased the mon-goose, played the tables at Monte Carlo, sold gold bricks in British Columbia, dived for pearls, dined at Lockhart's, and mined for gold in the Yukon. In fact, all my life I've been hunting for that elusive bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, but I have really began to think that it doesn't exist, or else the proprietor of the 'Black Friars' has already discovered it in the present price of whisky.

"There are some times in a man's life that he never forgets, and Christmas Day twenty years ago was one of them. It was a day that will live in my memory for ever. Six months previously I had landed on an island in the South Seas, which was inhabited by a very ferocious tribe of savages. They were real savages too, not the Bulgarian Pants type. How I came to be there I could never account, but I know the Chief of the Tribe was an amiable brute known as Chief Wychrosseye. From the first day I landed I was the whole cheese. It appeared they had never seen a white man before, and owing to my angelic face they made me a God. For generations they had held a belief that the God of the Moon would some day visit them, so I seemed to fit in very nicely for the position. Everything went all right for a time. At ten o'clock every night, the whole tribe would turn out to pay homage to me—the great, and one and only God of the Moon. They also had a Goddess who was known as the Goddess of Love, and in all probability I would still have been there to-day if it hadn't been for her. She was certainly some peach, too, just about as pretty as a chimpanzee, and somewhere around the age of Methusalah. From the first day I arrived on the island she took a fancy to me, and I knew that

the only way I could keep my job was to reciprocate her advances. So one day she proposed, and I had no other course but to accept her. The news was at once spread broadcast throughout the island that the God of the Moon and the Goddess of Love were to be married on Christmas Day. There was great excitement at this epoch making event, and the Goddess was kept very busy getting her trousseau together, which consisted of two strings of beads.

"The fateful day arrived, and the Record Office would never have been graced by my presence if I hadn't done what lots of great men have done at a supreme crisis—though I hate to tell you. About half-an-hour before the ceremony I lost heart, and beat it. I couldn't tell the Goddess that I wouldn't marry her, 'for Hell hath no fury like a Goddess scorned,' so I purloined the Chief's canoe and paddled out to sea. I was picked up a few days later by a ship bound for the Yukon.

"Arriving in Dawson City in the spring of '98, I was just in time for the great gold rush. So I got a grub stake, and hit the trail. Off I went, with a stick over my shoulder, and a red handkerchief tied at the end filled with prunes, after the style of Dick Whittington. I must have walked two hundred miles over that icy trail of the frozen North, when one day I stumbled over a piece of rock that was lying loose. Picking it up out of curiosity, I scrutinised it closely. What do you think? It wasn't a rock, but a solid golden nugget, about as big as your head. Yes, and gazing around I saw hundreds more of them about the same size. Ye Gods! it can't be true. Here was wealth beyond the realms of avarice. Gold, gold, gold was everywhere. The wealth of Creosus was as a fleabite compared to mine. I packed as much as I possibly could in my pockets, threw the remainder of the prunes away, filled the handkerchief, and hiked back to Dawson City. Arriving back there a week later, I was accommodated in a tent, as all the hotels were full.

"When I awoke in the morning, I was surprised to find a Red Cross sister and a doctor standing by my bed. 'Are you feeling better?' she enquired. 'Why, where am I?' I asked. 'Fifty-nine Casualty Clearing Station,' she replied, 'and you have been suffering from a very severe hallucination. To-morrow you are being shipped to England.'"

"And that's how I made Blighty."

Very pretty girl in C.C.I. to Section Officer: "I say, will you take me out tonight?"

Officer: "How dare you? Certainly not! I've got a wife in Canada."

Correspondence.

The "Bulletin" does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed by our correspondents.

To the Editor, "C.R.O. Bulletin."

Sir,—The attached was found pinned on a door in a certain Branch of this Office. We are all of the opinion in R.I.B. that the theme is very good, and if officially published in your "Bulletin," would have a general effect right through the office.

Yours very truly,

ERIC D. FINN-JOHNSON,
R.I.B.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION. PUBLIC NOTICE.

The wooden framework that covers this aperture is commonly known as a door (dorus exitus). Years ago mankind used to pull this framework over the aperture after passing through. It was an ancient rite, and the custom of many reigns, until the Great War darkened the horizon of humanity, when the custom was dropped. It is thought a revival of this custom would tend to strengthen the morals, and purify the blue ozone of the inhabitants in the close vicinity of the aperture. So it is earnestly requested of all persons to encourage the revival of this beautiful old custom.

(Signed) The Bureau of Information
and Reconstruction.

"BULLETIN" STATISTICS.

It is estimated that on an average over 1,750 people read the "Bulletin" every week, modestly allowing that 2½ people read each copy.

If these people were placed 32½ miles apart they would reach nearly 2½ times round the earth, and if placed one above the other at intervals of 3,367,130,750 inches they would reach from the earth to the sun, which is only 93 million miles away. (This is allowing an average height of 5ft. 8ins. for each person.)

Furthermore, if the "Bulletin" could be placed end to end it would take 589,248,000,000 copies to reach the sun, which, if we sold every copy (not allowing for the extra charge on Christmas numbers) would bring us in £4,910,400,000.

This gives just a slight idea of our huge circulation.

NOTICE.

As soon as we get a new 'Lady Correspondent' our "LADIES CORNER" will be revived.