

THE C.R.O. GIRL.

She worked at Canadian Records,
Looked docile as a lamb,
You'd like to know more about her,
I'll tell you if I can.

She's the lady with hair so wavy,
With an innocent child-like look,
Just like the pretty ladies
You read of in a book.

She dresses like a real lady,
With neatness and with taste,
Nothing dusty or dirty or shady,
As if put on in haste.

She sits close to an open casement,
Delights in pure fresh air,
Clothed in well-fitting raiment,
Blue-eyed and wondrous fair.

Now list, to the boys' description
Of the lady as above,
She is full of base deception,
No atom or morsel of love.

She went with one of our fellows
One evening out to dine,
And rated him for his manners
After a little wine.

Another had an experience,
Which some would call quite mild;
After a jolly evening
She's absolutely wild.

Remember, then, boys, the lady
With blue eyes and baby face;
She's not the simple daisy
That she looks when in her place.

A fresh air friend they call her,
That is those that know her best,
A rowdy and regular bawler,
A scorcher and all the rest.

MORE OFFICE WIT.

A Canadian was leading a Hun officer
to the prisoners' cage. The Hun got
"uppish" and said:—

You think you will beat Germany, but
you won't.

You think the war will be over soon,
but it won't.

You think the Canadians are better sol-
diers, but you're not.

The Canadian stopped him and said:
You think you are going to the B—
prisoners' cage, but you're not.

* * *

At a parade of newly-called-up men,
the drill instructor's face turned scarlet
with rage as he "slated" a new recruit
for his awkwardness.

Now Rafferty, he roared, you'll spoil
the line with those feet. Draw them
back, man, and get into line.

Rafferty's dignity was hurt:

Plaze, Sergeant, he said, they're not
mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear
rank.

Correspondence.

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

(To the Editor.)

Dear Mr. Editor,—Replying to two of
your queries contained in the last edition
of the Bulletin, I would suggest that, be-
fore trying to paint the humorous side of
any occurrence you would ascertain the
facts of the occurrence in question.

The assault on me in a restaurant to
which your queries have reference was
premeditated and deliberate, and the party
who assaulted me was actuated by a
motive of sheer malice. I had made no
rude remarks about him, as I have after-
wards proved.

When a fellow is sitting down with his
hands in his pockets, and is taken un-
aware, it is a very easy matter to clean
the floor with his khaki suit, is it not?
I am sure the C.R.O. does not wish
either to tolerate or encourage rowdiness
amongst the members of its staff; and,
by the way, I had quite finished my
breakfast before the "cleaning" took
place!

CORNELIUS J. COFFEY,

Dear Cornelius,—I am glad you finished
your breakfast first, and this should at
least be some consolation to you, for they
say that a large percentage of 'flu vic-
tims are persons who have not sufficient
nourishment in their bodies.—Ed.

* * *

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In reply to A.S.Sgt. A. V. Evans'
letter in your last issue, I feel that
it is due to A.S.-Sgt. A. V. Evans to
inform him that I did not consider it at
all necessary to have his authority, much
as he may have desired it, for my ex-
pressions at our Section's dinner.

In future, to save A.S.-Sgt. Evans any
unnecessary worry, I shall personally call
upon him, submit any utterances I intend
making for his approval, and, I hope,
receive his authority.

Trusting this will suffice to set A.S.-
Sgt. Evans at his ease.

TROOPER G. R. WITHEY.

* * *

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—We should like to draw your at-
tention to the challenge to any of "the
snooker experts in this office—nobody
barred," by A. Sgt. Nicholson, of
R.2.B.5., to meet four players of that
Section.

Immediately the Bulletin appeared "a
little enthusiasm" was created, and re-
presentatives of R.2.B.2 took up the chal-
lenge—but the tournament has yet to be
played! Why? Probably because, like

the C.R.O. Concert Party, R.2.B.5. can-
not "carry on" without their star. Still,
doesn't it seem rather a pity that their
challengers (?) write such a "sporty"
letter and then fail so utterly to back it
up? It looks to us very much like a
case of "wind up"!

Now then, R.2.B.5, a game of snooker
doesn't cost so very much, even if you are
the losers!

R.2.B.2. SNOOKERITES.

FOOTBALL.

C.R.O. BEAT PAY OFFICE.

On Saturday, 1st inst., the C.R.O. met
the Pay Office at Chiswick, the game end-
ing in a win for the C.R.O. by 3 goals
to 2.

Our rooters were there in good force,
and the support considerably helped our
men. Defieux and Sommerville scored for
the C.R.O. in the first half, and Cran-
ston scored the other one in the second
half. It was a good game and the best
team undoubtedly won.

There is a wonderful improvement in
our team since their first game of the
season at Richmond; their combination
is now much improved, and they have de-
veloped considerable speed. In view of
the fact that they have now won six
games in succession, they certainly de-
serve more support than they receive.

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C.R.O. v. HEADQUARTERS.

The C.R.O. met Headquarters at Chis-
wick on Saturday, 8th inst., the game
resulting in a win for the C.R.O. by 1
goal to nil. Sommerville scored.

* * *

Our team now stands a good chance of
getting second place in the League, and
it is up to all sportsmen in this office to
give them full support by attending all
matches in which our team participates
—and rooting.

STOP PRESS.

FOOTBALL.

TO-MORROW, Saturday 22nd inst.

AT CHISWICK—

C. R. O.

v.

PAY OFFICE.

Everybody's Going!