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## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

What Pte. Birnie said at bathing time in Endell Street Hospital. It would also be interesting to know his opinion of Lady doctors.

Why Cpl. Day let the title of Raffle King go to the basement; and, is it a fact that Cpl. Cuxton intends raffling a baby grand piano? If so, how is he going to get it into the office?

What church Mrs. Chapple goes to?

If Mrs. McKenzie and S./Sgt. Seggie wear kilts when on leave.

If Miss Tanner is any relation to the Mint?

If Miss Begg would not be a great asset to the various Flag Days on account of her namesake?

Does Mrs. Ingerson walk to work these days, as we cannot think of any other reason why she gets to the office earlier than usual, knowing as we do the reputation of the railroad she travels on?

If it is a fact that a famous town in Kent is named after two of our female clerks—Miss Tunbridge and Mrs. Wells?

When are they going to re-name Flanders "Flounders," as every night one reads "raining again in Flanders," and the justification for changing the name is so obvious that somebody surely must have suggested it?

If a certain S.Q.M.S. in R.1. "E" found the coal shortage so acute that he was forced to set fire to his bed?

Is it generally known that A/Cpl. Henderson has a most melodious voice, and daily warbles to the female staff of R.I.B. as the work goes merrily along. But is he aware that his warbling is rather disconcerting to the REAL musicians in his near vicinity, and considerably delays the progress of the work for which the Government pays us so handsomely out of our own money? (Let's have a C.R.O. concert and give him a chance to (ex)-distinguish himself in Society.—Ed.)

What S.Q.M.S.'s will give for the tip not to give the "Smoke" signal until someone offers them a cigarette?

Whether the fellow who remarked "My lady assistant is very affected—in fact, she is all affection," attends the Khaki College?

If the Police aren't having an easy time with hair-cuts and buttons since the invasion of the flapper?

Did Sgt. Fred Stockley R.2.A.2. enjoy his walk at 3 a.m. the other Sunday morning? And what does he think of the scenery on the Ilford road?

How Pte. Iazard, R.2.B.4, likes the new Local Casualty System? And if the second diagnosis pleased him?

Who was the gallant Ex-Bombardier attached to H.Q. Branch who was congratulating himself on his abilities as a lady-killer, and what were his feelings when he heard that the husband was present in the same room?

Who escorted the aforesaid "Adonis" home in the early hours, and what was his means of transit?

The name of the S.Q.M.S. who took a young lady to a dance, and had to play gooseberry on the arrival of a certain young officer?

Which is the Branch that has a number of "Bandsmen" and "Soap Box Orators" and are they entertaining the idea of taking "charters" on Finsbury Park for practice purposes?

Who is the charming damsel who writes to Cpl. Jackson (R.I.B.), and seals her envelopes with a black hand?

If it is possible to insert a sheet of paper between Corpl. and (Mrs.) Ford (R.I.B.) when they are extracting Part. 11 Orders? "Let brotherly love continue."

Whether we shall all be so very glad to say good-bye to London after all?

Will the Band play "The girl I left behind me" again, or is once in one war enough?

## RECORD OFFICE FABLES.—No. 1.

By JENKY.

Once upon a time there was a man who one day glanced at the pants that he had been wearing for the past eighteen months, and decided that it was about time he paraded for a new pair, and accordingly next clothing parade presented himself at the Quartermaster's Store.

"What can I do for you?" politely enquired the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"I would like to draw a new pair of pants," replied the soldier.

"Certainly!" replied the Quartermaster-Sergeant. "Here you are—just the very thing"; and so saying handed him a pair big enough for two men.

The soldier wended his way home that night, highly elated at his good fortune. "For," thought he to himself, "I'll get the wife to cut a few yards off the bottom, and make the kiddie a suit of clothes, and with the money I save I'll invest in the War Loan."

This, you will admit, was a very patriotic method to adopt, as it is these little things that count in life.

Arriving home he gave his wife instructions, and she, being a thrifty woman, not only made the kiddie a new suit, but also made a new costume for herself out of the surplus cloth, and next morning the soldier arrived at the office looking trim and neat in the new pair of walking breeches that his wife had created.

Everything went all right for a week, and the soldier began to feel quite a happy man, and what he really was: a civilian in khaki, and the pride in wearing the King's uniform began to assert itself once more, until one day the eyes of authority espied him, and forthwith he was warned for Orderly Room for being improperly dressed.

"You are accused," began authority, "of being improperly dressed, and for a breach of military discipline, inasmuch that you disobeyed the rules laid down in R.D. Para. 1584, Vic. Romans Jeremiah 23rd Chapter, so on and so on. Have you anything to say before I sentence you for this heinous crime?"

"Yes, sir, I've been doing what should have been done four years ago. If the amount of cloth which has been hidden by puttees had been saved, from the time war commenced, the Government would have saved £600,000, and if the cloth was cut four inches wide, it would be long enough to cut a belt right round the world, and besides, a neat pair of walking breeches looks six times better than a pair of Bulgarian pants, and —"

"That's no excuse whatever," interrupted Authority. "Three week-end duties. About turn—quick march!"

MORAL.—Leave the thinking to those who are paid to think; but if you must think, think softly.

By the time this issue is published we shall have lost our Adjutant, Capt. B. Simpson, who is returning to Canada. He was most popular with all ranks, and by his tact and kind consideration endeared himself to everyone. On behalf of our readers we wish him all success and the best of luck for the future.

## USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG WARRIORS.

Never miss your rum rations, if possible. Compliment the Sergeant on his fairness in issuing. This is generally sufficient.

Should you report sick, be careful to tell the M.O. that you do not want to leave the Battalion. Usually this will get you evacuated.

If you are ambitious, conceal your ideas. Deny yourself and give your sergeant your rum rations.

Also remember your officers are invariably right, and be eager to take the blame for any mistakes. It's your fault, anyway, for being a soldier.

If you attain to lance rank, yell like hell when any officers are about, and when they go abuse them to your section—this pleases both.

If you get leave—but no, that will not interest you for some years yet.

Finally, my son, set your mind on becoming a Q.M. Thus you will make provision for your old age.

## SOCIETY ITEMS.

Baron Von Randall retired (according to plan) to his country seat 26-10-18.—Received per Wireless.

Ranjah Stingie Sir Sleepy Macgregor, who has been on an important Government job on the next floor, has returned again for permanent duty in the workhouse. (R.I.E.)

The Hon. Hucklebury Dolittle Littlebury, whose stables have done so well in the recent races, has retired from the course—his remarkable talents will in future be used licking stamps.

Sir Edward Dearlove has resumed his duties after a ten days' vacation at his castle in Surrey.

Does EVERYONE in your Section  
BUY THE  
"BULLETIN"?  
IF NOT—WHY NOT?