

LADIES' CORNER.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL.

There seems to be some dissatisfaction caused over one of the items published in last week's *Bulletin* under the heading "Things we want to know." Every bit of news that is printed in this column is sent to the correspondent and is signed by the contributor. One of the ladies seems to think that the correspondent was directing his remarks at her, when, as a matter of fact, it was meant for someone else. We hope that the lady in question and all the other ladies will take the right view of any little remark that may appear in this column about them.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Whether our genial Super. greets every one with the encouraging smile.

Why a certain fascinating young lady in R.I.C. is so fond of green bands these days.

And is she contemplating paying a visit to Buckingham Palace soon?

Does absence make the heart grow fonder?

And is it fair that the New Zealanders should steal away the hearts of our engaged young ladies whose beaux are fighting out in France?

Do some of the b'hoys in R. 11 realise the meaning of that well-known poem:—

"Shave, and the world will kiss you.

Sprout, and you're left alone."

Why the C.R.O. does not organise a club for grass widows and grass widowers only.

And would not an appropriate name for this club be: The Mutual Consolation Society?

If the lady in blue has decided to make Shepherd's Bush the rendezvous for the future meetings with her blue eyed, fair-haired boy.

And is it not a long way from Manchester Square?

If a certain popular Group Clerk has given up the idea of going on the land?

And is it because she does not know how to drive an ox and plough?

OUR FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"What d'yer mean?"—Mrs. H. Pike.

"Has any one got a list for Mac-Allister?"—Miss Hardy. (Chorus of Voices, *sotto voce*: "Gott strafe Mac-Allister.")

"Good Heavens!"—Miss Oldrey.

"How goes the enemy?"—Mrs. Bowmaker.

"Wurs 'is 'Riginal?"—Pte. Baldwin.

"Have y' heard the latest?"—L/Cpl. Earl.

"Why in the good old 49th Bn."—S/Sgt. McConnell.

"When you've finished that academic discussion."—Sgt. Calvert.

"Oh, you 'noorty' girl; on my 'cleean' files."—Miss Ball.

"Wipe yer chin."—Pte. G. Hunt.

"Hello! what's this?"—S/Sgt. Nicholson.

HEARD—

ON THE RIVER.

"Look, Bill, them blokes can't 'alf row."

"Yes, reminds me of the old days; wonder which is Oxford?"

Canadian Soldier (passing): "Oxford Hell, them's Canadians." (Evidently he thought Oxford would stand a slim chance against the K.C.B.C.)

IN THE TRAIN.

"Im, 'e's Canadian, works up at Old Bailey, ought to be in France. Wot do they do up there?"

"Well, 'e's a typewriter up there. 'E takes my gal out and gets good pay."

"Married? You never can tell about them foreigners, most 'as wives over there. Look out, 'ere's the Helephant."



Mr. Jones: "Can I see Mrs. Jones, please?"

Enquiry Clerk: "I'm afraid you can't. She was taken away in a cab this morning with peritonitis."

Mr. Jones: "She *Was*, was she? and to think that she should run off with a dirty old ice-cream man?"

IN R2A C.C.

Had your leave yet, Gunner

Gun.: No; I'm going next week.

Where are you thinking of going?

Gun.: Most likely I'll go to Paris.

Taking the wife with you?

Gun.: Don't ask such silly questions. Did you ever hear of anyone taking a ham sandwich to a banquet?

ON THE STAIRS.

"Bill, what is the French for 'camouflage'?"

He: "I should like to propose a little toast, dear."

Fair One: "Nothin' doin', boy, dear; I want a regular meal."

The above—a touching episode of the times—records one of the Staff endeavouring to entertain a C.C.I. girl "on the cheap."

Correspondence.

[A *Nom de plume* may be used in this column if desired, but in all cases the correct name and section must be stated, otherwise the correspondence can not be published. In cases where no *nom de plume* is given the INITIALS ONLY will be published unless the correspondent particularly wishes his full name to appear.

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

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

The letter appearing in your column last week, and signed by "Fairplay," has given food for thought to many of the C.R.O. Military Staff.

I am entirely in sympathy with "Fairplay" when he speaks of the poor support that has been given to sports generally, but more particularly to baseball.

I am not prepared to argue as to the quality of the support that the Pay Office boys receive as against that tendered to the C.R.O. teams, but, being a keen observer, I am forced to admit that the quantity vastly differs and in favour of our adversaries, this being very noticeable in all ranks.

While on this subject, allow me to mention that I am a great believer in the old adage, "If you can't boost, don't knock," and the silly, childish, bully-ragging that is carried on in "Things we want to know" of your publication is anything but pleasing to all true sportsmen and our baseball team, though playing under most fearful handicaps, are always trying.

A BOOSTER.

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

From time to time Subscription Lists are circulated through the office for excellent purposes.

The money collected, nothing more is heard of the matter. This is neither satisfactory nor business-like, and with the existence of the *Bulletin* as a medium not excusable.

Will you suggest the publication of results in it?

Yours truly,

W. H. R.

[Your idea is a good one, "W. H. R.," and we shall be very pleased to publish the result of any collections made.—ED.]

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

I should like to take the liberty of expressing, through the medium of your journal, a few remarks relating to the Canadian sports held at Norbury on Dominion Day.

I think I express the opinion of many when I state that the whole affair was a complete wash-out from start to finish. I fully realise the difficulties experienced by the ground officials owing to the numerous competitors who failed to get off the mark,

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